BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal
for Men & Women

VOL. 1, NO. 5
SEPTEMBER
1929

In this issue:

Emil Ludwig
May Edginton
Sir Philip Gibbs
Elinor Glyn
The Earl of Birkenhead
Warwick Deeping
F. Matania, R.I.
Dorothy Black
Elliott White Springs
Christine Jope-Slade
Alan Swinton
etc., etc.

1/-

Smooth to the lips
are the 'Ivory' tips

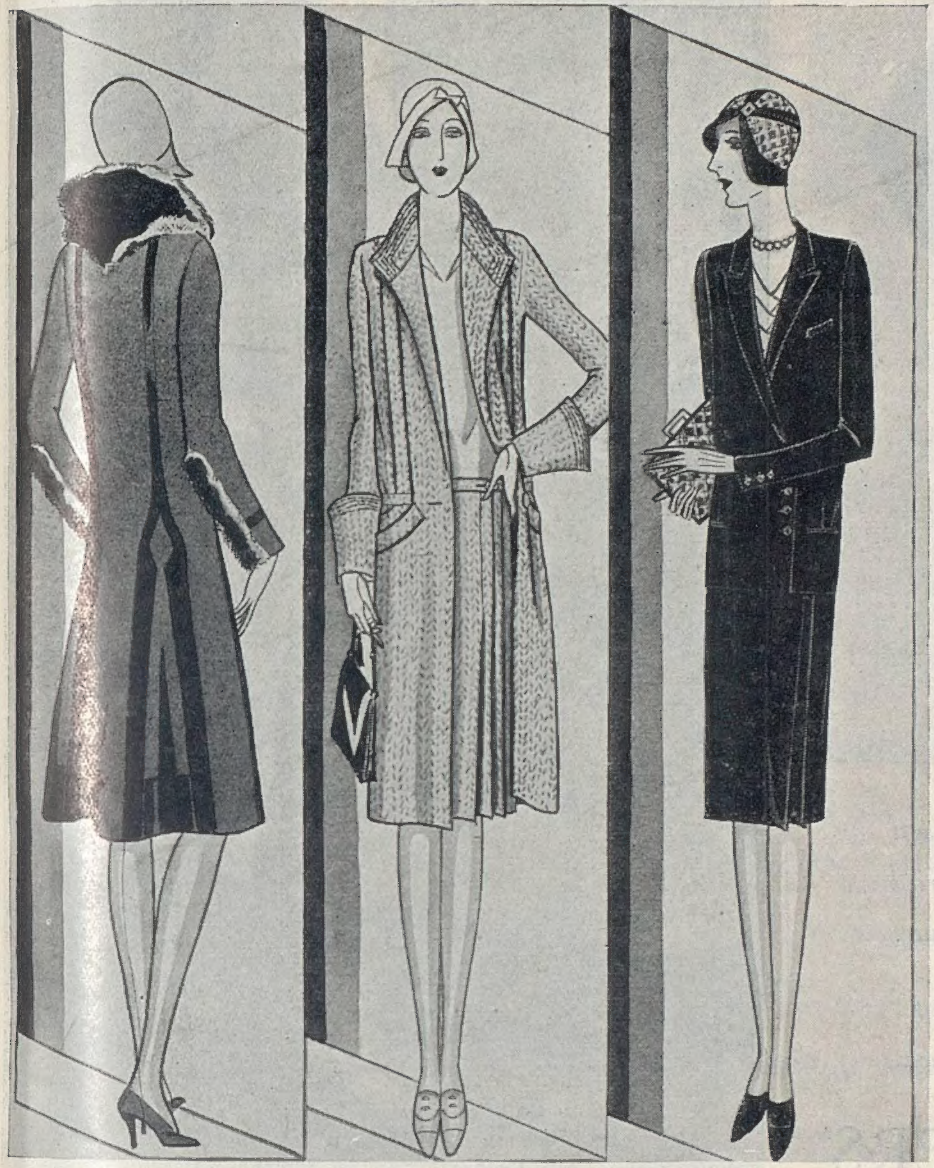
Still the coolest,
the mildest,
the mellowest
of all cigarettes!

DE RESZKE

Virginias — *Ten for sixpence* — *—of course!*

corot
models by instalments

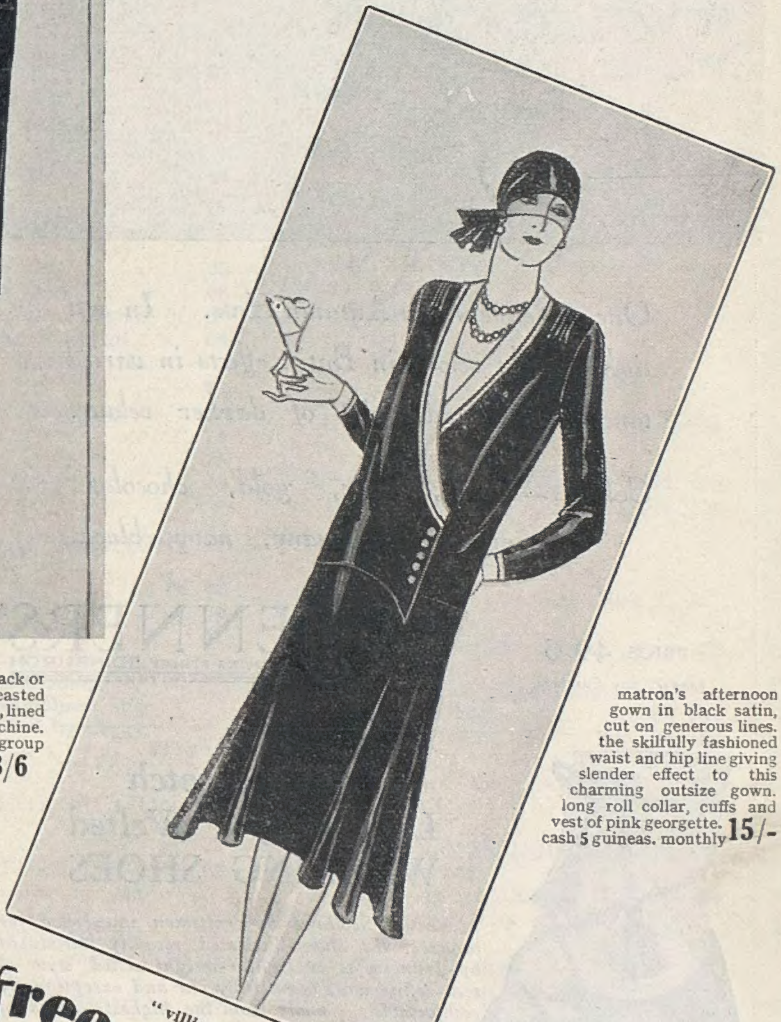
a most exclusive corot model can now be obtained by return of post and paid for by instalments. beautiful corot day frocks, evening frocks, jumper suits, costumes and coats are offered at prices which will be a revelation to the woman of bond street tastes who has hitherto regarded them as being beyond the range of her purse. any one of these corot creations can be yours on the first monthly payment.



"marna"
the newest notes in the autumn mode are shown in the cleverly placed flared incrustations at the back of this smart brown face cloth coat. original treatment of baby lamb fur on sleeves and neck gives added chic to model that is lined throughout with crepe-de-chine.
cash 9½ guineas. monthly **28/6**

"braemar"
softly toned fine grey tweed is used for this immaculately tailored two-piece suit. sweeping lines from shoulder to pocket give slenderizing effect. the cavalier collar and cuffs fashionably stitched. the coat lined throughout with crepe-de-chine. smartly tailored skirt with group of inverted pleats at side.
cash 7 guineas. monthly **21/-**

"sackville"
perfectly tailored suit in black or navy velour, single-breasted three-button fastening coat, lined throughout with crepe-de-chine. the well fitting skirt with group of pleats at side. cash 4½ guineas. monthly **13/6**



"villiers"
matron's afternoon gown in black satin, cut on generous lines. the skilfully fashioned waist and hip line giving slender effect to this charming outsize gown. long roll collar, cuffs and vest of pink georgette. cash 5 guineas. monthly **15/-**

please note, there is no extra charge whatever for payment by instalments

corot

dept. b. 9.
nº 8 new bond street
london w 1

regent 0732

free write at once for a selection of illustrated designs of corot autumn models to corot (dept. b.9), 8, new bond street, w.1., or call at our showrooms (over yardley's) at the piccadilly end of new bond street, and choose a corot model for yourself.

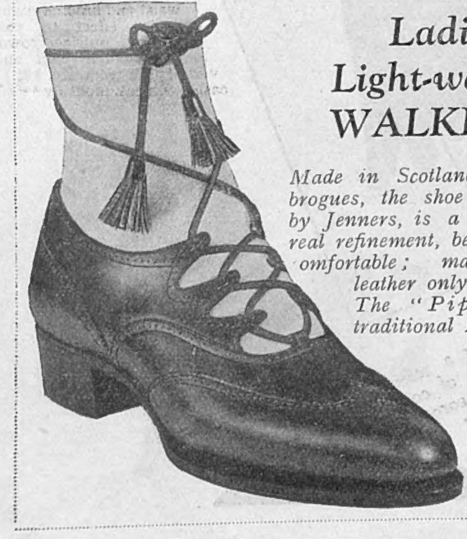
One of Jenners new Autumn Hats. In soft light-weight velour in Batik effects in varied tones, with underbrim of darker velour.

Colours—Bottle, saxe, gold, chocolate, nigger, mahogany, navy, black.

PRICE 49/6

Jenners pay Carriage.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
LIMITED



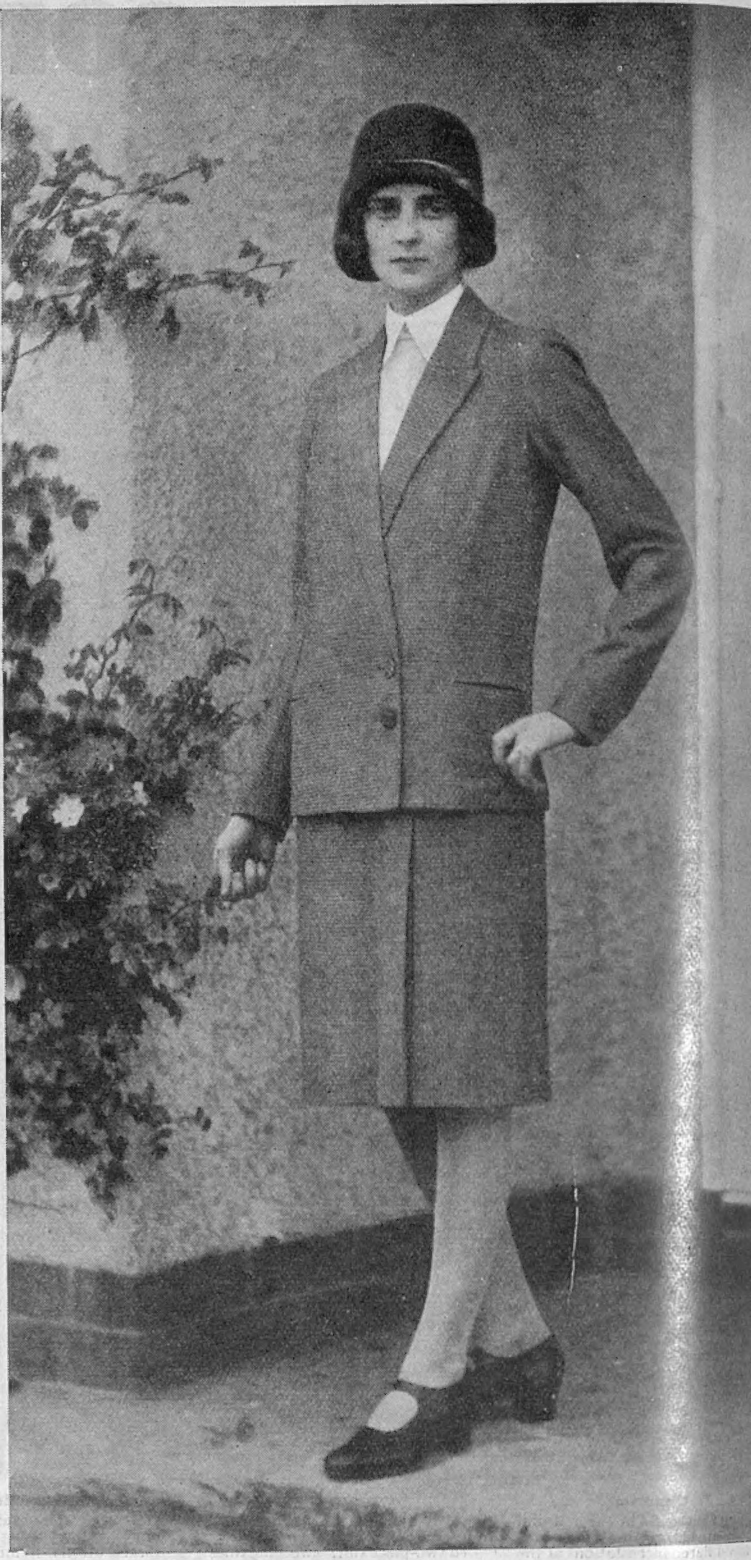
Ladies' Scotch Light-weight Welted WALKING SHOES

Made in Scotland by craftsmen unexcelled for brogues, the shoe illustrated, recently introduced by Jenners, is a *lighter-weight* welted style of real refinement, beautifully cut and exceptionally comfortable; made from the highest grades of leather only.

The "Piper Brogue," based on a traditional Highland clan shoe, with extra length leather laces. In Tan or Black Calf.

PRICE 45/-

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
LIMITED



Jenners are renowned for the best qualities and newest designs in Scotch Tweeds and fine Scotch Suitings for Ladies' Tailored Suits. They have always a very large assortment of several hundreds of the smartest new materials from which to select.

Special attention is drawn to the perfection of cut and finish in Tailored Suits made-to-order in Jenners own workrooms.

In selected qualities Scotch Tweeds or Cheviots, coat lined silk. Price from 10½ Gns. Or, in exclusive, fine Scotch Suitings, coat lined crêpe-de-Chine. Price from 12 Gns.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
LIMITED

The skirt of suit illustrated above.

BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

SEPTEMBER, 1929

VOL. I—NO. 5

IN THIS ISSUE—SPECIAL FEATURES

Emil Ludwig's brilliant biography of Michael Angelo (Part I) . . . .

The complete short stories by Elliott White Springs, Dorothy Black, Christine Jope-Slade, Allan Swinton and Barbara Hedworth

The arresting articles by Sir Philip Gibbs and May Edginton . . . .

The Children's Supplement, Fashion Section and Cookery pages in full colour . . . . .

The complete Women's Sections—Sports, Housekeeping, Health, Beauty, etc . . . .

COMPLETE CONTENTS of the SEPTEMBER NUMBER

COVER

From a painting by STANLEY DAVIS

FICTION

Page

Sky High by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS (Illustrations by Herbert Morton Stoops) . . . 24 to 27

The Gift by DOROTHY BLACK (Illustrations by Albert Bailey) 37 to 40

But People Don't Know by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE (Illustrations by Coller) . 48 to 51

The Fork in the Road by ALLAN SWINTON (Illustrations by Steven Spurrier) 77 to 80

The Berkeley—At Eight by BARBARA HEDWORTH (Illustrations by Forster) . 81 to 84

ARTICLES

Michael Angelo—The Colossus of Art (Part I) by EMIL LUDWIG 17 to 21

The Chance of Adventure by SIR PHILIP GIBBS 22, 23

Hollywood Revisited by KATHLYN HAYDEN 28 to 31

An intimate Study of H.M. the Queen of Spain by EVELYN GRAHAM 32, 33

Fear! by MAY EDGINTON 41 to 43

Famous Women of History—No. 5: Sappho by KENNETH BELL (Painted by F. Matania, R.I.) 44 to 47

These Eventful Weeks by THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD . . . 52, 53

Topics for Discussion Month by Month—

Men—Fashion's Foils and Fools by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Let Us Learn the Art of Loafing by WARWICK DEEPING (Decorations by Arthur Watts) . 54, 55

Page

The Beauty Parlour by ELINOR GLYN 56, 57

Great Italian Masters—No. 1: Sandro Botticelli by R. H. WILENSKI 94, 95

How to Buy the Dog of Your Dreams by VIOLET SMALL ("TROY-TOWN") . . . 96, 97

FASHIONS—Articles, etc.

Cultivating the Art of Detail . 64

Colour-gravure Sections

Summer's Gossamer Flag . 65

Tweeds a Touring Uniform . 66

Sport and Play in Coloured Prints 67

Little Folk at Play and at School . 68

The Long and the Short of the Evening Mode . . . 73

Something New in Travelling Coats 74

Soft Neutral Shades . . . 75

Helmets for Halcyon Days . . 76

PHOTOGRAVURE SECTIONS

The Desert Song . . . 34, 35

England in September . . 36

This England of Ours . . 58

Other People's Houses: No. 5, Stowell Hill, Templecombe (Pictured by Humphrey and Vera Joel. Described by Peggy Fremantle) . . . 59 to 63

HOUSEKEEPING SECTION

New Rooms for Old by G. BASEDEN BUTT 69

Gaiety and Convenience in the Kitchen by ELIZABETH ASHLEY (Illustrations by Sydney R. Jones) . 70, 71

Grouse, Partridge and Trout by GERMAINE BEAUMONT 87

Three French Dishes by MADAME RAMILLON 88

Page

Bottles and Pots by CATHERINE IVES 89

Blackberries and Mushrooms by CATHERINE IVES 90

Window Shopping . . . 102, 105

Madam, Did You Know? . . 106

Cooking Without Gas, Coal or Electricity . . . 109

Sports Section

"Eve" Afloat by SYLVIA DAMPNEY 125

Archery for Women by MARGARET PYKE 126

Fencing—the Phœnix of Sport by MARJORIE POLLOCK-SMITH 129

Tennis Tips by MRS. EUSTACE WHITE 130

Women's Golf Section

Conducted by ELEANOR E. HELME. . . . 133 to 136

Physical Culture, Health & Beauty Section . . . 110, 113, 114, 117

General

Yes, Sir, Dress certainly does make a difference! (Sketches by Tom Titt) . . 72

Drama and Films by DIANA BOURBON and SYDNEY TREMAYNE . 98, 101

The Children's Salon . 118, 121, 122

Motoring Section Conducted by the EARL OF CARDIGAN . . . 139, 140

Social Etiquette by the HON. MRS. DOWDALL 142, 144

The Newest Records by JAMES AGATE 146, 148

Ranee (Character from Handwriting) . . . 148

Paper Pattern Service . 150

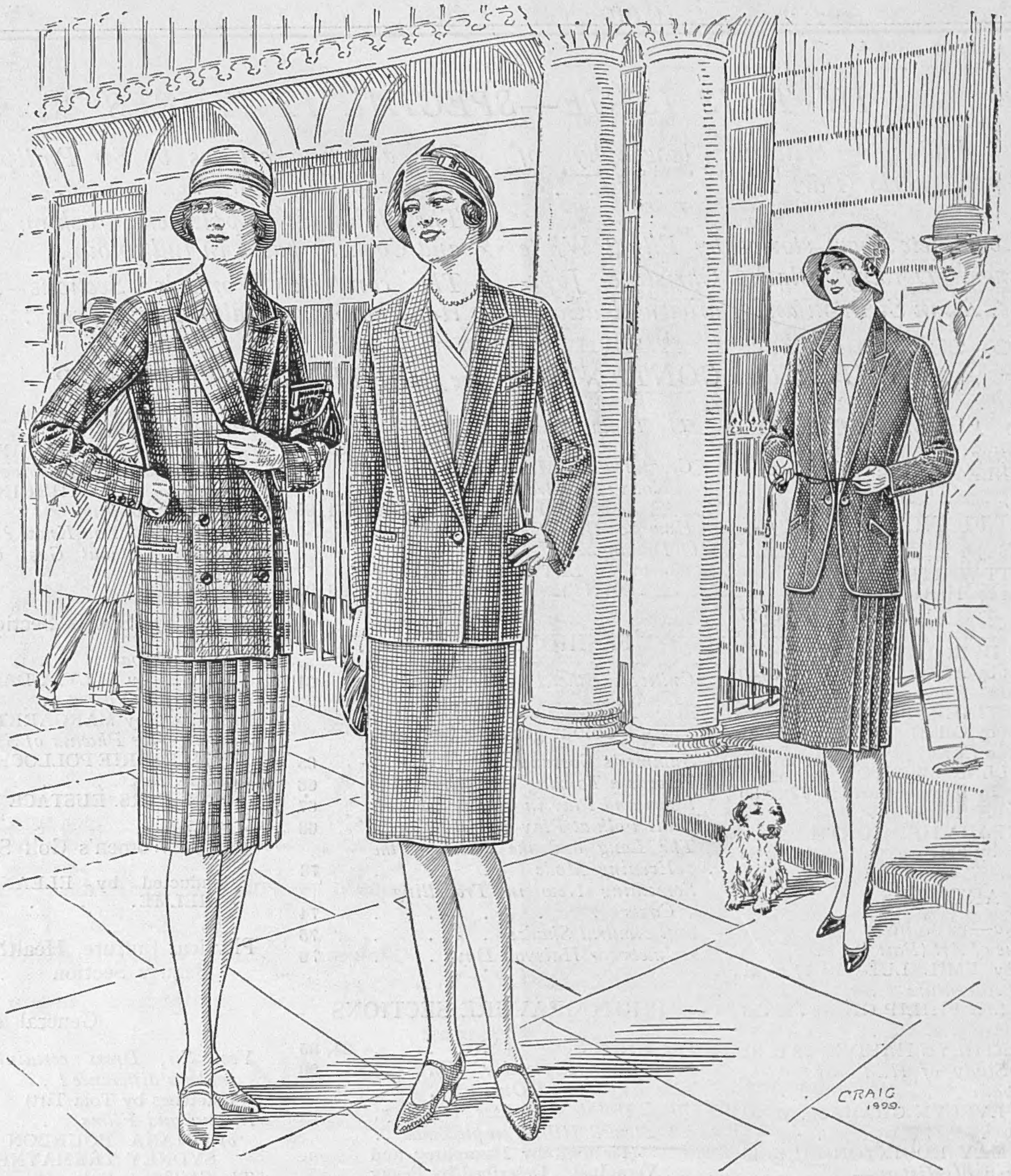
The Literary Competition Circle . 182

The Fun Fair

Separate Four-page Supplement for Children

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 184. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Nicolls of Regent Street



DOUBLE AND SINGLE BREASTED TAILORED

COSTUMES

7 GNS.

MADE-TO-MEASURE

All work executed on the Regent Street premises under the personal supervision of the fitter.

A wide range of new autumn materials to choose from. Ask for patterns.

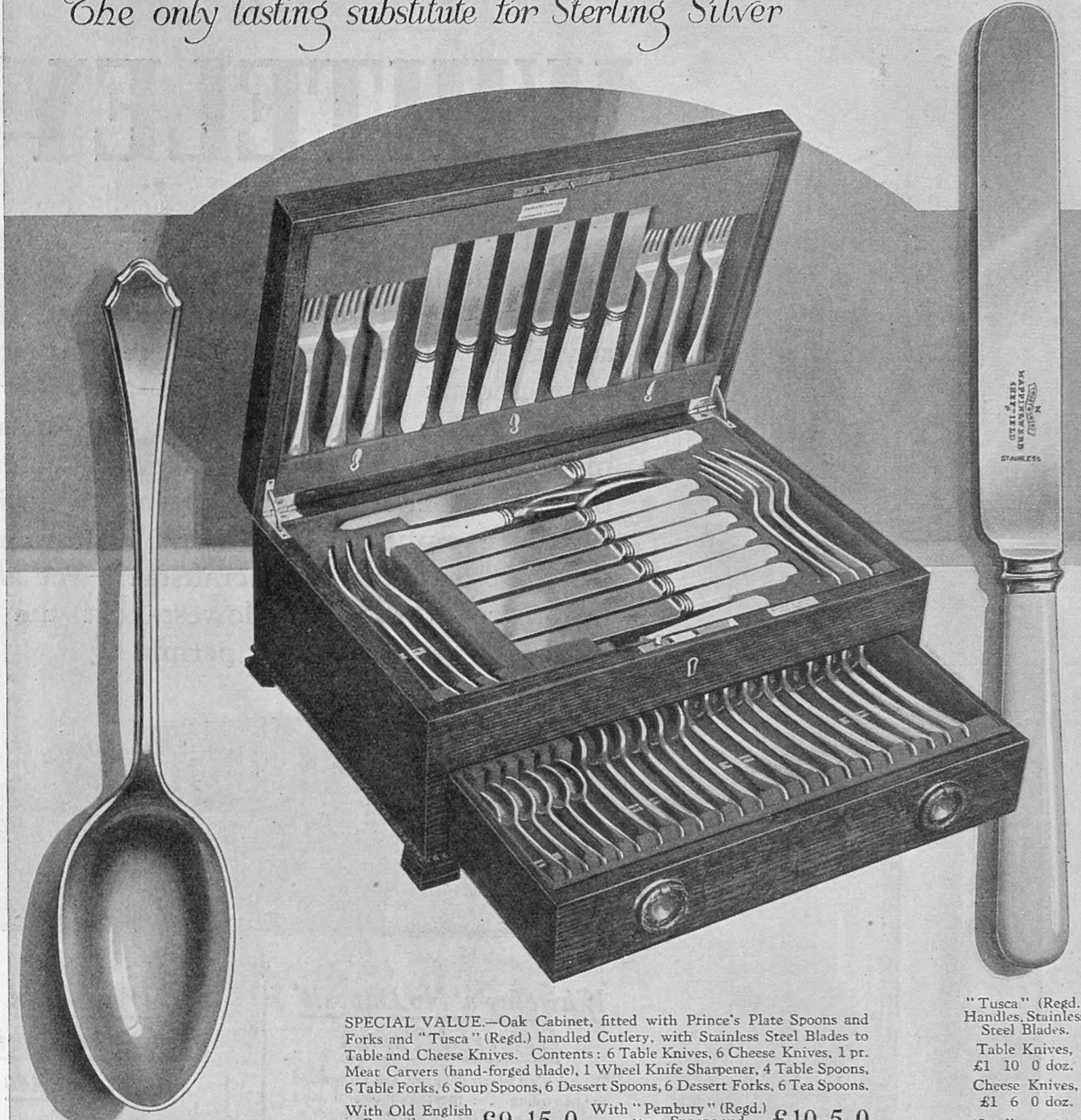
H. J. NICOLL & Co., Ltd.

114-120, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

& JOHN DALTON STREET
MANCHESTER.

PRINCE'S PLATE

The only lasting substitute for Sterling Silver



SPECIAL VALUE.—Oak Cabinet, fitted with Prince's Plate Spoons and Forks and "Tusca" (Regd.) handled Cutlery, with Stainless Steel Blades to Table and Cheese Knives. Contents: 6 Table Knives, 6 Cheese Knives, 1 pr. Meat Carvers (hand-forged blade), 1 Wheel Knife Sharpener, 4 Table Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Soup Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Tea Spoons.

With Old English or Rat-tail pattern Spoons and Forks £9 15 0 With "Pembury" (Regd.) pattern Spoons and Forks £10 5 0

A CATALOGUE OF SPOONS, FORKS, CUTLERY & CANTEENS WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST.

"Tusca" (Regd.) Handles, Stainless Steel Blades.

Table Knives, £1 10 0 doz.

Cheese Knives, £1 6 0 doz.

(Small quantities supplied).

The "PEMBURY" Pattern (Regd.)

Table Spoons	£2 7 6 doz.
Table Forks	2 7 6 ,,
Dessert Spoons	1 14 0 ,,
Dessert Forks	1 14 0 ,,
Tea Spoons	17 6 ,,

(Small quantities supplied).

MAPPIN & WEBB LTD

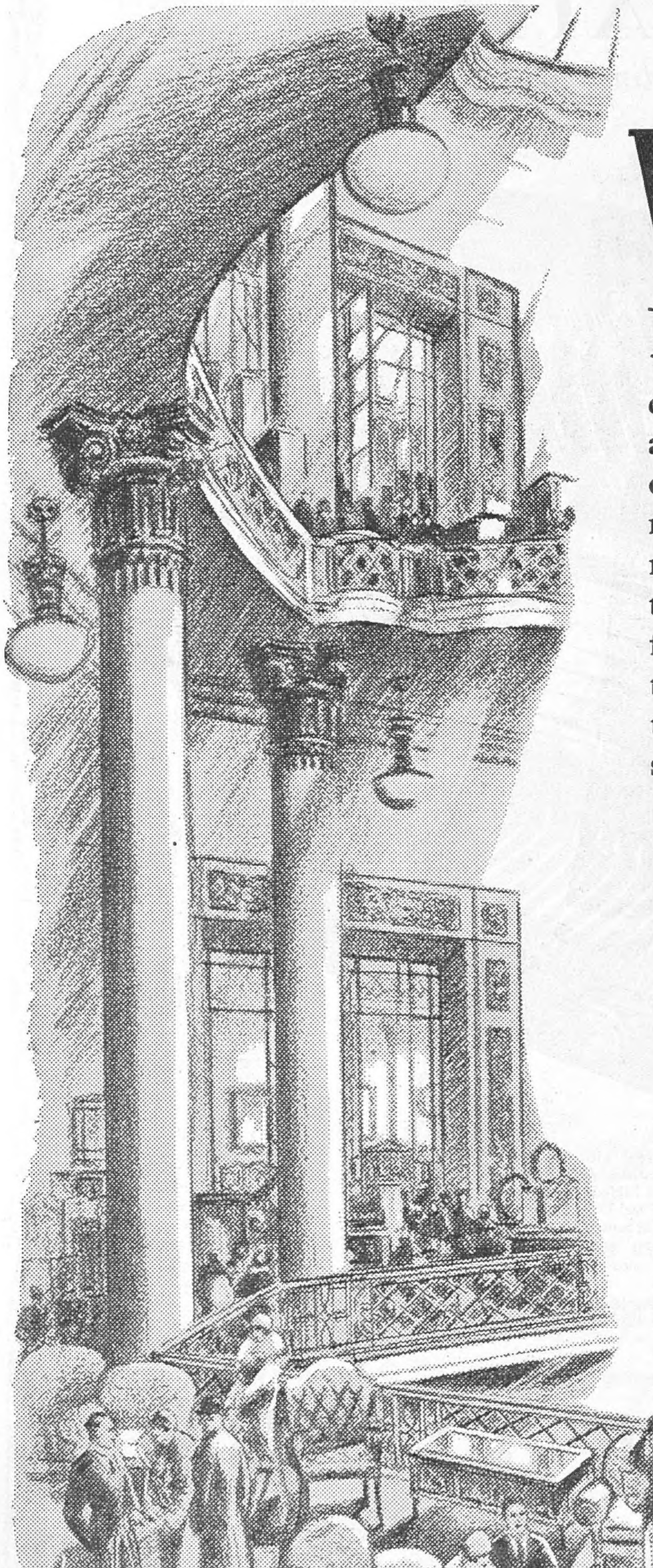
LONDON

158-162, OXFORD ST. W.1. 172, REGENT ST. W.1. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4.

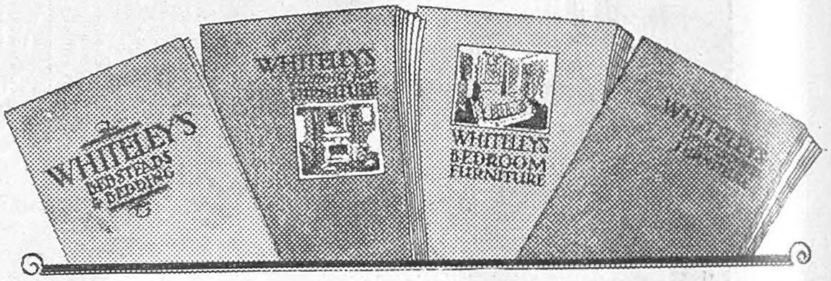
The FURNITURE GALLERIES

At

WHITELEY'S



IN the wonderful Furniture Galleries at Whiteley's is displayed a larger selection of delightful furniture than can be found almost anywhere else. Quality is the outstanding characteristic of this furniture—a quality that means utter reliability and an attractive mellowness after years of service. Here in these vast Galleries the charming and original furniture embodies the finest expressions of the best designers and craftsmen—yet always the price is the very lowest that the high standards of quality will permit.



Whiteley's 'No Deposit' Deferred Terms

Whiteley's Deferred Terms are recognised as providing the most economical and satisfactory way of furnishing out-of-income. **Here the same splendid cash values are available to the customer—2½ per cent. per annum only being added for the accommodation. Here the furniture is chosen first**—the method of payment being arranged as desired after selection has been made.

Whiteley's New Furnishing Catalogues

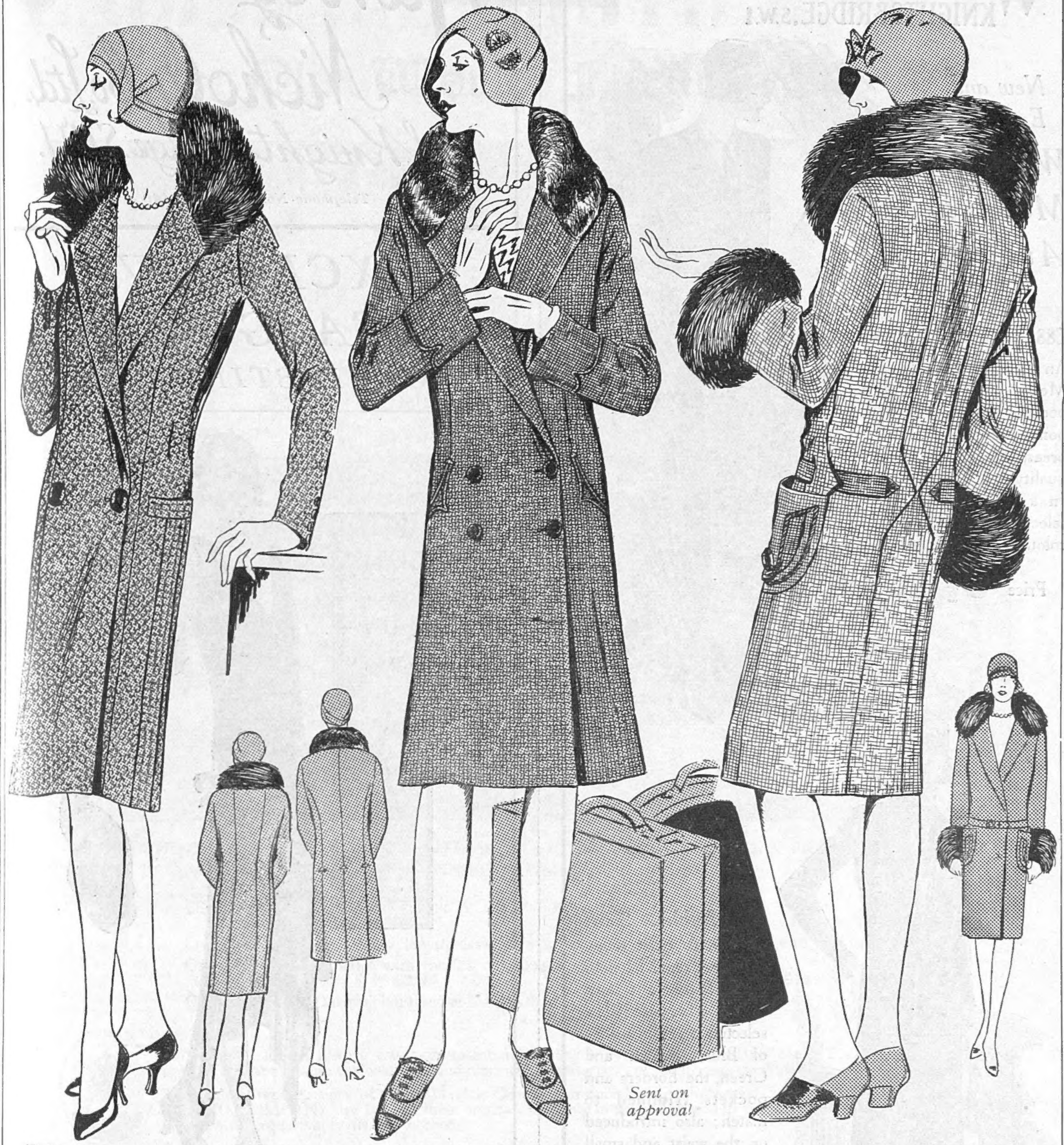
These beautiful new Catalogues, which have just been published, provide the most up-to-date guide to Home Furnishing. They are the most comprehensive furnishing catalogues yet issued, and comprise BEDROOM—DINING ROOM—BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING—UPHOLSTERY—LOUNGE—STUDY and HALL FURNITURE.

Sent Post Free on Request.

WM. WHITELEY Ltd.
QUEEN'S ROAD,
W.2.

'Phone: - - Park 1234.

ATTRACTIVE TWEED HOLIDAY COATS



Sent on approval

WELL TAILORED TWEED COAT in the newest designs and colourings, perfectly cut, with semi-fitting back and inserted panels at side; flat pockets; finished with becoming collar of good quality dyed American opossum; lined throughout. Stocked in three sizes.

Price **6½ Gns.**

PRACTICAL CUMBERLAND TWEED COAT in the newest designs and colourings, cleverly cut on slimming lines and trimmed on cuffs and pockets with border of material; the back of skirt arranged with three stitched inverted pleats; finished cosy collar of Tasmanian opossum and lined crêpe de Chine. In three sizes.

Price **10½ Gns.**

Skirt to match can be obtained in our Skirt Department Price **69/6**.

ATTRACTIVE CUMBERLAND TWEED COAT in latest designs and colourings, perfectly cut and tailored, with stitched belt and panelled back, the border of the material used as trimming on the pockets and to outline the crêpe de Chine lining; finished with large collar and cuffs of soft South American Skunk. In three sizes.

Price **16½ Gns.**

Skirt to match can be obtained in our Skirt Department. Price **78/6**.

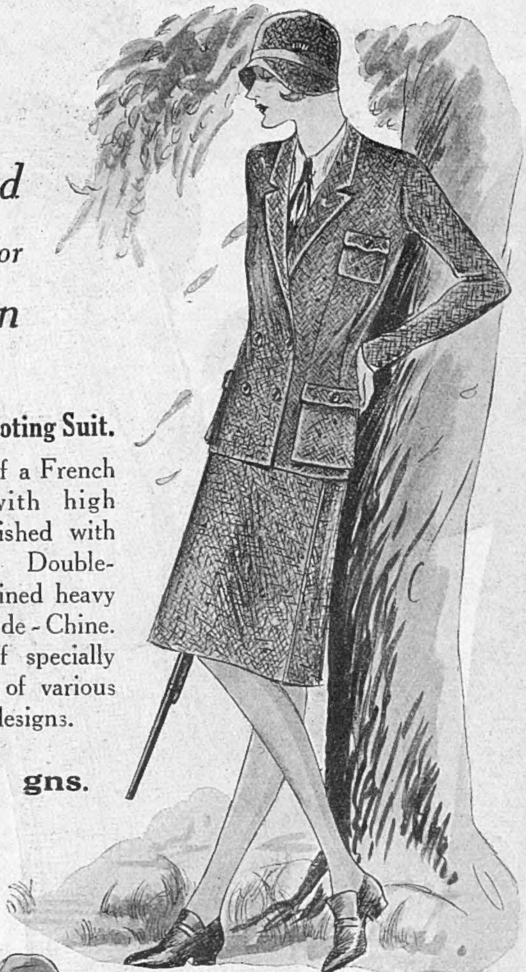
DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(Debenhams Ltd.)

WIGMORE STREET AND WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

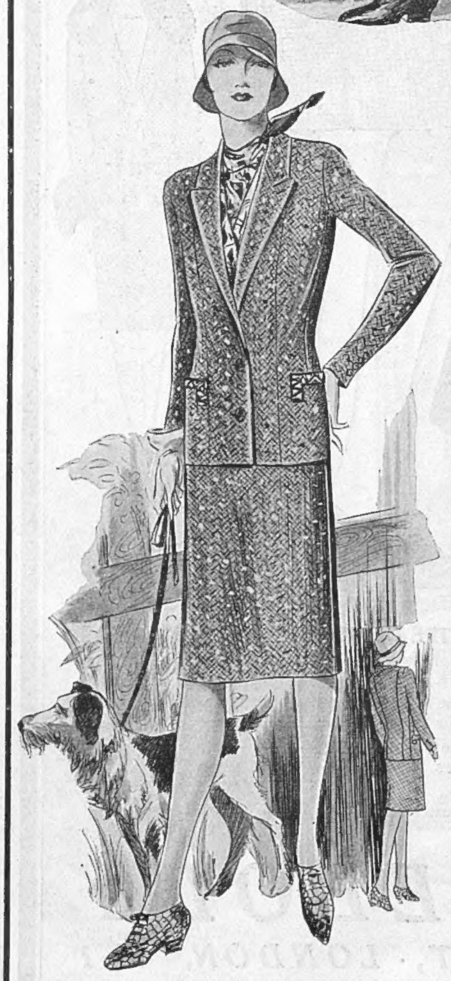
New and Exclusive Woolland Models for Autumn



C88. Perth Shooting Suit.

An exact copy of a French Model cut with high pockets and finished with bone buttons. Double-breasted coat lined heavy quality crêpe-de-Chine. In a variety of specially selected tweeds of various colourings and designs.

Price **9½ gns.**



C89. Peebles. Smart Coat and Skirt (copy of a new French Model), beautifully cut and made of specially selected tweed in shades of Blue, Brown and Green, the borders and pockets trimmed to match; also introduced on the waist and small pockets of the skirt.

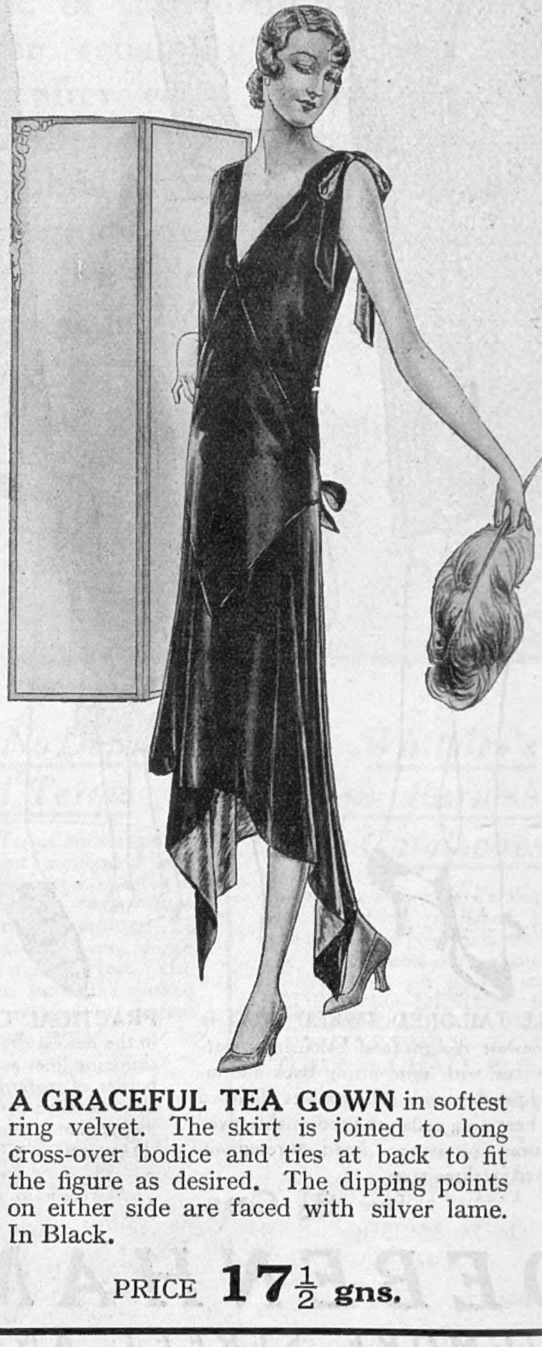
Price **9½ gns.**

Woolland Bros. Ltd.,
Knightsbridge, S.W.1
Opposite Hyde Park Hotel.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
of Knightsbridge. S.W.1.

Telephone No.: Sloane 3440.

EXCLUSIVE TEA GOWNS OF DISTINCTION



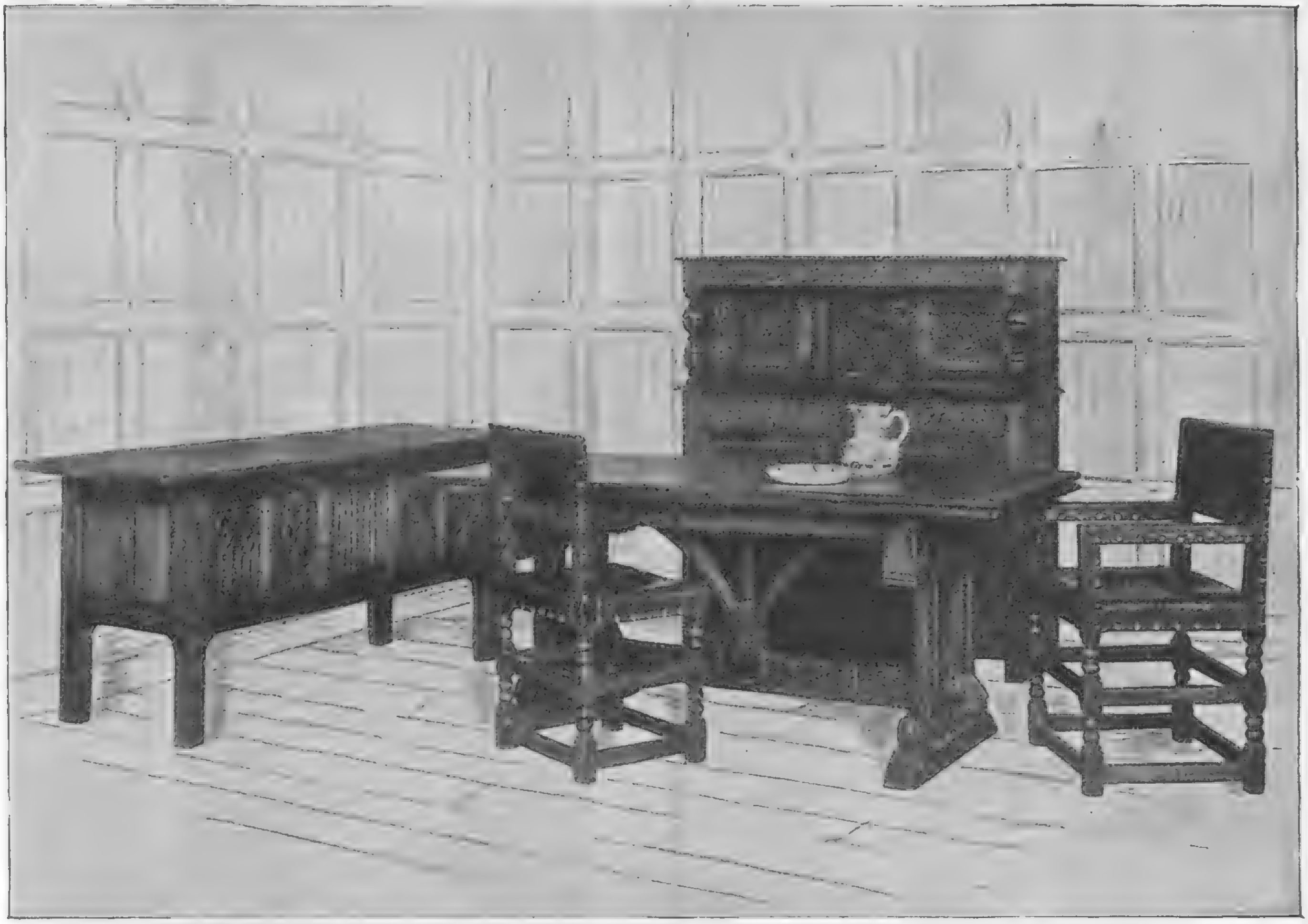
A GRACEFUL TEA GOWN in softest ring velvet. The skirt is joined to long cross-over bodice and ties at back to fit the figure as desired. The dipping points on either side are faced with silver lame. In Black.

PRICE **17½ gns.**

Authentic **Tudor** Reproductions

OF

Old World Furniture



AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTIONS OF INTERESTING 16th & 17th CENTURY OAK PIECES SUITABLE FOR DINING ROOM FURNISHING

Elizabethan Court Cupboard 4′ 2″ x 21″ x 4′ 7″ high; details accurately copied from an original of 1660-70		£27 10 0
Oak trestle Table in Gothic style with draw top 5′ 9″ extending to 9′ 0″ x 2′ 8″ wide		£45 0 0
Oak Side Table or Buffet with five carved doors, reproduced from original of early 16th Century 5′ 9″ x 2′ 0″		£30 0 0
Cromwellian Oak Chairs upholstered in hide, with well seats	Small	£6 10 0
" " " "	Armchair	£9 0 0

No period of British history was more essentially English than the "spacious days" of the Tudor dynasty; and in no product of that era were the bold spirit and romantic characteristics of the times more clearly reflected than in its furniture.

The faithful reproductions of 15th and 16th Century furniture built in the workshops of the TUDOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY are true to their originals not only in design but also in the matured and solid quality of wood in which the mediaeval craftsmen worked.

Built to outlast centuries, these unequalled reproductions of authentic Period pieces are not only moderate in price (middle profits being eliminated) but can be purchased, if desired, on **convenient terms of payment.** Prospective purchasers are cordially invited to visit the Tudor Workshops at Wooburn Green, Bucks.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO

Tudor Manufacturing Coy.

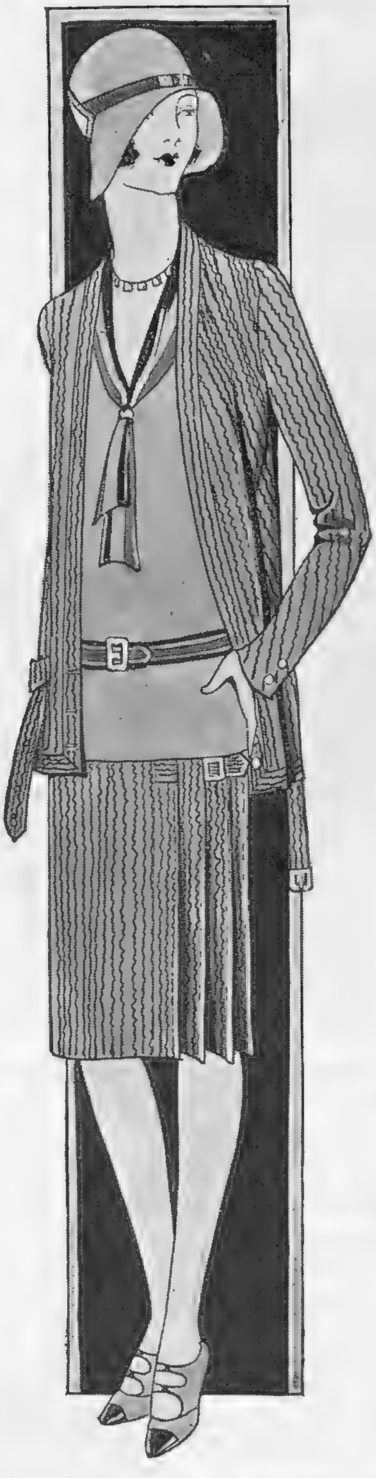
NORTHCROFT ROAD, WOOBURN GREEN, BUCKS. 'Phone: Bourne End 126.
LONDON SHOWROOMS: COMMERCE HOUSE, 72, OXFORD ST., W.1. 'Phone: Fitzroy 1436.
(A few minutes from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station and opposite Dean Street.

Tudor Wax Polish *is specially prepared by the Tudor Manufacturing Co. to preserve and bring out to the fullest extent the beauties of Period Furniture, originals and reproductions. Sold in large Tins, 2/- post free.*

The Maison Ross

◆

FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY!



Suit of red and beige tweed and jumper in heavy beige crêpe de Chine, with tie in two colours and leather belt. Complete with jumper.

"BLUE ROOM" 12½ Gns.

19 & 20 Grafton St., Bond St., W.1.

"Stand-the-Pull"

Guaranteed Silk Stockings

COLOURS:–Banana
Beaver, Beige, Bla
Camel, Coating, Dar
Grey, Fawn, Fle
Gunmetal, Light Moi
Light Nude, Mau
esque, Sunburn, Whi
French Grey. Sizes 8
9, 9½, 10, 10½ in

Per pair

12/9

3 pairs for 37/
post free

Gorringes "Stand-the-Pull" Silk Stockings are guaranteed not to ladder. They will stand an extraordinary amount of strain, and yet they are beautifully fine Made of fine French silk, these lovely stockings are fully fashioned, and have dainty lace clox. The initials "F.G." on the garter top are a token of Gorringes guarantee.

SHOULD THEY LADDER THEY WILL BE REPLACED FREE

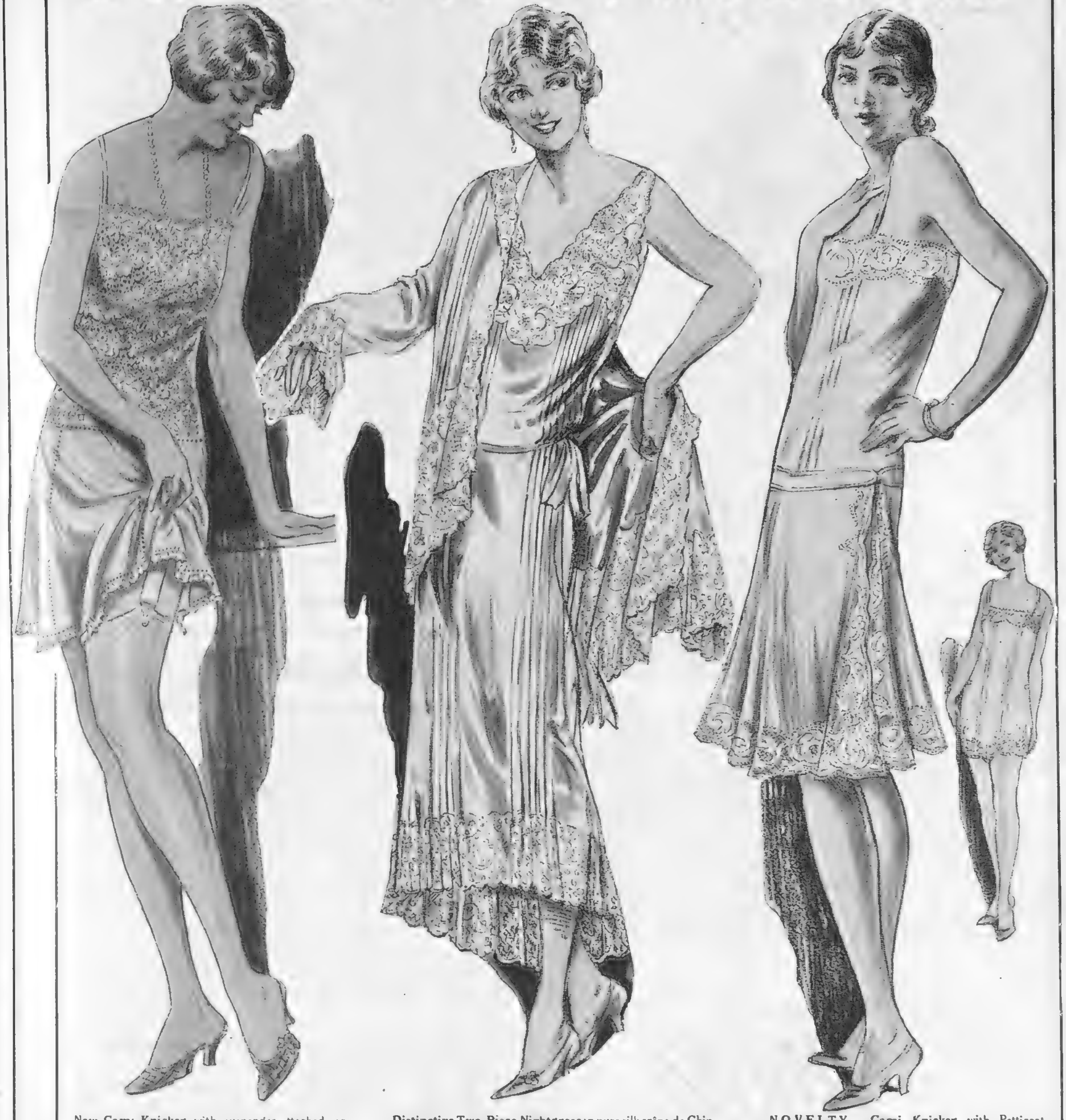
Per pair 12/9 post free

Gorringes

FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD.

Buckingham Palace Rd., London, S.W.1
Telephone: Victoria 8600 (Direct to all Depts.)

ORIGINAL LINGERIE



New Cami Knicker with suspender attached, an exact copy of a Paris model, it has an attractive lace bodice fitting well to the body; the skirt is in crêpe de Chine, satin, triple ninon or chiffon. Made in three sizes, 32 inch, 34 inch and 36 inch.

Price CREPE DE CHINE, **49/-**
SATIN, ETC. **59/6**

Distinctive Two-Piece Nightdress in pure silk crêpe de Chine, with V-neck finished to a point on shoulder of deep ecru lace, also the skirt is cut longer at the back than the front, edged with lace. The attractive coatee has a long sleeve and is daintily trimmed with lace to match the gown, these garments can be sold separately. In all lingerie colours.

Price, NIGHTDRESS, **75/9**
COATEE. **98/6**

NOVELTY. Cami Knicker with Petticoat attached, in pure silk crêpe de Chine or satin beauté. The Cami Knicker is edged with dainty cream lace; the novelty of this garment is that the petticoat is detachable and is finished with lace to match the Cami Knicker. In all colours.

Price, CREPE DE CHINE, **49/6**
,, SATIN BEAUTE. **59/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(DEBENHAMS LTD.)

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Refreshing Coolness

Old English
Lavender Water
Prepared from the famous MITCHAM FLOWERS
Boots
Perfumers and Toilet Specialists

Daintiness suggests coolness. In the warm weather there is nothing which so completely provides an atmosphere of delicious fragrance whether on the courts, the river, the enclosure, the links——

The Boots Chemists

Old English Lavender

BATH CRYSTALS ... 1/11, 3/3, 5/-
BATH CRYSTAL TABLETS...... 3d. each, Box of Twelve 2/9
BATH SOAP DE LUXE.......... Tablet 1/4, Box of Three 3/9
BRILLIANTINE (Solid) Oval Tin 1/-
BRILLIANTINE (Liquid) Bottle 2/-
COMPRESSED SACHETS........ 4½d. each, Box of Twelve 4/3
DAY CREAM (Vanishing) .... Tube 6d., Glass Jar 1/6
FACE POWDER (Card Box)....1/9
GUEST SOAP DE LUXE .... Tablet 4½d., Box of Four 1/4
ICY LAVENDER (Solidified Lavender Water) 9½d., 2/6
LAVENDER WATER............ 9½d., 1/4, 2/3, 4/-, 7/9, 15/-, etc.
NIGHT CREAM (Skin Food)...... Glass Jar 1/6
POUDRE COMPACTE .... (Metal Box) 2/-
SHAMPOO POWDERS .... 4½d. each, Box of Seven 2/3
SHAVING CREAM......(Tube) 1/-
SHAVING STICK..1/3 (Refill 1/-)
SMELLING SALTS............... (Bottles) 1/-, 1/9, 2/6
SMELLING SALTS............... (Tubes) Box of Twelve 1/9
TALCUM POWDER Dredger Tin 1/6
TOILET SOAP DE LUXE........ Tablet 8½d., Box of Three 2/-

Lavender for fragrance!

OBTAINABLE FROM

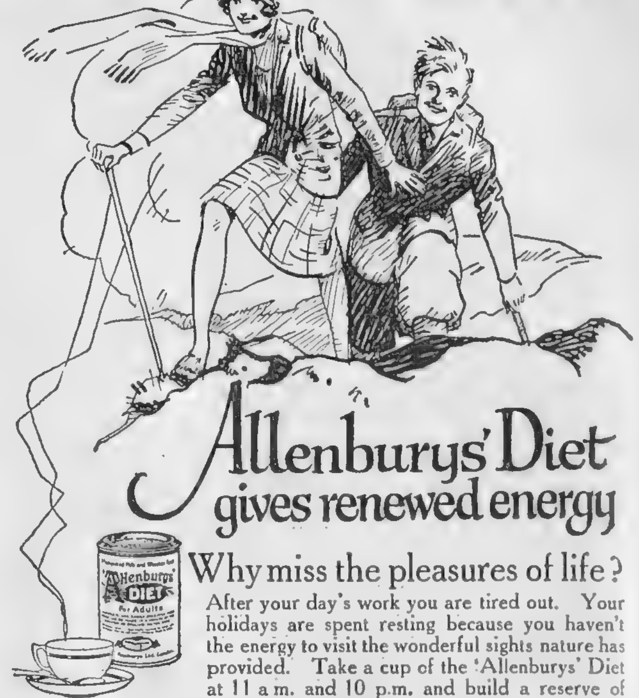
The Boots Chemists

PERFUMERS AND
TOILET SPECIALISTS

OVER 800 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

VIGOUR



Allenburys' Diet
gives renewed energy

Why miss the pleasures of life?

After your day's work you are tired out. Your holidays are spent resting because you haven't the energy to visit the wonderful sights nature has provided. Take a cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. and build a reserve of vitality that will enable you to enjoy all your leisure moments. Made from fresh rich creamy milk, whole wheat with added *Vitamin D*, it is just what you require.

Ready to drink in a minute—just add boiling water.

Send 3d. in stamps for a ½ lb. trial sample.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37 Lombard St., LONDON, E.C.3

PETER—WITH ONE EXCEPTION

With one exception Peter is an ordinary little fellow. Chubby, likeable, just five-and-a-half, full of life and fun and on occasions—be it admitted—of naughtiness.

Just now Peter's rather important, for this is his first term at school, and he's grappling with the intricacies of "A B C" and "Twice-Two": difficult subjects to all men of five-and-a-half, but even more difficult in Peter's case because—bad luck—he's totally blind. That's his One Exception.

Peter learns reading, writing, and 'rithmetic through the medium of "Braille"—dull stuff compared with the coloured picture books of most five-and-a-halfs. However, he's a stout lad is Peter, and he's making great progress.

Would you like to know more about him? How, in spite of his "One Exception," he is being educated and, when older, technically trained and usefully employed.

There is a long waiting list of "Peters" throughout the British Isles for whom training and accommodation must be provided in the immediate future.

Will you help with a donation or annual subscription? Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received.

Here's a suggestion. Your eyesight is worth 3d. a year to you. Send Peter and his handicapped pals 3d. for every year you've had it. Now, please, in case it slips your memory: Good idea?

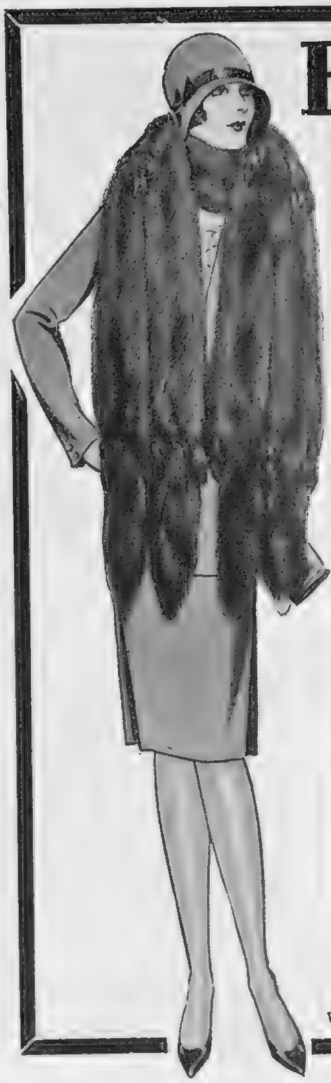
The Chairman,
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
(Founded 1838)
SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3.

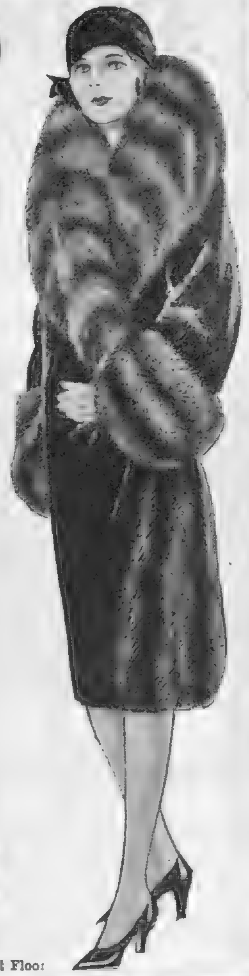
MADAME
Brenner
CORSETIERE

Madame Brenner asks her clientele to note change of address. After September 1st the new spacious premises at 22 BRUTON STREET will be open. 2a Hanover Square and 86 Brompton Road being closed. A visit to the New Salons is specially invited.

TEL.
MAYFAIR
1857

22
BRUTON ST.
BOND ST. LONDON W. I.





Buy your Furs Wholesale

and Secure Best Possible Value for Money.

WE are able to offer the Finest Value in Reliable Furs, because as manufacturers we do not require, nor have we, expensive West-End Shop premises. Our guaranteed Furs pass direct from workrooms to wearer at Wholesale Prices—no "Middle Profits" are added—this is exactly what you save in purchasing direct from us.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Sable Fitch

A really smart Scarf Stole in Sable Fitch from skins of exceptional silky quality. Equal to Russian Sable in texture and colourings. Beautifully supple and finished with large tails. Wonderful value.

Our Wholesale Price **7½** Gns.

French Coney

Entirely new model in finest quality French Electric Seal Coney; beautifully lustrous skins. Luxuriously trimmed with Golden South American Skunk. Attractive and becoming combination. A real Bargain.

Our Wholesale Price **29** Gns.

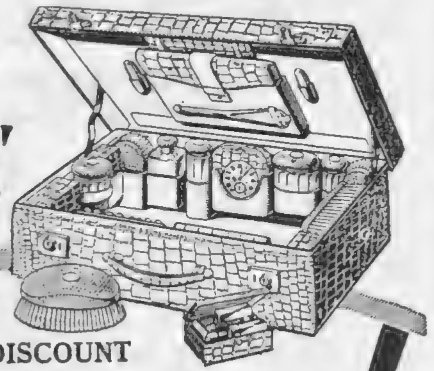
SELECTIONS OF FURS SENT ON APPROVAL.

Come to the City—It pays

Don't pay Fancy Shop Prices for your Furs. Visit our Showrooms and save Money. Hundreds of Fur Coats from 12 gns., and thousands of Fur Stoles from 5 gns. to choose from. Compare our value before purchasing elsewhere.

CITY FUR STORE
Manufacturing Furriers,
64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
LONDON, E.C.4.
We have no shop
Showrooms First Floor

THIS IS TRAVEL TIME
consult
DREWS'

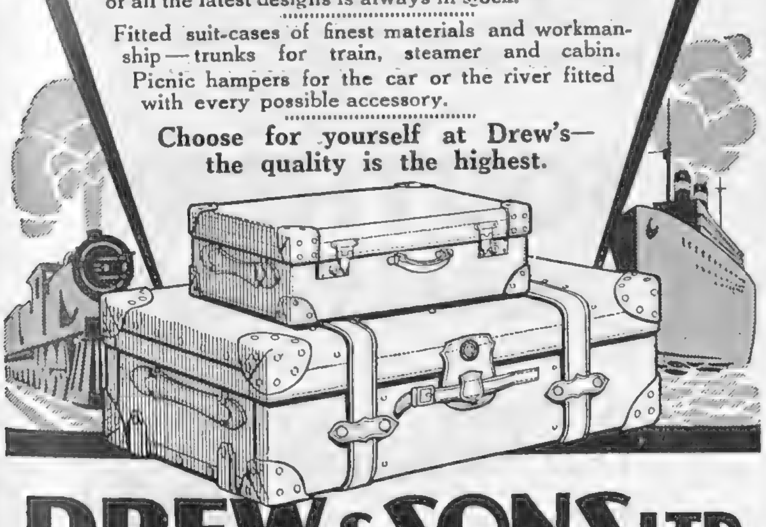


20%
REBUILDING DISCOUNT

Drew & Sons have a unique experience in the production of all kinds of travelling requisites—the widest selection of all the latest designs is always in stock.

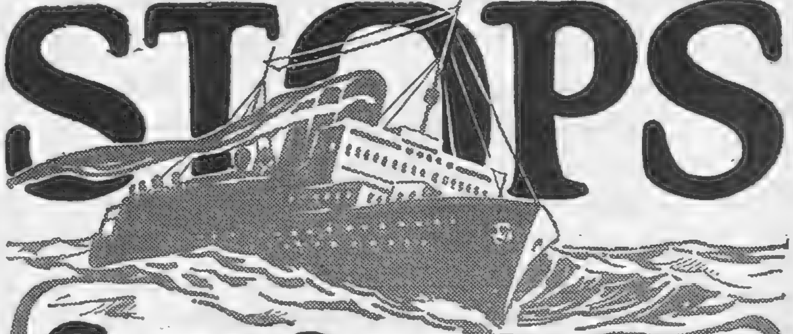
Fitted suit-cases of finest materials and workmanship—trunks for train, steamer and cabin. Picnic hampers for the car or the river fitted with every possible accessory.

Choose for yourself at Drew's—the quality is the highest.



DREW & SONS LTD
33.35.37. PICCADILLY CIRCUS. W. I.

STOPS



SEA SICKNESS

"Mothersill's" brings sure, positive relief to those who suffer from Seasickness. Famous travelers and physicians testify to its effectiveness on the world's roughest waters. The stomach disorders, dizziness, headaches and exhaustion usually experienced in traveling by Sea, Train, Motor or Air are quickly stopped and prevented.

For Sale by Chemists

Make your next trip in comfort with "Mothersill's"

E21

Mothersill's
SEASICK
Remedy
MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY
THE MOTHERSILL REMED
NEW YORK - MONTREA
MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
92 Fleet St., London, E. C. 4
Montreal New York Paris

£100,000 Worth of High Grade

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

FOR CASH OR TIME PAYMENTS

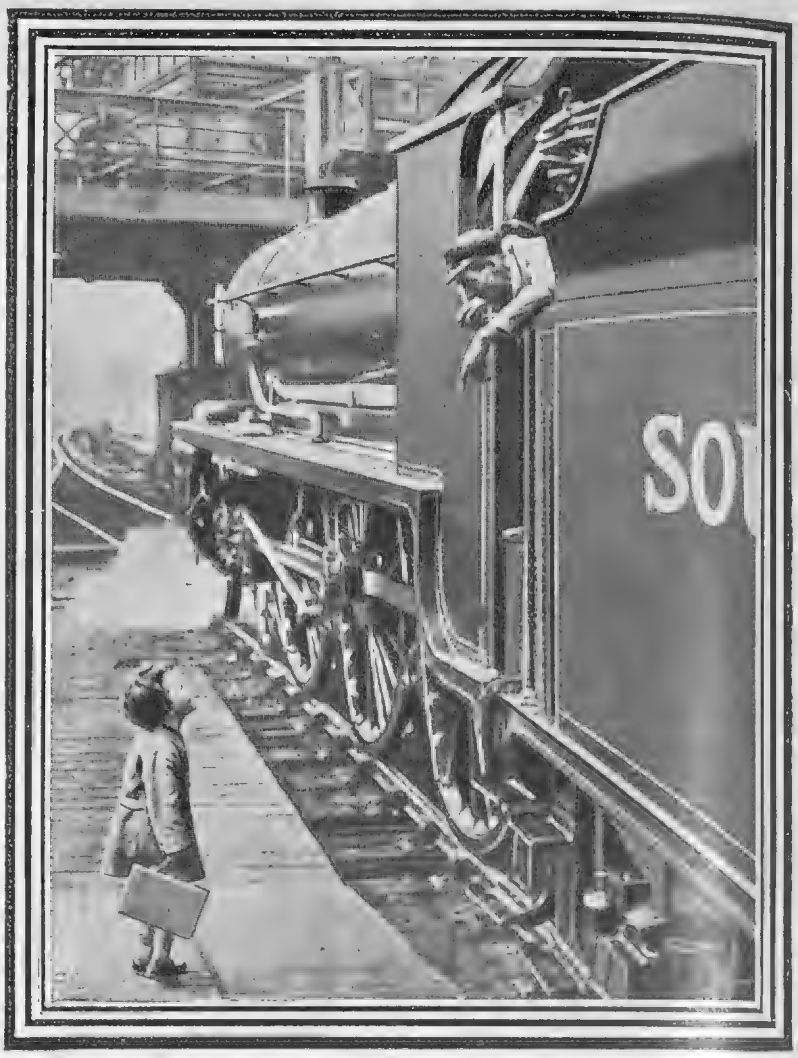
Great Bargains can now be obtained in Genuine First-Class Second-Hand Furniture. Modern & Antique

Half the Cost and double the Wear of Cheap New Goods

Bedroom, Dining and Drawing Room Suites, Bedsteads, Bedding, Dining Tables, Pianos, Overmantels, Carpets, Rugs, Easy and other Chairs, Book-Cases, Curbs, Clocks, Chests of Drawers, Ornaments, Glass, China, Cutlery, Books, Pictures, Safes, Cabinets, Curtains, Sheets, Blankets, Quilts, Box-Ottomans, and Thousands of other Bargains at greatly reduced prices

A PERSONAL CALL IS SOLICITED
LONDON DELIVERIES ALL DISTRICTS DAILY

W. JELKS & SONS,
Established over Half-a-Century
"The Great London Centre for all that's Good in Second-Hand Furniture"
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275,
HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.7
Depositories: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, EDEN GROVE (adjoining)
(Just one minute from Holloway Road Station, Piccadilly and Brompton Tube)
REMOVAL ESTIMATES FREE
Telephones: North 2598, 2599 Telegrams: "JELLICO, LONDON."



"SEA PLEASE—QUICKLY"

No fuss, no bother. Tickets and luggage in advance and specially reserved seats in all principal trains.

Southern Railway expresses—home or continental—are fast and frequent, with restaurant or Pullman Cars in numerous services.

Why not ask for Holiday Excursion Programmes at any Southern Railway Station? They're ready for you!

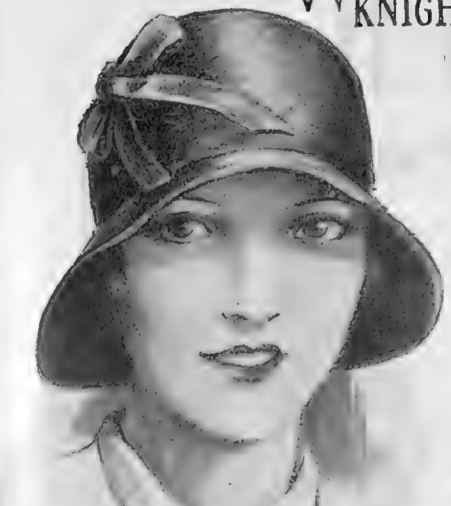
SOUTHERN RAILWAY

QUICKEST WAY TO SUNSHINE

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

New Hats for Autumn

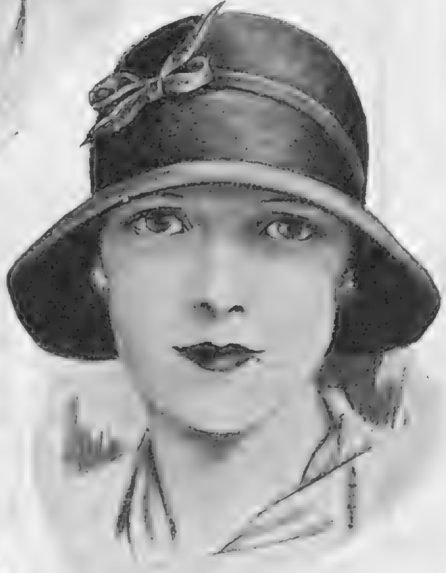
now being displayed in our well-appointed Salon.



V. 554. — Attractive Hat in finest quality Velour, with narrow bow of Velour on crown. This Hat is made in medium and large fittings, and in all the newest colourings. In Velour,

PRICE **3** Gns.

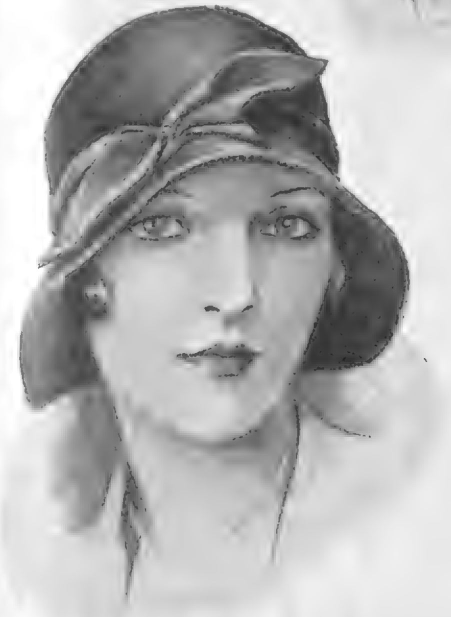
Can also be made in Felt. Price 2½ Gns.



V. 555. — Becoming Hat in felt, with brim slightly rolled across front, finished with small bow of felt. In several fittings, and all the newest colourings.

PRICE **2½** Gns.

Can also be made in Velour. Price - 3 Gns.

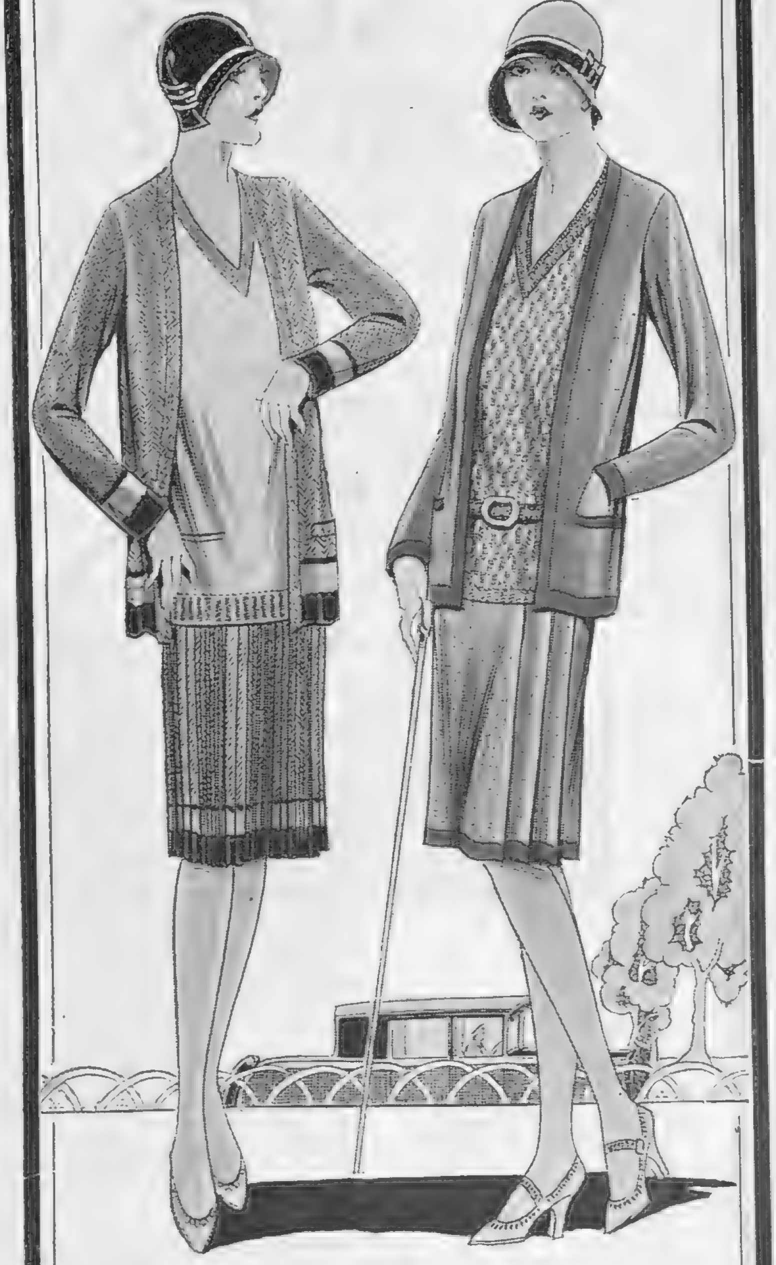


V. 556.—Delightful Hat in Velour, with soft brim, fastened with bow of Velour at side front. This Hat is made in medium fittings, and can be supplied in all lovely shades.

PRICE **3** Gns.

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD.
(Opposite Hyde Park Hotel)
Knightsbridge - - - S.W.1

Where the quality is higher than the price



"KENDAL." This distinctive Knitted 3-piece Suit Cardigan and Skirt are of Herringbone Tweed design with a lighter jumper to tone. Colours—Nigger/Fawn, Navy/Beige, Black/Grey, Red/Beige, Dark Green/Light Green. Sizes W. & O.S.

PRICE **94/6**

"FLINT." Practical Knitted 3-piece Suit, Jumper of fancy knit. The Cardigan and Skirt give the effect of a small check. Colours — Red/Fawn, Blue/Fawn, Dark Brown/Light Brown, Black/White, Navy/Fawn. Sizes W. & O.S.

PRICE **98/6**

An illustrated catalogue can be obtained and sent post free.

Gorringes
FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD

Buckingham Palace Rd., London, S.W.1
Telephone: Victoria 8600 (Direct to all Depts.).

Cures by Abdulla

ABDULL
FISH

THE SPADE CURE

The larks scream shrilly, the sun is burning,
The cows seem lacking in graceful charm,
And it's grim to dig while the worms keep turning
'Way down on the "Back to Nature" Farm.

The Neverwells are unhinged and broken,
No Cure has made them feel half so ill,
But Abdulla comes as a precious token
That the World of Fashion awaits them still.

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

IN GREAT VARIETY FROM 5/- PER 100 UPWARD.

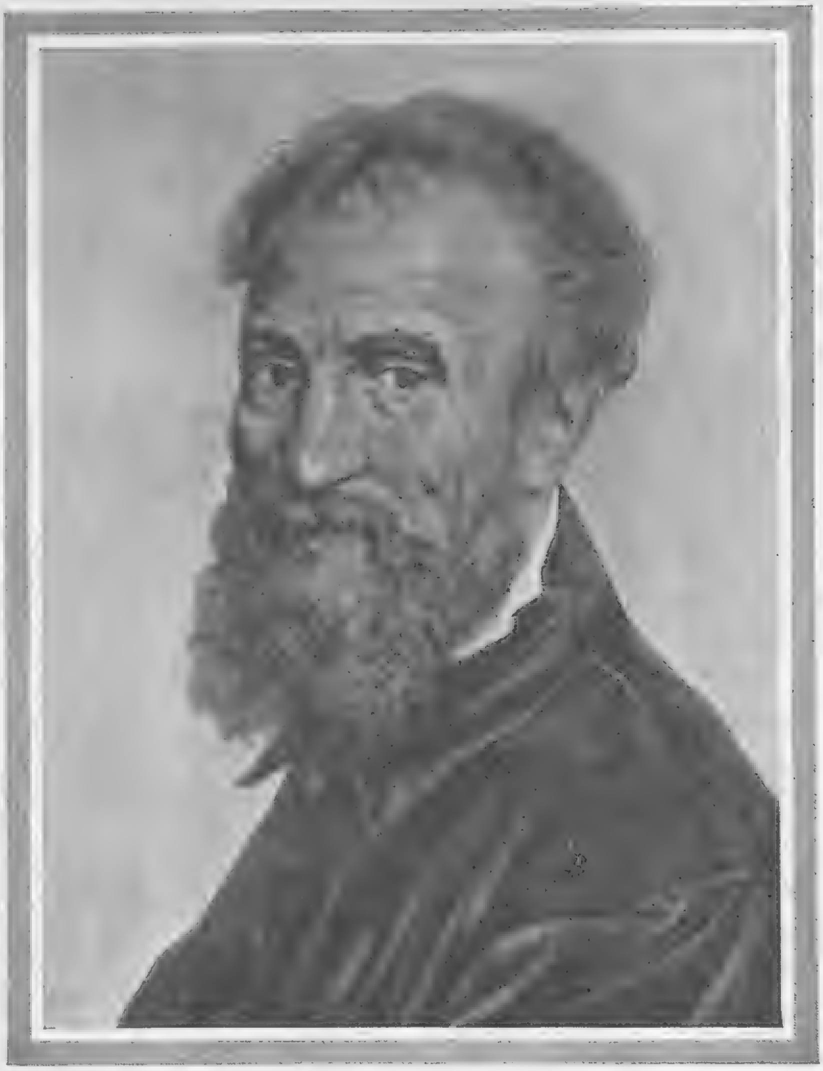
BRITANNIA & EVE
Vol. I. No. 5 · *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* · SEPTEMBER, 1929

MICHAEL ANGELO

The Colossus of Art

Beginning a graphic pen picture, in three instalments, of the life story of one of the greatest artists in the history of the world, by the eminent German biographer of The Kaiser Wilhelm II, Napoleon, Goethe, and The Son of Man (Jesus Christ)

EMIL LUDWIG



Michael Angelo: a self-portrait

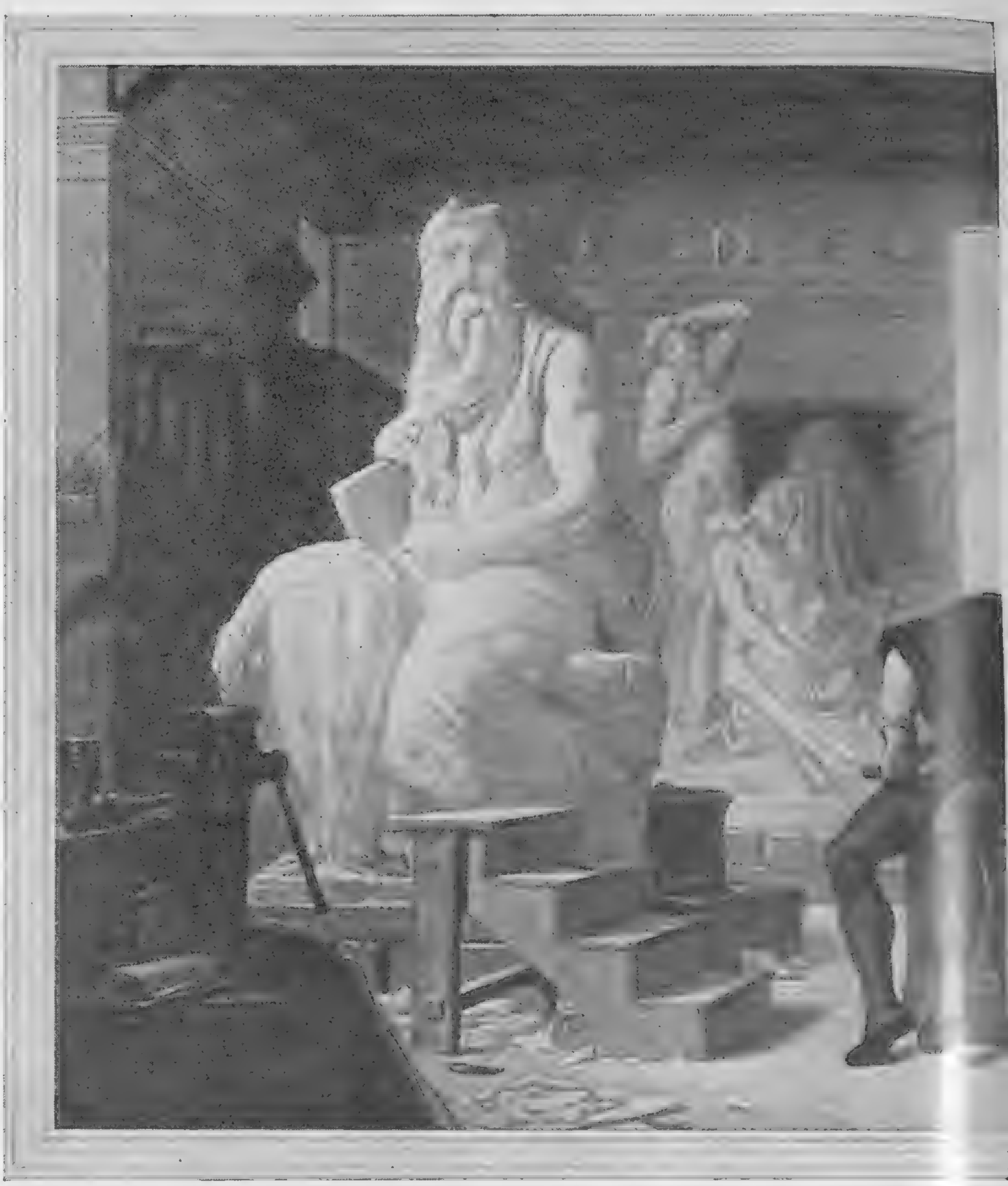
A QUIET, dark river rises near Capresse, winds through mountains and valleys in the land of Florence, grows broader and flows strongly through the capital of the world, mirroring in its surface the citadel and chapel of the Popes, then rushes into the sea. A quiet, serious boy awoke in Capresse, grew up in Florence, forced his way into the city of the Popes, mirroring citadel and chapel in his soul; and when, after many years, he left the Eternal City and this transitory life, on the banks of that river might be seen immortal figures fashioned by his mortal hand, and near the river arose the boldest dome in the world, born of the dream of the old man who, ninety years before, had first seen the light at the source of the Tiber.

Sisters the boy had none, and his mother early handed him over to a woman at Setignano. When he was six years old he lost the mother whom he had scarcely known, and from his father he seems to have had nothing but severity. At that time Buonarroti held for a short time the position of burgomaster of Capresse, but he soon returned to Florence, and wished to bring up his five sons to become merchants. The ambition of every true Florentine.

What inspiration came to the thirteen-year-old Michael Angelo that he took it into his head to wish to be a painter? The reserved lad gazed with serious eyes upon the world before him, and sketched on fine paper what seemed to be a representation of it. His father swore at him, for painting was a poor and inglorious trade; but he gave in at last, and took him to the master Ghirlandaio, who was then painting the walls of Santa Maria Novella, surrounded by his pupils and colour-grinders, and a contract was made for three years.

THE boy had not been long at his new employment when quarrels arose with his companions and with his teacher. When he had to copy a drawing of the German master Schongauer, "The temptation of St. Anthony," he went alone to the fish-market and made studies of eyes and scales and fins, and painted the animals in his model in a somewhat different form. The master was astonished at this picture. Narrow and jealous as he had always shown himself, Ghirlandaio allowed the painting to be known as a "studio piece," meaning that the master had a share in it, so that it might be less remarkable and that no one might make inquiries about the amazing pupil.

In less than a year the master found an honourable manner of ridding



Michael Angelo in his

himself of his embarrassing pupil. Old Bertoldo, who could no longer wield a chisel himself, was looking for talented young men who were ready to learn sculpture from the newly unearthed antique statues in the gardens of the Medici. Michael Angelo's hands, created by God to copy the human form, itched to learn this higher of the two arts; and soon he stood in the garden through which he had often wandered with longing eyes, and learnt to chisel his first block of marble, picked from the many lying round, which Lorenzo wished to use for his new library. Michael Angelo had chosen an antique head, the mask of a faun, but, as he tried to copy it, it changed under his hands and became an uncouth caricature of an old man.

One morning the owner of the gardens came and watched the young man at work. "You ought to know that old people have not got all their teeth," said Lorenzo, after a pause, as he went away.

Lorenzo had spoken to him! This was the thought in the boy's excited mind, and he at once began to chisel a gap in the mouth of his caricature, so as to look as if a tooth had fallen out; and when Lorenzo again stood before the sculpture he could not help laughing. He inquired about the boy's plans and about his parents, and soon he took the youth into his house, as his guest.

* * *

MICHAEL ANGELO was between 14 and 15 years old at the time of his magical translation to the palace of the Medici. He must have had a feeling of unreality, as if suspended in a dream, the first time he awoke in his beautiful room high up above the loggia and the old garden. He was free as a prince, drawn to his daily toil only by his enthusiasm and answerable only to his own ardent soul. Where now was his morose father, always throwing in his teeth the cost of his studies and the dishonour of his calling? Where was the elder brother, who despised him? A word from Lorenzo had won over the father; the gift of a small position in the customs completely reconciled him, and when he heard that Lorenzo had given his son a violet cloak, that he summoned him daily to his own table and allowed him to play and study with his own children, he began to think that possibly one's fortune might be made through marble as easily as through silk-mercing or banking.

But the father hardly realised the stream of culture from which the thirsty youth drank for two years. The highest achievements of learning, art and taste united the best brains of Italy in rivalry in the palace and the villas of the Medici; and all these things were held together by the lord of the palace and the land, the suffering philosopher Lorenzo.

MEANWHILE, since Michael Angelo was unwilling to abandon painting and had still to continue learning to draw, he went frequently with a group of young men to study the great model of the Florentines, and learnt to copy the frescoes of Masaccio. And there was the young Lippi, making portraits of the whole company as they stood or sat at their drawing.

One day disaster occurred. His comrades were jealous of Michael Angelo's superiority. His pride had grown with him and now drove him, in spite of all danger, to competition and to mockery. Torrigiano, the Goliath among the scholars, was among those who went to draw. "We went together"—so he told Cellini afterwards—"to the church in order to study Masaccio's chapel. But he had a way of jeering at all those who were working there, and one day he started on me. That annoyed me so much that I doubled my fist and hit him so heavily on the nose that the bone and gristle felt as soft as pulp. And so I marked him for life!" Torrigiano fled on account of this blow, and was exiled from Florence, and in his career as a soldier he must have killed many men. But his tragical mission in life was that blow in Michael Angelo's face.

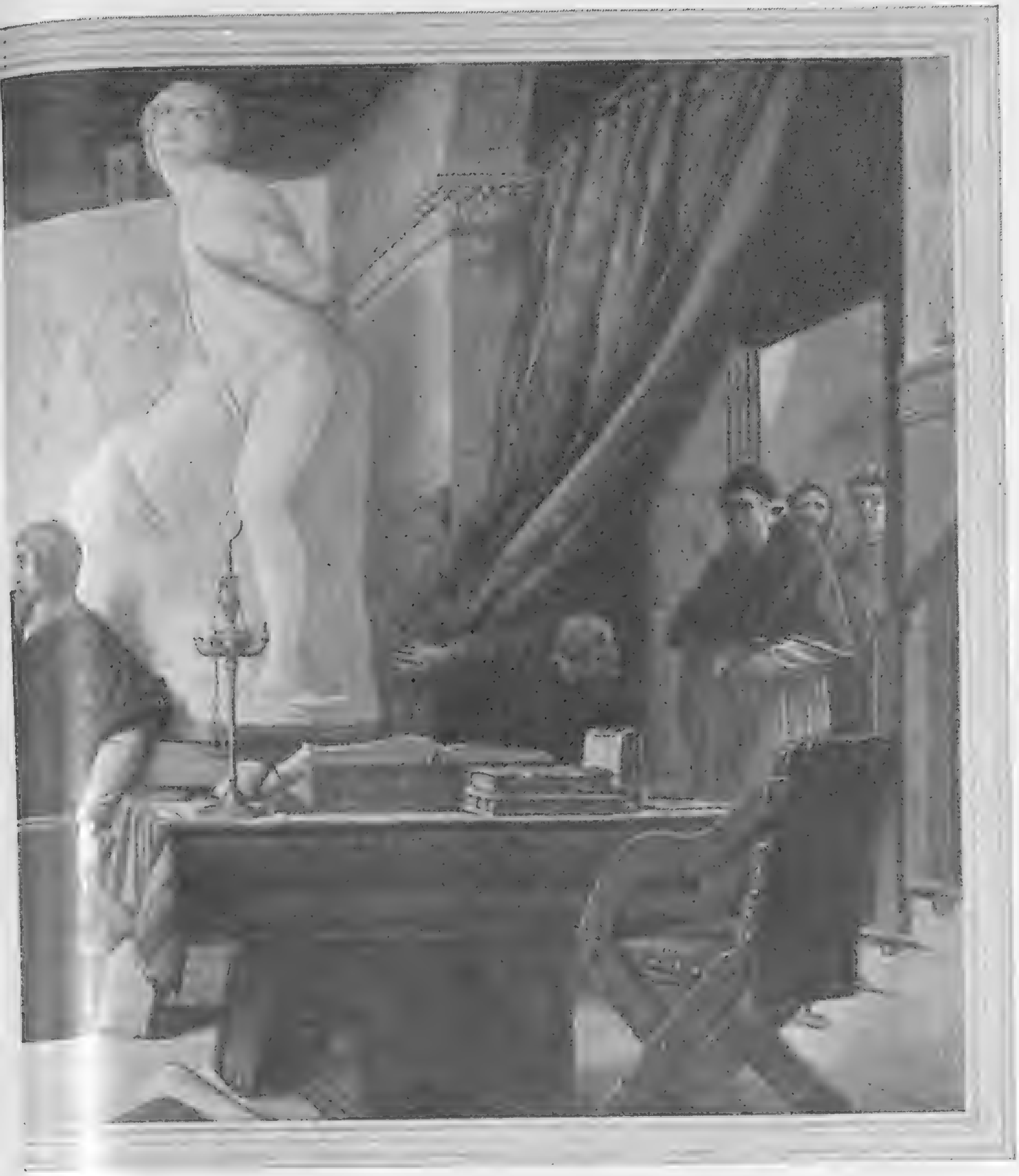
Michael Angelo was carried home unconscious. When he had recovered, the mirror showed him the extent of his deformity, and the sixteen-year-old boy was driven more deeply into himself. If his arrogance was reprehensible, the penalty for it was too heavy. He was marked for life.

* * *

AT the time when Lorenzo discovered the youth and took him into his house, there arose in Florence the fanatical Dominican who felt himself called to force the sinful world to repentance.

Lorenzo was failing. The burden of this Savonarola's tirades, the thronging of the crowd to the man who dared to judge him, the dwindling of his prosperity, and his increased bodily suffering, oppressed him both mentally and physically. When he felt the approach of death he summoned the monk to his bedside. We do not know if the absolution which Lorenzo asked for was granted, but the tradition is that the monk demanded the freedom of Florence, and that the dying man refused it. In all probability the seventeen-year-old Michael Angelo was present. What passed in his mind then he could represent later. Certain it is that on the death of his protector he ran straight back to his father's house, and remained there, heart-broken, for several days.

It was not long before Lorenzo's son summoned him to return, and invited



Studio (after Cabanel)

him to his table, and now the young people enjoyed without hindrance the luxury of Lorenzo. But not for long, for Savonarola's penitential sermons exercised a deeper effect in proportion as Lorenzo's prudence was replaced by the frivolity of his son. Florence, less and less inclined to listen to an incompetent ruler, saw a liberator in King Charles of France, and the nearer he approached with his army the more threatening matters looked for the Medici. Their friends began gradually to desert them. What was Michael Angelo to do? The possibility of unfaithfulness was alien to his proud nature; but he owed gratitude only to the father and not to the son, and politics did not concern him. But what would happen to the artist if the Maecenas were driven away, and the mob, drunk with repentance, laid hands on the pictures? Lorenzo de Medici had educated him, through and for Lorenzo had his first attempts been made, and everything drew him away from the impassioned monk towards the house of beauty and art.

And thus his troubled soul saw with the clarity of youth the dissolution of that aesthetic world, while his reason told him the folly of following a setting star. In this dilemma he chose the course which has always been taken by harassed genius; he avoided the decision, joined two of his friends, and fled headlong for two days; and he had hardly reached Bologna, travelling by way of Venice, when he learned that Piero Medici had had to fly; King Charles had entered Florence as the liberator, the town again became the Republic of which it had scarcely retained the form, and Soderini, a citizen of repute, became the head of the state for the period of his lifetime.

IN Bologna his pride and his abilities involved Buonarroti in fresh difficulties. Every stranger upon entering the city had to have his thumb-nail sealed with red wax, and Buonarroti's arrogance would not allow him to bear such a mark of slavery. He and his companions were arrested at the entrance to the town and held captive until a noble bailed him out and took him off to his palace. It was astonishing, for the youth had as yet achieved nothing; he was nearly penniless, a fugitive, and with a disfigured face. Yet so powerful was the appeal of his youth, that a total stranger who passed by rescued him and took him home. The youth remained with his second Maecenas. He set to work on a famous monument in the cathedral, and chiselled a figure which the sculptor of the tomb, who had recently died, had left unfinished. It was an angel bearing a torch.

When it was finished the whole town hastened to praise the stranger's work. The artists, however, were angry with the interloper who had dared to surpass them, and for the second time Michael Angelo's young heart endured the wrath of his comrades because his hand was inspired. For the second time the fear of his fellow-men drove him from his patron, and a year after his flight therefrom he returned again to his own city. And there, in the religious atmosphere spread by the zealous monk, the young sculptor carved out of stone a sleeping Cupid, so pagan in feeling that the artist was advised to work it over and to sell it at a higher price as an antique. And, in fact, a dealer in Rome sent him thirty ducats, and sold the figure to a cardinal for two hundred. When this became known, the cardinal sent a messenger to Florence, who summoned several young sculptors to come to him with a specimen of their work, as if he desired their services for the City of Rome. Michael Angelo brought nothing with him, but he drew a human hand on a piece of paper so marvellously that the stranger was astonished. On being questioned the youth spoke of all his works, including the Cupid. The messenger revealed the swindle, and invited the talented artist to accompany him to Rome. And thus, invited to the house of a strange prince of the Church on account of an ingenious deception, trusting to fair words only and without a contract, Michael Angelo at twenty-one years of age came for the first time to Rome.

* * *

IT was 1496. Rome was in the power of the Borgias. For the first time a Pope had his children openly around him, and these children did exactly what they pleased. Rome was full of feasts and murders, prisons, poison and lust of living when Michael Angelo's small, sharp eyes fell upon the city for the first time.

His life here began with disappointments. The dealer had to take back the sleeping Cupid, but he sold it elsewhere and gave the artist no more money. The cardinal forgot him when he had him in his house, but his barber, who was doing some painting in tempera by way of a rest from his work, got Michael Angelo to draw him a St. Francis to use as a model. When Michael Angelo left the cardinal after a year of semi-idleness he found a better protector in a banker, Galli, who ordered for his house a Bacchus and a Cupid. Two half-hearted orders from Riario and one from Medici came to nothing. However, after two years, when he was twenty-three, he was able, among a throng of competitors, to sign a contract for a pietà for St. Peter's. His conception was revolutionary. The dead Christ lay naked, with arms emaciated as if modelled from a corpse, across the lap of a large, young, and very beautiful woman completely veiled in drapery. Her strong knees, the immense power with which she held the naked man, obscured the relationship of mother and son, since he appeared older than she. Woman's terrifying destiny as the bearer of man is here set forth in its eternal mystery.

WHEN it was finished, half Rome ran to see the new group. Some praised it, some were astonished, and some attacked it, saying that the Madonna was too beautiful. To one critic Michael Angelo replied, "Do you not know that pure women retain their freshness longer than those of impure life? How much more so, then, a young woman who had never felt the slightest desire, and who in addition was transfigured by the hand of God? In the son, however, the opposite should be shown: that he had put on the whole of human nature, except the capacity to sin. That is why I made the mother so young and the son as old as he was." The group quickly became famous.

* * *

WHEN he returned home at the age of twenty-six, Florence recognised in him a famous artist. He received a large order from Siena; the Cardinal Piccolomini ordered for his private chapel fifteen life-size statues, which the artist agreed to deliver in three years. That was the first of those immense contracts which Michael Angelo concluded with courage and audacity, only to break them later in a fit of ill-humour.

For forty years there had been lying in the yard of the buildings of the cathedral a magnificent block of marble which an artist had once prepared when he had been commissioned to make a statue of a prophet for the wool-weavers' Guild. Michael Angelo was asked if he wished to attack this block. The white block, lying there awaiting him like a sleeping woman, could not but cause him to forget all that he promised yesterday. How far away was Siena! And who was Piccolomini? The Guild allowed Michael Angelo free choice of his subject. And so he agreed.

Scarcely had he set his foot upon the scaffolding than he started work at once when he had only made a small wax model. So great is the confidence of youth in its own talent! And he had realised the proportions so well that the top of the head came just to the top of the block. When the statue was finished two and a half years had already passed out of the three which he had promised to the cardinal at Siena.

The whole city came to gaze with amazement upon the giant. It was nine ells high, and from the first day it was known as the Giant though the Master called it "David," who, as everyone knew, had been small. In this way Michael Angelo's imagination broke all the bounds of hampering traditions.

It was decided to erect it in front of the Signoria. The transport took four days and involved much complicated machinery, and every night a party of jealous artists made attempts on the Giant, which had to be repulsed by the city guard. The erection of the statue was a great occasion, and for many years afterwards people used to reckon "so many years after the Giant was set up."

AMONG the artists who had been in the hut in the yard of the Cathedral with Michael Angelo was Leonardo da Vinci, the painter and architect of the fortress of Milan. In every possible way he differed from Michael Angelo. And yet in many ways their character and their works were similar. Each was inspired by the Platonic ideal of love, each loved to depict beautiful boys, and each avoided women all his life.

Soon the younger man was fated to compete with the older Master. In the great hall of the Signoria two blank walls opposite one another were to be painted by two great Florentines. At the time of the erection of the statue of the Giant the newly-returned Leonardo had received the commission of decorating one wall. Michael Angelo had hardly painted anything, and his one oil picture, the Holy Family, was to any discerning eye clearly the dream of a sculptor. Three heavily-muscled figures are twined together, and in the background five naked youths seem to be playing. But the fame of the Giant was so great that three months after its erection Michael Angelo was given the commission for the second wall in the town hall.

Each artist portrayed scenes from the victorious battles of the Florentines. Leonardo chose the scene of a battle, horses and riders tangled in a heap; Michael Angelo painted a hot summer's day, on which the soldiers bathing in the Arno are surprised by the Pisans, and tumble over one another to repel the attack. Again he depicted a crowd of naked young men, whose movements fascinated him! Before the cartoons were carried out they were put on exhibition, and the citizens, in particular the young artists, quarrelled actively over them. When the two started to paint their designs on the walls a generation of artists could have studied from those walls.

But this did not happen. Leonardo, accustomed to beginning things without finishing them, left the matter at his drawing, and unwillingly left his native town and went to France. Michael Angelo, however, saw himself suddenly called away from his new work to Rome. The Borgia had died from his own poison: a new Pope had been chosen, and San Gallo, the great papal architect, had called his attention to the new genius.

This call to Rome took precedence of all other wishes and duties. He had renewed through a second agreement his contract with the cardinal at Siena, and in addition he had signed a contract to carve twelve Apostles in twelve years for the cathedral in Florence. But it is the Pope who calls; the immensity of the prospects draws the sculptor, and he forgets or postpones the smaller commissions. He follows the star that shines before him.

Thus Michael Angelo, thirty years of age, for the second time entered the city of Rome, and this time with immense horizons spreading out before him.

* * *

THE sixty-years-old Pope, Julius the Second, appeared before the world as an old man with a long grey beard; intense in action; commanding in look and spirit; master of all methods, to whom nothing appeared to be forbidden; a man without clemency, a warrior masquerading as a priest, a keen, wild old man desiring to see the Church powerful; and all his rapid undertakings were directed towards this end. He understood art too, and realised how it could secure power; and all the artists thronged around the man who conceived great plans. Amongst them Bramante, of character as dangerous as his talent was great, he it was who understood best how to handle the Pope. He suggested to him an important reconstruction of the choir of St. Peter's, where his tomb should afterwards be erected. His whole nature must have been on its guard when, for the first time, he stood facing the young Florentine in the Vatican.

The fame of Michael Angelo's Giant had attracted Julius to the young man. Between them they agreed upon an erection, two storeys high, which should be set in the new choir of St. Peter's as a tomb for the Pope. Michael Angelo designed the work; in three rows, one above the other, more than forty figures above life-size should keep guard around the grave of the great Pope.

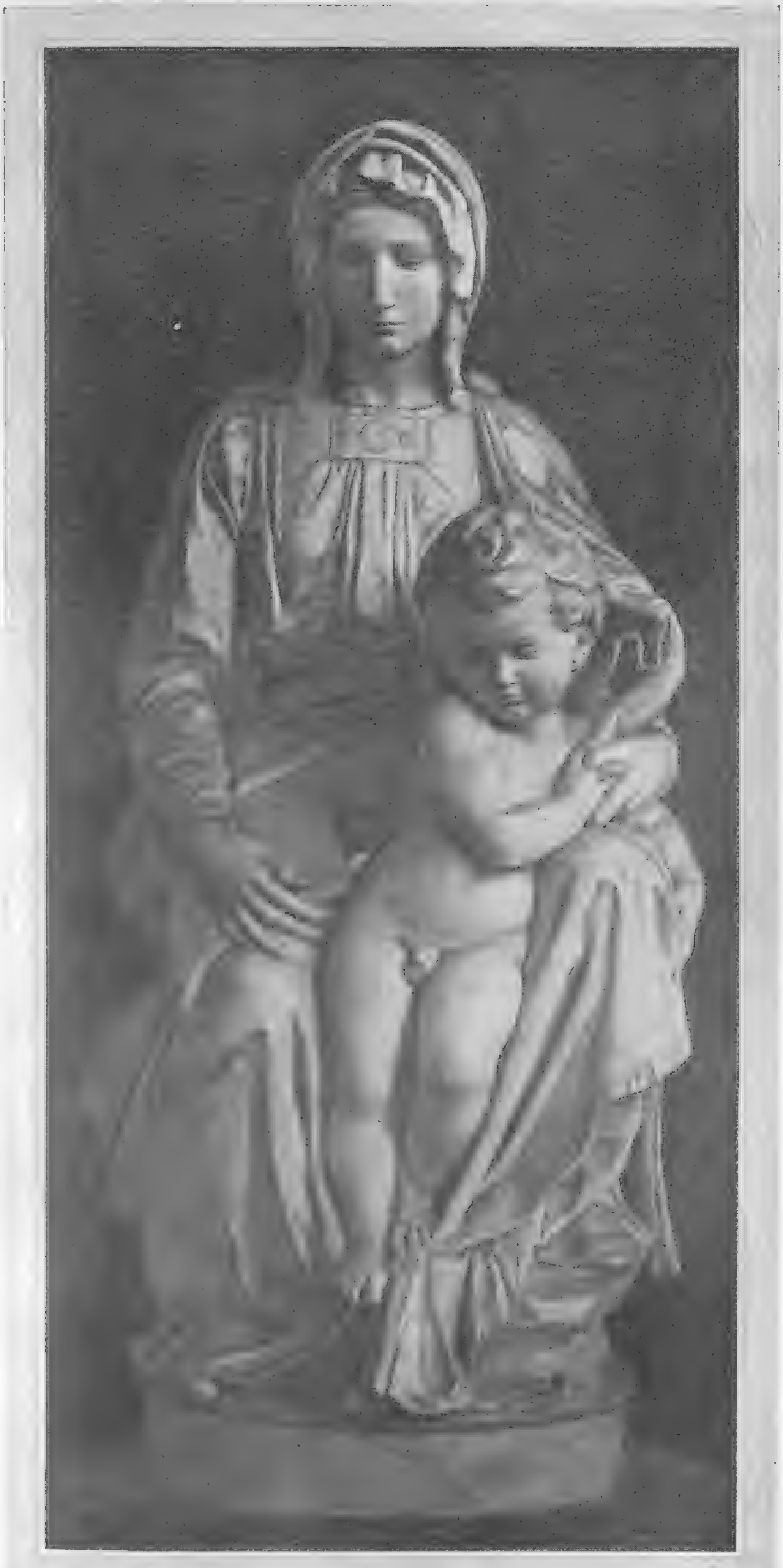
Michael Angelo left immediately for Carrara, and spent a thousand ducats on marble. He remained there six months. In every block which he chose he saw the slumbering form of one of those forty figures; but the hands of the wizard could not wait, and he was drawn by the mysterious material. Then and there he began to chisel the first contours of several of the figures. Although fate still had sixty years in store for him this would remain Michael Angelo's happiest summer. In the winter the stone mountains lay white and shapeless on St. Peter's Square, and people came to laugh at them. Nothing like this had been seen in Rome for twelve centuries. A house in the square was prepared for the artist, and the Pope had a private way to it built for himself, for he was as impatient as his sculptor.

BRAMANTE noted the colossal blocks with displeasure and sensed the arrival of a competitor, and also he had beside him an enchanted youth who had just succeeded in conquering Rome and Ital by his art, Raphael of Urbino, his countryman, who apparently could do everything. Bramante, together with Raphael and a circle of Roman artists, succeeded in turning Julius's ideas towards a vast new work in which he himself could shine as architect. He insinuated to th Pope that it was an evil portent to build his tomb during his lifetime, but that to build a temple instead of a tomb, a church such as Christendom had never seen, to rebuild St. Peter's anew, *that* would be a work worthy of the mighty Julius.

The Pope understood, and took counsel with himself, but he was afraid of cancelling immediately the previous plan about which so much had already been said, and therefore he began to use petty methods of aggression against the man whom he himself had summoned.

At that time, in those spring weeks, when Michael Angelo first noticed the cessation of money and favour, when he saw that Bramante was making his preparations for laying the foundation stone of the new cathedral and his suspicious nature felt the approach of the terrible set-back, he blanched with fear at the appalling faithlessness of mankind.

One day he was excluded from the Palace, and then the flood-gates of the Florentine's wrath, which he had been suppressing for a long time, and particlarly during this week, broke down and he called through the hall: "Go, then, and tell the Pope that in future when he wants me he will have to look for me elsewhere."



The Madonna of Bruges, by Michael Angelo.—This exquisite group, more complete than almost any other work in marble by the same sculptor, is in the Church of Notre-Dame at Bruges. It was completed in 1501, Michael Angelo's twenty-seventh year

He hastened home, bade the servants sell all his household goods, and only when he had crossed the frontier did he stop, in Florentine territory, where the Pope's power did not reach. Five couriers followed quickly on one another, and in a letter written with his own hand the Pope demanded his return, on the pain of incurring his displeasure. In a brief reply the fugitive asked formally for pardon, but continued to assert that he would never return. To be driven away like a malefactor on account of his good and faithful services was not what he had deserved. As His Holiness did not wish to hear anything more of the tomb, he was released from that duty, and he was unwilling to bind himself to anything else.

And so on to Florence !

* * *

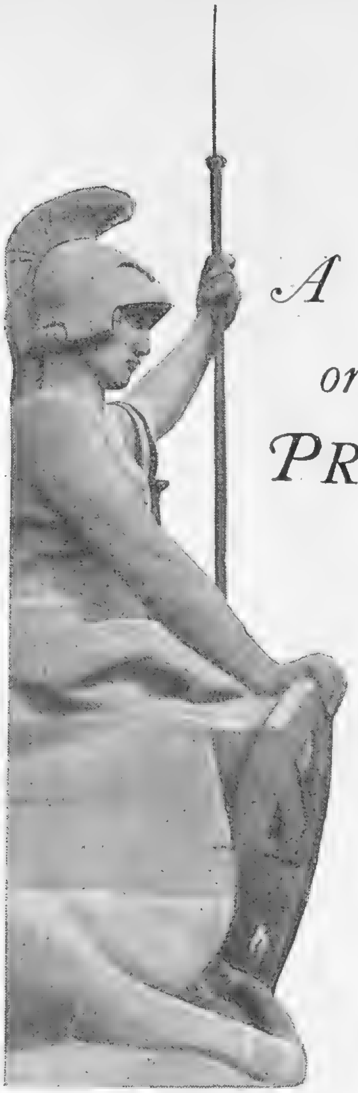
IT was pride that drove the solitary man to defy the arrogance of the Holy Father; it was the pride of genius, which knows itself; it was the pride of the enemy of mankind who clings to his freedom; it was the pride of the noble who holds to his dignity.

His hatred grew and grew to exaggerated proportions, until it constituted the dominant trait of his character, and expressed itself in the greatest of his works. His sense of the infinite and the superhuman breaks out in verses and letters, in a note to a friend, in every complaint against fate, and makes him always overlook the part which his own nervous temperament played in the disaster of many of his plans. Always in silent converse with creatures of more than human stature, he exaggerated enormously the battles of daily life, his struggles, his desires, and the deceit of his fellow-men, and was bound to suffer from the disproportion between his own moral demands, which, like his statues, were of superhuman magnitude, and those of the men by means of whose power and money he could give concrete form to his ideas.

Could not love restore his balance ? In one of his early sonnets he complains of his disfigurement. How could an artist, educated in the classic ideal, how could a pupil of Plato, who had learnt to revere the divine in a beautiful body, how could a man condemned by the blow of a comrade to present a hideous disproportion to the world, overlook his own disfigurement ? Must he not feel that the distrust which he inspired was twice as great as that which he himself felt ? Everything drove him away from the competition for woman. And thus all but one of the madrigals and sonnets which Michael Angelo wrote up to this seventieth decade were inspired by youths. Here the love was spiritualised by culture; here he was limited to admiration alone, and could pour out his longing in verses. He gave expression to this longing in pictures and in marble, and created a whole gathering of beautiful men. In none of these pictures and in none of his verses does he speak of the enjoyment of love: everything serves to give form and expression to his thought, and in all these arts he celebrated the spirit of Plato, which he had first recognised as a boy in the garden of Lorenzo.

WHAT sustained him through the shocks of daily life was an ironical humour, to which he gave rein by drawing

(*Continued on page* 153)



The Chance

A Scheme, or a Dream, for PRINCE and People

NOW that the election cries have died away into distant vibrations and the political posters have been torn down from the hoardings—that unheroic slogan of Safety First and the pledge to conquer unemployment—the people of this country have lapsed again into the small interests of daily life. They do not expect any startling changes under the Labour Government. The Press has turned their attention to the fictitious excitement of tennis tournaments, the latest murder mystery, the changes in women's fashions.

Meanwhile certain black spots in the social state of England remain black, and the anxieties of people who are not deluded by snap-shots of seaside nymphs as a complete picture of English life have not been relieved. There are still something like a million unemployed. The situation in the coalfields is still rather desperate. Worse still, perhaps, there is not much prospect ahead for many thousands of young people whose fathers are already on the dole or in receipt of poor relief and gradually losing all incentive to work. Taxation still weighs heavily on those who have the luck of life and those who make it, and the only certain future they can see is to be still more heavily taxed to provide a more generous subsidy for those who do not or cannot work.

THAT may be fair but it isn't encouraging. Agriculture in England is dwindling and the fields are going to grass. There are two million more women than men to make them mates. Oh, there are lots of other little things which seem to reveal an economic uncertainty, perhaps even a spiritual malady, in this nation of ours! There is no big leadership. There is no vision of any great enterprise ahead. Have we by any chance lost our old qualities of character—our old spirit of adventure? If that were true we shall lose everything.

I am not one of those who think so. And it is because I don't think so that I venture to put down a scheme, or a dream, which I humbly believe is the one certain remedy for our present discontents. It is the chance of adventure for a people who, under the right leadership, would, I am certain, answer to the call. It is the promise of a great enterprise which might get behind it a national enthusiasm, a loyalty, a spirit of courage and comradeship and service, which inspired the nation in time of war.

Off to Canada. 45 families Southampton for Canada to cultural work for six months,

Sturdy youths for Australia. Two of a party of Dr. Barnardo's boys looking out of a porthole of the "Berrima," prior to their departure for sunny Australia

It is a scheme for a new Empire settlement—and that at first sight sounds dull and difficult and deadly, as I am well aware. But in its leading idea and in its details it differs a good deal from other proposals of this kind, as I shall explain later. But in the first place let me set out briefly its main argument as I submitted it before the election to certain High Powers, who reported favourably upon it but found the time inopportune.

The courage that lifted their hearts shall leaven
All who in England's name go forth
From East and West, from South and North,
Under the great Godspeed of Heaven

Sir Wm. Watson

# of ADVENTURE

By Sir Philip GIBBS

numbering nearly 200 people, sailing from
start a new life, after being trained in agri-
under the British Legion migration scheme

First of all it is generally agreed, behind closed doors, that this country is overpopulated and unable to absorb something like a half a million men into its industrial life in the present state of trade and industry. It is also agreed, off the political platform, that all forms of charitable relief are of no permanent value as a remedy, but tend to demoralise the unemployed still more distressfully. Emigration to the Dominions, therefore, on a big scale, seems to be the only practical possibility.

Unfortunately, as everyone knows, there are grave and almost insuperable difficulties regarding all schemes of emigration. In the first place, the unemployed, including the younger crowd, are hostile to the idea of emigration owing to the exile, the loneliness—no "talkies," no dances, not a damn thing anywhere!—and the uncertainty of its prospects. Who can blame them?

Secondly, they are suspicious and unfriendly to politicians and statesmen who propose this way of escape. That also is very natural.

Thirdly, it must be admitted, and anyhow it is a grim fact, that the Dominions, and especially Australia, do not encourage British immigrants on a big scale owing to political hostilities and their own labour troubles. Also in Canada there is a prejudice against the British immigrant who has not always held down his job and made good.

THOSE are formidable "snags." They have frustrated many efforts. They seem difficult to overcome. But the plan I have in my mind has, I think, the merit of removing these obstacles, which are mainly psychological. They would break down if loyalty and enthusiasm could be substituted for hostility and suspicion, and if comradeship instead of loneliness could be promised to the exiles.

Briefly, it is my belief that a national and Imperial enthusiasm for a big scheme of emigration to Canada—or Australia—could be aroused if the Prince of Wales were to lead a new Crusade, calling upon the young manhood of the distressed areas to follow him in a great adventure by founding a new settlement overseas with the promise that he would be their leader, that he would go out with them, and would visit them from time to time. He would make a first call for 100,000 men with their womenfolk as crusaders in this new promise of life and as pioneers in this new land.

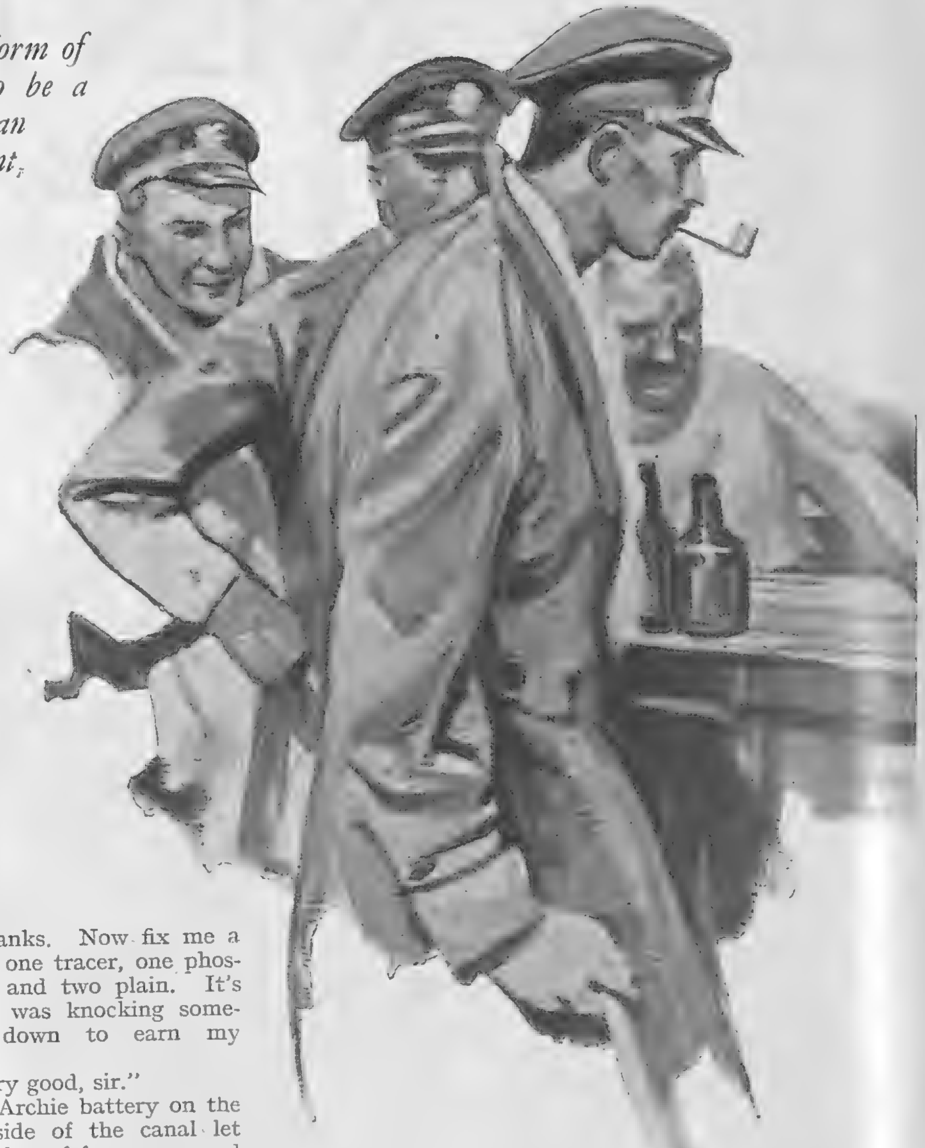
The Prince of Wales has won the favour of all classes by his courage, his sportsmanship, and his sympathy. His appeal on behalf of the miners was deeply appreciated. His personal leadership would call to the spirit of the younger crowd in a way impossible to any other man. It would break down political suspicion not only in this country but in the Dominions, where every ex-soldier, and very loyal populations, would be

(*Continued on page* 168)

SKY HIGH

Illustrations by
Herbert Morton Stoops

One of the best fighting pilots in the uniform of the American Air Force turned out to be a writer. "Sky High," a story about an experience at, above and beyond the Front, is a worthy successor to the author's "Leave Me With a Smile" and "Above the Bright Blue Sky"



CAROL BANKS was sitting on a pile of petrol tins listening to a sergeant bemoan the fact that the squadron had moved to Dunkirk just as he had got into the good graces of a blonde Walloon in St. Omer. Meanwhile he was overhauling the guns on Carol's plane.

The morning strafe from the long-range gun at Middelkerke had stopped, and Mournful Mary, the siren, had just advised the two citizens of Dunkirk, who had sought shelter in their cellars, that they could come out and carry on with business. The rest of the town had long ago become hardened to anything less than a direct hit.

"It's ten forty-one, Sergeant," Carol announced. "See if my clock, there, is right."

The sergeant glanced into the cockpit.

"Yes, sir," he reported. "And you can always set your watch by that gun. Begins at ten-thirty and drops over eleven shells at one-minute intervals. Jerry runs his war according to schedule. I don't see why they worry to sound that siren."

"Because the French run their war according to tradition. Why do they blow it all night? Everybody knows that as long as the moon is out, they're going to get bombed. Just as I know the next event of the war will be the arrival upstairs of the high two-seater. Watch for it at eleven forty-five."

"Why does he always come over at that time, Lieutenant?"

"To take pictures of the hits so they can re-lay the guns for to-morrow."

"But why at that time always?"

"I guess that's the best time to get pictures—around noon. And they want to get the same shadows every day, as they compare them with the previous one to spot any changes."

"He's awful high for pictures."

"Yea, but the Hun has a real camera for that work. We haven't anything that will work that high, but apparently he has."

"Why don't somebody get that bird?"

"He's too high. He crosses the line at fully twenty thousand feet."

"Can't these S. E.'s get that high?"

"Hardly. And he's over and back long before anybody could climb up that high. But I would like to have a crack at him. How's that lock of mine working now?"

"All right, sir. The trouble was in your fusee spring. I've put in a new one for you."

"Thanks. Now fix me a belt of one tracer, one phosphorus and two plain. It's time I was knocking something down to earn my keep."

"Very good, sir."

The Archie battery on the other side of the canal let off a salvo of four guns, and Carol and the sergeant came out of the hangar to have a look. They shaded their eyes with their hands and waited for the anti-aircraft shells to burst. There they were—tiny white powder-puffs high above Dunkirk. Several other batteries were firing also, but there was no plane visible.

"See him?" asked Carol.

"No, sir, he's too high for me."

"Well, look just west of those last four bursts. See him?"

"No, sir, I can't. I don't see how you can, either."

"Well, watch right there where that last one burst. I don't see him myself now. There he is! See that flash of sunlight?"

"Yes, sir. I saw that. Was that him?"

"Yep. You can't see the plane, but you can see the light flash on his wings when he turns. He's got his pictures now and is going back. I hope he's frozen."

"Yes, sir. Quite right, sir."

CAROL wandered off toward the mess thoughtfully and then changed his direction. He crossed the canal back of the hangars and went over to the Archie battery half a mile away. The firing was over and the officers were giving themselves a rum ration in the mess, which was an abandoned farmhouse. They knew there would be no further firing until ten-fourteen that night, when the bombers would come over for the nightly strafe. They welcomed Carol by passing him the jug.

Carol took a swig of the proffered rum and made a wry face. This was a naval battery and received an ample supply of Jamaica rum with rations.

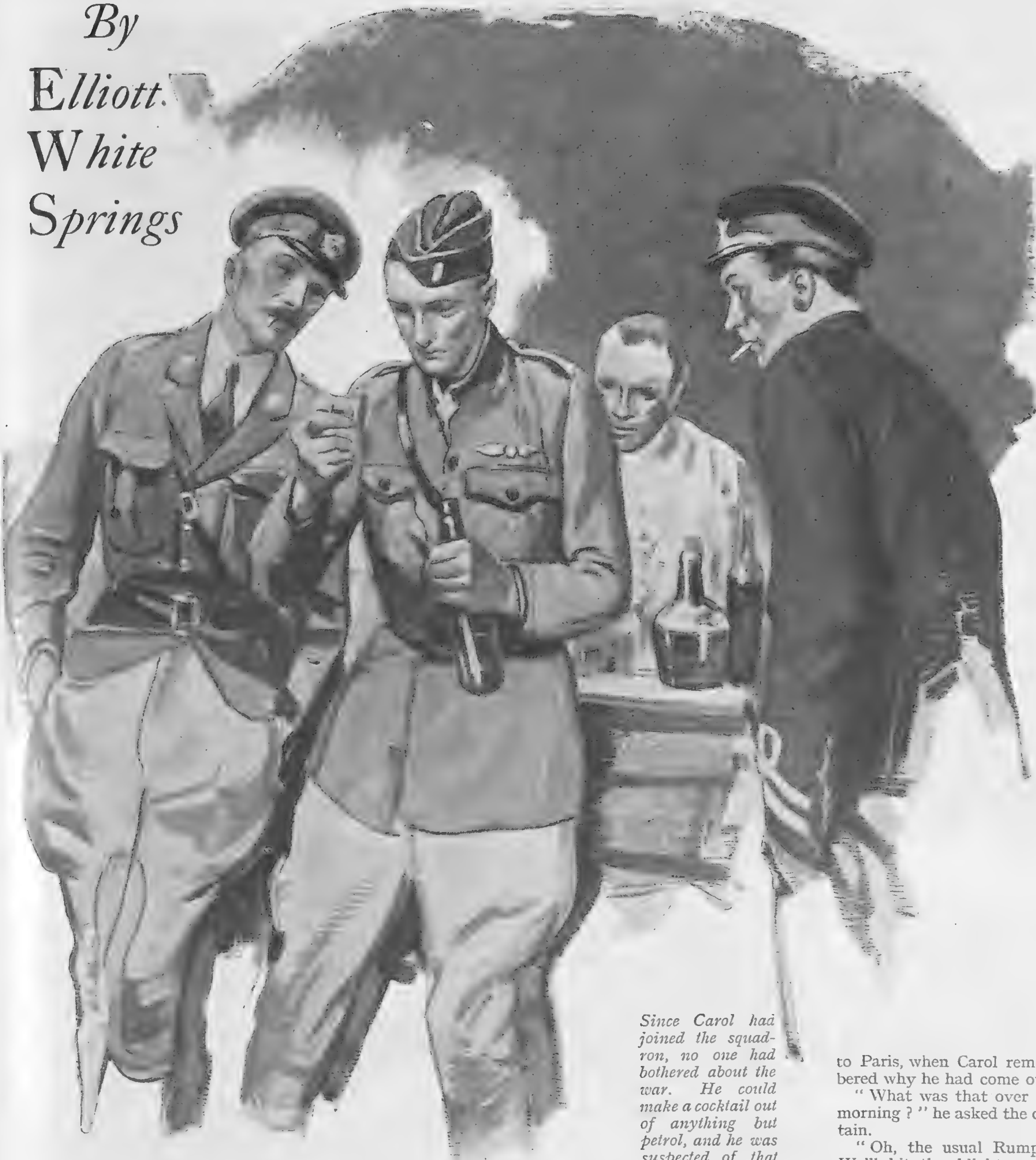
"Why don't you do something to this rum to take the burrs off it?" he asked the captain.

"We don't know anything to do to it," the captain explained. "You get used to the taste of it after a while."

"Maybe. But why take the skin off your tonsils? You may need 'em some day."

"Perhaps you can suggest some way to make a palatable drink of it?"

By
Elliott White Springs



Since Carol had joined the squadron, no one had bothered about the war. He could make a cocktail out of anything but petrol, and he was suspected of that

" Sure. Got any oranges or lemons ? "

" Haven't seen any in months."

" Got any lime-juice ? "

" Plenty."

" Got any sugar ? "

" Not a bit. Will saccharine do ? "

" Hardly. What have you in the way of cordials, Captain ? "

" Here you are in this cupboard."

Carol investigated and found some chartreuse, some anisette and some grenadine. He experimented a few minutes with different combinations and then smacked his lips triumphantly.

" This drink, gentlemen," he announced, " will henceforth be known as 'The Sailor's Sweetheart.' If it's not an improvement on your raw tri-nitrotoluene with a dash of ammonia, I'll bomb Bruges with beer bottles."

He mixed a round for all hands and was loudly cheered. By the second round he was promoted to admiral and given some good telephone numbers. With the third round he was let into the secret of what was wrong with the navy and when the war would end. The conversation had finally got down to Uncle Cuthbert's trip to Paris, when Carol remembered why he had come over.

" What was that over this morning ? " he asked the captain.

" Oh, the usual Rumpler. We'll hit the blighter some day."

" Fat chance ! How high was he ? "

" Between twenty and twenty-one thousand."

" Well, if you see an S. E. up there to-morrow or the next day, cease fire, will you ? There's no chance of your hitting Fritz, and you might hit me if you weren't shooting at me. I think I'll go up and take a crack at that Heine."

" Stay away from Dunkirk, then," the captain warned him. " We have orders to fire at all planes as long as they are over this area ; so have the French. With all these peasant civilians around, we don't trust anybody. Better try to intercept him between here and the lines."

"Where does he start from ?"

"From somewhere near Bruges, I guess. He usually gets his altitude out to sea."

"Well, I'll wait for him out there and see what I can do."

"Good luck to you, America,"

"Thanks. Good-bye."

"Cheerio. Come again."

Carol returned to the squadron and sought the commanding officer.

"I say, Major, have you any objection if I have a go at the high two-seater that comes over every morning ?"

"Not at all, as long as it doesn't interfere with regular patrols. I'd be glad for you to try it. The colonel has been chafing about it for some time. He sent a Dolphin up after him, but it couldn't get that high, so I don't think you can do anything; but there's no harm in trying."

"I might be able to catch him before he gets his altitude."

"You might, but I doubt it. He's pretty wary, they say. The colonel can tell you all about his habits."

Carol was in American uniform, but was attached to a British squadron and was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased. But so were the British pilots, for that matter. They spent four hours a day over the lines in the midst of machine-gun bullets, Archie and pom-poms, and the rest of the time was their own. For the first month at the front they went out by themselves to try to knock down a two-seater, but after that they usually settled down in the squadron bar. Since Carol had joined the squadron, no one had bothered about the war. He could make a cocktail out of anything but petrol, and he was suspected of that. His flips, fizzes, nogs, juleps and sours had pushed tracer, phosphorus, gas, bombs and H. E. off the front page of local interest.

THE next morning at eleven-thirty Carol was at nineteen thousand feet about ten miles out to sea off Furnes. His S. E. had ceased to climb at that altitude and he was just holding his own. Every time he'd turn, he'd lose two hundred feet.

He was trying to get a few extra revolutions out of his motor by changing his carburettor adjustment when he saw the Archie burst appear over Dunkirk. He headed for Nieuport to intercept the two-seater and cut off its retreat.

He flew slowly to keep his altitude and watched the Archie bursts follow the two-seater as it circled to get the pictures. In a few minutes he was able to see the plane itself, five miles to the south of him and a thousand feet higher.

He tried to climb higher but his plane was absolutely stalled now. The shutters on his radiator were closed, but still the motor was cold. It was zero up there in spite of the spring sunshine.

The two-seater passed above him just as he reached the lines. He had figured the course correctly, but he didn't have the altitude. How in hell did the German get that high ? And in a two-seater too!

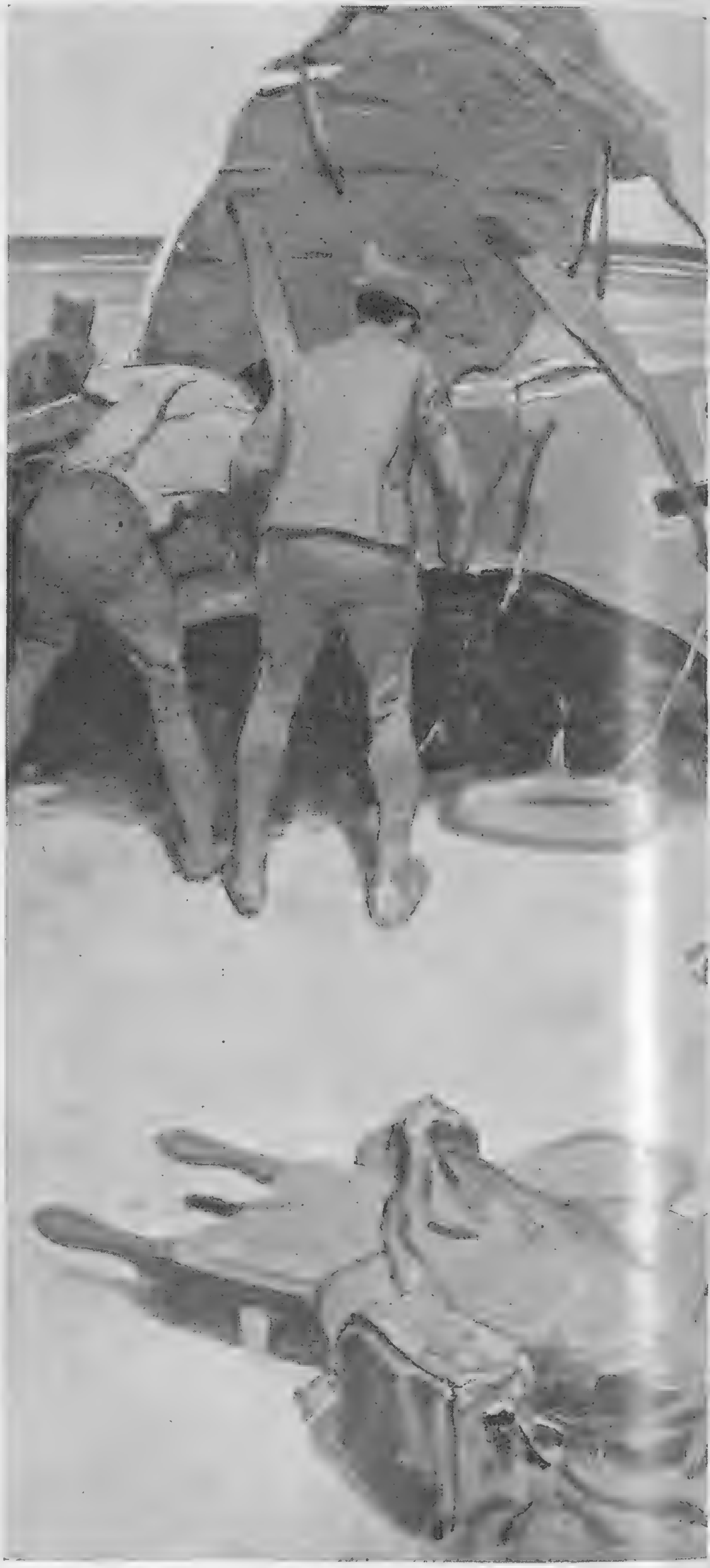
He kept up the chase as far as Ostend and then dived for home in disgust. A lot of valuable time wasted, and he was nearly frozen in the bargain.

Two days later he tried again with the same result. He couldn't get above nineteen thousand and the German sailed by at least a thousand feet above him. After four attempts he was no closer to his prey than on his first one. The German got his altitude before he crossed the lines and kept it until he got home.

Carol was infuriated. He could imagine the German pilot thumbing his nose as he sailed over him to safety with his precious plates. What a nerve the fellow had! Every time that Heinie came over, Carol felt it a personal affront. He growled so much about it that the mess began to chaff him. The two-seater became known as "Banks' Pet," and he got a new suggestion at every meal about how to get it. The adjutant suggested that he put salt on its tail. The gunnery officer suggested he should disguise his plane as a cloud and take the photographer by surprise. The commander of A Flight suggested he should fire skyrockets at it off his top wing.

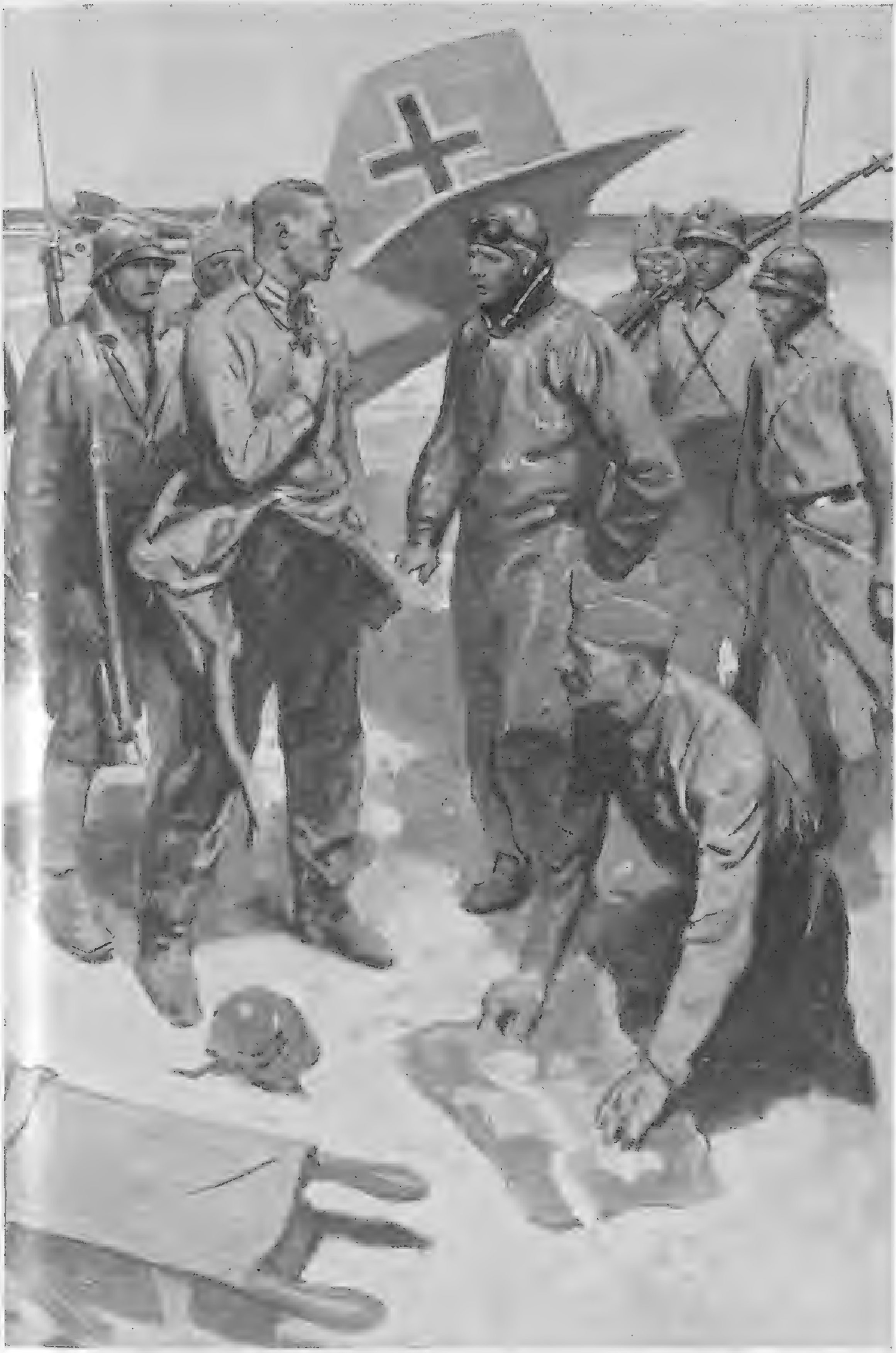
ABOUT two weeks after Carol's last attempt, the colonel called up to say that the high two-seater had come down and cracked up near Calais. It had been to Boulogne to get pictures of a bomb raid the night before, and the motor had conked.

Carol got a motorcycle side-car and went down to Marquis to have a look at his late enemy. The wreckage was stored in a hangar and Carol examined it closely. It was just an ordinary Rumpler with a standard six-cylinder Mercedes motor. Then how did it get so high ? He sought the engineering officer to get the explanation.



The engineering officer readily satisfied his curiosity.

"Nothing tricky about the ship," he explained. "It's got plenty of wing surface and was lightly loaded. On his high trips, the Hun figured nothing could get up to him and didn't carry an observer. That saved him the weight of the observer, his gun mount and his ammunition. And he couldn't possibly fight it alone, so he left off his own gun and ammunition. He left



" You are a brave pilot," he said. " You are a sportsman to have spared my life."
" Spared your life like hell !" Carol told him in disgust. " I wanted your camera !"

off half his radiator because he wouldn't need it at that altitude, and he only carried enough gas to get him there and back. We haven't taken down the motor, but it looks like all the others except for a special carburettor."

" But how did he work the camera ? "

" Easily. He just used a bomb sight and changed plates himself. And it's a marvellous camera. Come here and I'll show it to you."

He took Carol into another hangar and showed him a large circular box.

" This is something new," he explained. " At least, it's new to us. It's apparently an experiment. This camera has five lenses, all worked by the same shutter. Each lens is telescopic, and from twenty thousand feet they get as good a picture as we get from ten. We're installing it on a D.H.4 now to experiment a little ourselves. All the photographers in the army have been here to see it."

But that was not the last of the five-eyed camera, as it became known. The brigade photography officer was so pleased with the results he got with it that he decided to put it to work at the front. The mechanism was so complicated that it would take too long to copy and there was no one outside of Germany who could make those lenses. Accordingly the D.H.4 was sent up to Dunkirk and assigned to the 65th Wing to take pictures of the results of the naval raids on Zeebrugge and Ostend.

Carol's squadron was assigned to escort it on several missions, but the D.H. was faster than the S.E.'s at high altitude, and they only called attention to it. The Germans evidently knew what was going on, for they concentrated all the Archies in Belgium on it. The S.E.'s were glad to be relieved from escorting it.

APPARENTLY it was the only camera of its kind the Germans had, for a two-seater ceased to appear over Dunkirk at eleven forty-five each morning. Carol felt better about the war and concentrated his attention on the Pfalz Scouts which lived between Rouliers and Courtrai.

Then one day the D.H. failed to return from a trip over Zeebrugge. Well, that was the last of that five-eyed camera !

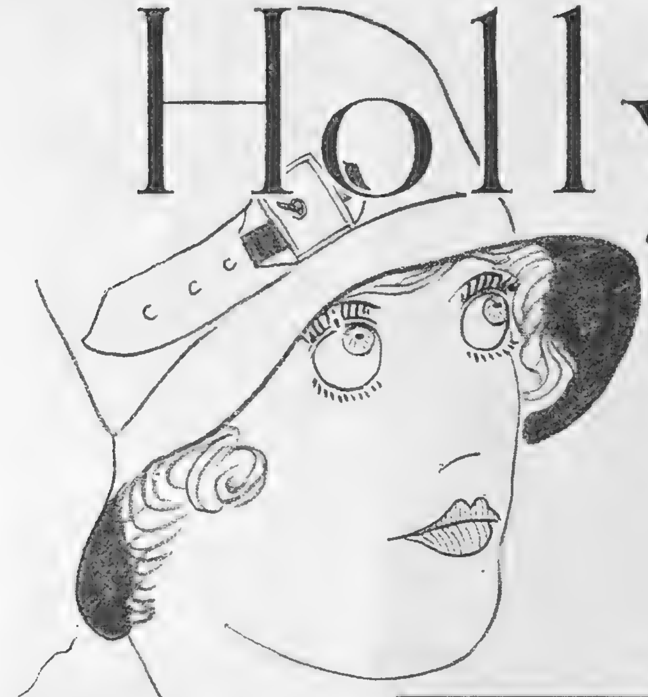
Three days later a Rumpler was back over Dunkirk at eleven forty-five. Carol exhausted his vocabulary. By the sacred camshaft of Balaam's ass, he'd get that bird !

He consulted the major, and the major told him to go the limit. The wing was as anxious as he was to get that two-seater. The brigade wanted the five-eyed camera back. The colonel himself came over to discuss the matter with Carol.

" Get me that camera back, America, and I'll see that you have something on your chest besides hair. Don't use tracer or

(*Continued on page* 156)

Hollywood



Our contributor foretells that before two years have passed British talkies will dominate the screens of the world's cinemas to as great a degree as, until now, the world of filmdom has been swamped by American silent pictures

Marion Davies, who will soon be heard in "Marianne," her first "talkie." This popular star will astonish her admirers by speaking fluent French interspersed with broken English. Her slight stammer, a delightful characteristic, registers fascination on the sound discs

THE Hollywood that was—isn't.

Had an earthquake (that never-mentioned but ever-present possibility which your Southern Californian property owner can never wholly dismiss from his mind) razed the town and annihilated the population, the new Hollywood that is could not be more different from the Hollywood that was!

And this staggering change has taken place in the short year during which I was in England.

For ten years I worked in Hollywood film factories—in various capacities — rising from a lowly job as typist in a studio's publicity department to eventual recognition as a scenarist. In that period I came to know my Hollywood as intimately, I think, as a person of ordinary powers of observation could be expected to do.

It never was anything like the pen pictures which writers—great and near-great—have now and again drawn. Where they have failed I most certainly would not try to succeed. In any event, the need has largely disappeared. To describe the Hollywood that was would be about as topical as a description of ancient Babylon. Assuredly the one is quite as dead as the other!

CURIOUSLY enough, the reason that impelled my leaving Hollywood a little more than a year ago was the very reason that took me back in May of this year. More curious than that—my return to England after only a few weeks of studying conditions in the new Hollywood once more had the same reason behind it. Three times within a little more than a year I have felt convinced that the films' brightest future lay in the country where I was not! It is possible I may again find myself mistaken, but I can't make myself believe it. I have not journeyed these eighteen thousand miles—for the sheer joy of travelling! I've not spent the money involved—without a deal of anxious consideration. As a working woman wholly dependent upon my labours for my income, I need hardly stress so obvious a fact.

Now that I have been several weeks in my native country and have seen and heard the results thus far achieved by the makers of British talkies, I elect to go on record with a prophecy.

Before two years have passed British talkies will dominate the screens of the world's cinemas—including those of the United States—to as great a degree as until now the world of filmdom has been dominated by American *silent* motion pictures!

And this is not merely my opinion; it is held by the shrewdest of the producers with whom I have been talking in Hollywood!

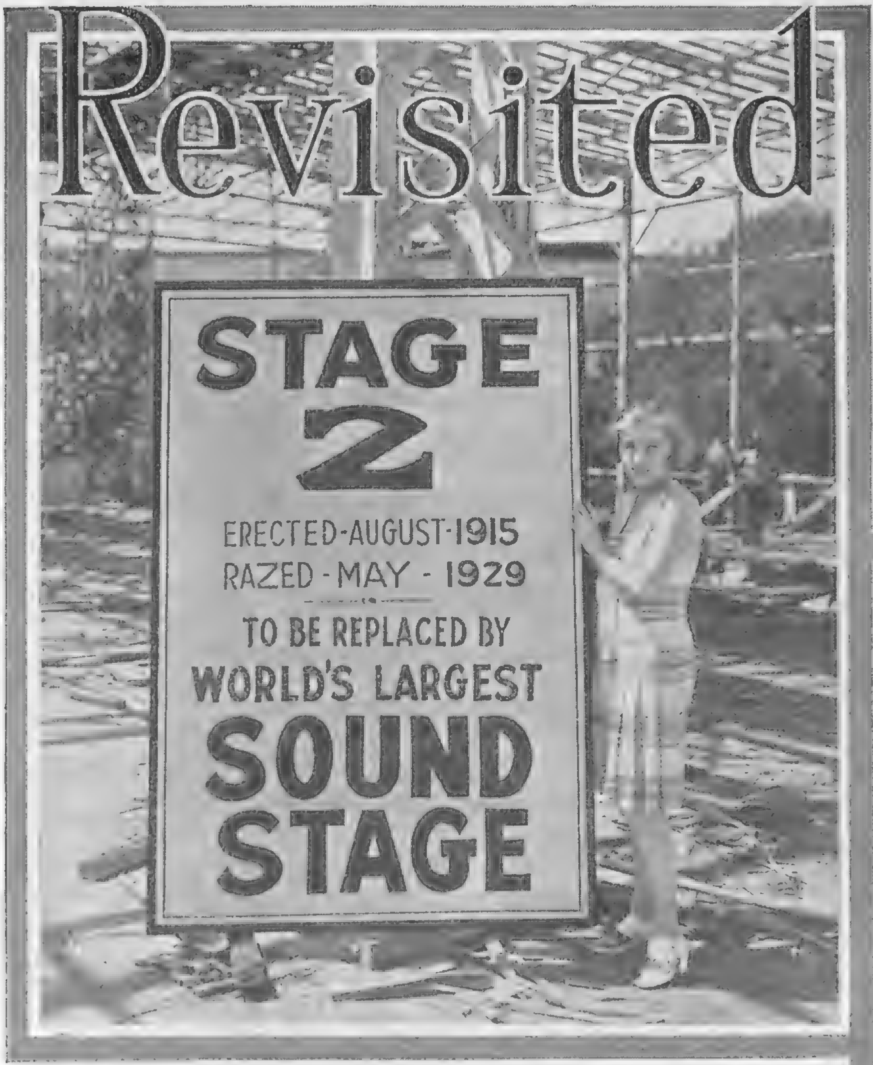
But I am getting ahead of my story.

Baclanova, once star of the Moscow Art Theatre, came to Hollywood as one of the alternates in the rôle of the nun in "The Miracle," in which she shared stage honours with Lady Diana Manners

John Gilbert with his bride, Ina Claire. A picture taken immediately after the marriage ceremony at the Clark County Courthouse, Las Vegas, Nevada

Revisited

By Kathlyn Hayden



The march of events. Bessie Love bidding goodbye to the old stage at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. This stage has been demolished to make room for the world's largest stage for sound films

IT was in the autumn of 1927 that the heads of the big film factories in Hollywood—harassed by their masters, the Wall Street magnates who *then* were the real owners of the American film industry and who were distinctly disgruntled over the existing situation—arrived at a common decision. We of the rank and file presently found ourselves confronted with what had all the earmarks of an ultimatum. It was proposed to us that we all agree to accept a 10 per cent. reduction of salary. Of course, the proposal was not put in that bald fashion. On every lot the meeting to which the stars, directors, and we writers had been summoned was addressed by "the big boss" in person. Long before he broke the bad news he had done his best to wring our hearts, to win our sympathy, excite our pity.

It seemed that the bottom had dropped out of the business. Exhibitors all over the country were complaining that the fault lay entirely with the producers. The quality of the films was not only not improving; it was deteriorating. If this charge were true the blame was unescapably ours. But it was not for him—this in an oil-smooth tone and to the accompaniment of what was meant to be a kindly smile—to allocate the blame. Perhaps it was not our fault, at any rate, he was sure we were all doing the very best we could.

Perhaps the reason was the one the negress gave to the judge presiding over the divorce court. Having admitted that she had not the slightest grounds for suspecting her "man" of infidelity, that he had ever been the soul of kindness, and had always worked hard to earn the money with which to satisfy all of her material wants—the lady of colour still insisted on obtaining her freedom. Her reason? Why, she had "just done nachully lost" her *taste* for Rastus!

Perhaps the great

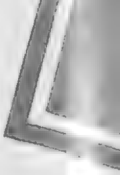
Jean Arthur and Doris Hill in a scene from "Stairs of Sand."

Moran and Mack, the "Two Black Crows," who are as inseparable to the American mind as Saturday and pay-day. They made their first great hit several years ago in London. They are said to be receiving £200,000 for their appearance in two "talkies"

June Collyer, who plays a leading rôle, opposite Charles "Buddy" Rogers, in an all-dialogue film adapted from Booth Tarkington's "Magnolia"

Phyllis Haver, an erstwhile bathing beauty of the Mark Sennett comedies, has become one of Hollywood's pre-eminent talkie stars. Recently married William Seeman

Josephine Dunn, a graduate of the Ziegfeld Follies, whom the talkies have claimed for their own. Played leading lady in "Excess Baggage," and had the great good fortune to be cast as Al Jolson's leading lady in "The Singing Fool"



Bessie Love, whose cyclonic come-back in the "Broadway Melody" is one of the most amazing developments of the first year of the "talkies'" existence

American public were tiring of the movies—however good they might be.

And so on—at great length—as a prelude to the putting of the wage-reduction proposal.

IT is ancient history now—our unanimous refusal to consent to any alteration of contracts—but it has, none the less, a timeliness in its bearing on the present state of affairs in the new Hollywood. I have heard it suggested—whether rightly or wrongly I am not prepared to say—that out of those very meetings was born in the minds of the studio executives the vengeful idea to make us suffer, which in turn, gave birth to the talkies!

Meantime, conditions went from bad to worse. Many of us saw the writing on the wall. In my case—having never lost touch with my family and my friends at home—I read with ever growing interest of the possibilities of a renaissance of the British film industry, thanks to Parliamentarian wet-nursing in the form of the Quota Act. In January of last year—my Hollywood contract having terminated—I bade what I supposed was a final farewell to the wretchedly depressed community. However exaggerated I might find my hopes to be, at least conditions in the British film world could not be so desperately bad as they were in Hollywood then.

For the first few months after my arrival in England—when I had recovered from the shock of readjusting my mental horizon to encompass a maximum production cost of £10,000 as against Hollywood's no-limit policy—I continued to be hopeful. The studio which had placed me under contract was functioning quite as efficiently as, and more economically than, any Hollywood studio. Obviously one does not expect £10,000 to register on the screen like £100,000. But, everything considered, the eight pictures which we made during the year of my association with the newly formed company were quite as good as could have been turned out of a Hollywood film factory at twice the cost!

And then the crash came. Hollywood had gone mad overnight. The talkies had arrived. Silent films were dead. A new gold rush had begun—wilder, crazier, richer than anything American film magnates ever dreamed in their maddest dreams!

IN London the new-born industry swiftly sank into the depths of gloomy despair. Some there were with whom I talked who seriously advanced the ridiculous argument that America had brought forth the talkies for the sole purpose of strangling the new British *silent* films! In any event, up and down the length of Wardour Street, there was universal agreement that further production of British films was merely inviting bankruptcy proceedings. Wherefore production ceased!

orge K. Arthur with his ughter Jean. George K. Arthur is born in Scotland, and played several of Shakespeare's come- es under Sir Frank Benson. 'e has an important rôle in 'e "Hollywood Revue of 1929"

Clara Bow with her cousin William. In Elinor Glyn's opinion, Clara Bow has been Paramount's outstanding star during the last five years. Following the "Wild Party," her first all-talking picture, she is now engaged on another talkie, entitled, "Dangerous Curves"

And this it was which, perforce, caused me to pack my trunks for the journey back to Hollywood.

I learned the reason which underlies my conviction that British talkies will dominate the screens of the world—within an hour of my arrival at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles. When you know the reason I think you will arrive at the same conclusion. Even our ingrained pessimism cannot prevent British talkies from winning and holding undisputed first place in the estimation of the world's cinema-goers.

(It is perhaps here as well to explain that in Hollywood to-day, when one speaks of "the world," one means only those countries in which English is understood. As these countries can contribute 80 per cent. of the total possible maximum which any film can earn, the dismissal of the rest of the world as negligible can be understood.

If—as was unquestionably the case—the success of the American film industry in the days of the silent movies was won *in spite of* the film magnates' wildly extravagant methods, hopeless ignorance and distinctly limited acquaintance with the language of the country of their adoption, successful talkies will never be made by these gentlemen! And for the most part the big Hollywood film factories continue to be ruled by these same magnates.

THE first evidences of the hopeless incompetence which characterises most of Hollywood's studio chiefs had already begun to be noted before my arrival. Details of virtually all of the studios' production schedules—to which, fortunately, I had immediate access—told the whole story all too plainly.

Because "The Broadway Melody" has turned out to be the richest gold mine in filmdom's entire history—every studio in Hollywood is working night and day grinding out more or less feeble imitations of this original sublimation of the American, vaudeville "hoofer." And at the moment there is nothing to indicate that they will not keep on producing what they choose to call "Revue Talkies" for months to come! Having followed precisely this policy during twenty years of making silent films—slavishly copying each new "type" picture as it has proved to be a box office winner, until finally the public have become sated with the countless duplications—they cannot believe that the same method won't reap the same golden harvest now.

Hollywood has yet to awaken to a fact of stunning import. The talkies have transformed the whole basic structure of the film industry. It isn't a mere matter of scrapping physical equipment and replacing it with sound recording paraphernalia. Hollywood has poured out millions upon millions of dollars for this purpose—gleefully. What Hollywood does not yet realise is, that in order to achieve success in the new world of the talkies there must be as complete a scrapping of the old film-factory executives. For overnight a miracle has come to pass.

It assuredly would be a miracle if—out of the labyrinthian depths of the Ford plant at Detroit—a perfect Rolls Royce emerged!

For twenty years Hollywood has

(*Continued on p. 155*)

Mary Brian, who is known as "the sweetest girl in Hollywood." Took the part of Wendy in "Peter Pan." Her first talkie is the principal rôle in "The Man of Love"

An Intimate Study of Her Majesty *the* Queen *of* SPAIN

By Evelyn Graham

Mr. Evelyn Graham is the official biographer of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain. The facts and details contained in the following article were given to the author in person by Her Majesty in a special audience at the Royal Palace at Madrid

[Beresford

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

A portrait taken just before her marriage

WHEN Queen Ena of Spain was eight years old, her father, the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, wrote to her from Seville: "Always be a good girl and love your mother. If you do this, when you grow up and are big you, too, will travel and you will come to this beautiful country. You will see for yourself that you will like it and how happy you will be there."

Prophetic words! It is just a little curious, too, that Queen Ena should have been such a favourite with the late Empress Eugénie. It has been said that the Empress Eugénie was instrumental in bringing about the match between King Alfonso and Princess Ena. But there were other factors. There was, for instance, Princess Ena herself.

King Alfonso had always declared he would marry for love. Gossip said he would fall for Princess Patricia, who had been in Andalusia about that time. But when King Alfonso came to London as the guest of King Edward it was the fair, not the dark, Princess who captured his heart. "Who is that?" he asked, his dark eyes fixed on the blue-eyed beauty. "Princess Ena of Battenberg." She had won him.

Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena are the Queen of Spain's names, but she got the name Ena somewhat oddly. She was to be called Eua; but as *u*'s when written are frequently mistaken for *n*'s the officiating clergyman named her Ena, and Ena it was.

QUEEN Ena could not fail to make a big appeal to the Spanish people. She had a beauty that was irresistible. She is tall and majestic, with a wealth of golden hair, which she wears in longish braids wound about the back of her head. Her colouring impresses at once, and her golden hair, blue eyes, fair skin, have naturally been a theme of wonder and admiration for the Spanish people.

In Andalusia she is almost adored. They worship beauty there, and Queen Ena, with her unfailing tact in dress, captured them wholly when she wore the mantilla just as they would have her wear it.

"You are not only the Queen of Spain," they said to her, "you are the Queen of beautiful women."

Queen Ena has naturally identified herself with Spain. The King's people are her people. She has to that extent patronised bull-fights, which are not entirely to the taste of all English visitors. She admitted quite recently there was more skill and bravery in bull-

[Graphic Photo.

A recent picture taken at the Royal Palace, Madrid, of the Queen of Spain and her two daughters, Princess Christina and Princess Beatrice

Bertram Park

A portrait of the Queen of Spain taken during one of her numerous visits to London

fights than was thought abroad. And she added, "But I long for the day the horses will be suppressed. Already their fate is less cruel as they are now shielded from the bull's horns."

When Queen Ena went to Spain she was struck with the vast and boundless plains of Castille, which were burnt yellow with the sun, so unlike the green, fresh pastures of the England she had left.

The Queen of Spain wearing the mantilla. This picture was lent specially to the author for publication

The Queen of Spain, who is fond of jewellery, is seen here wearing a magnificent double row of pearls

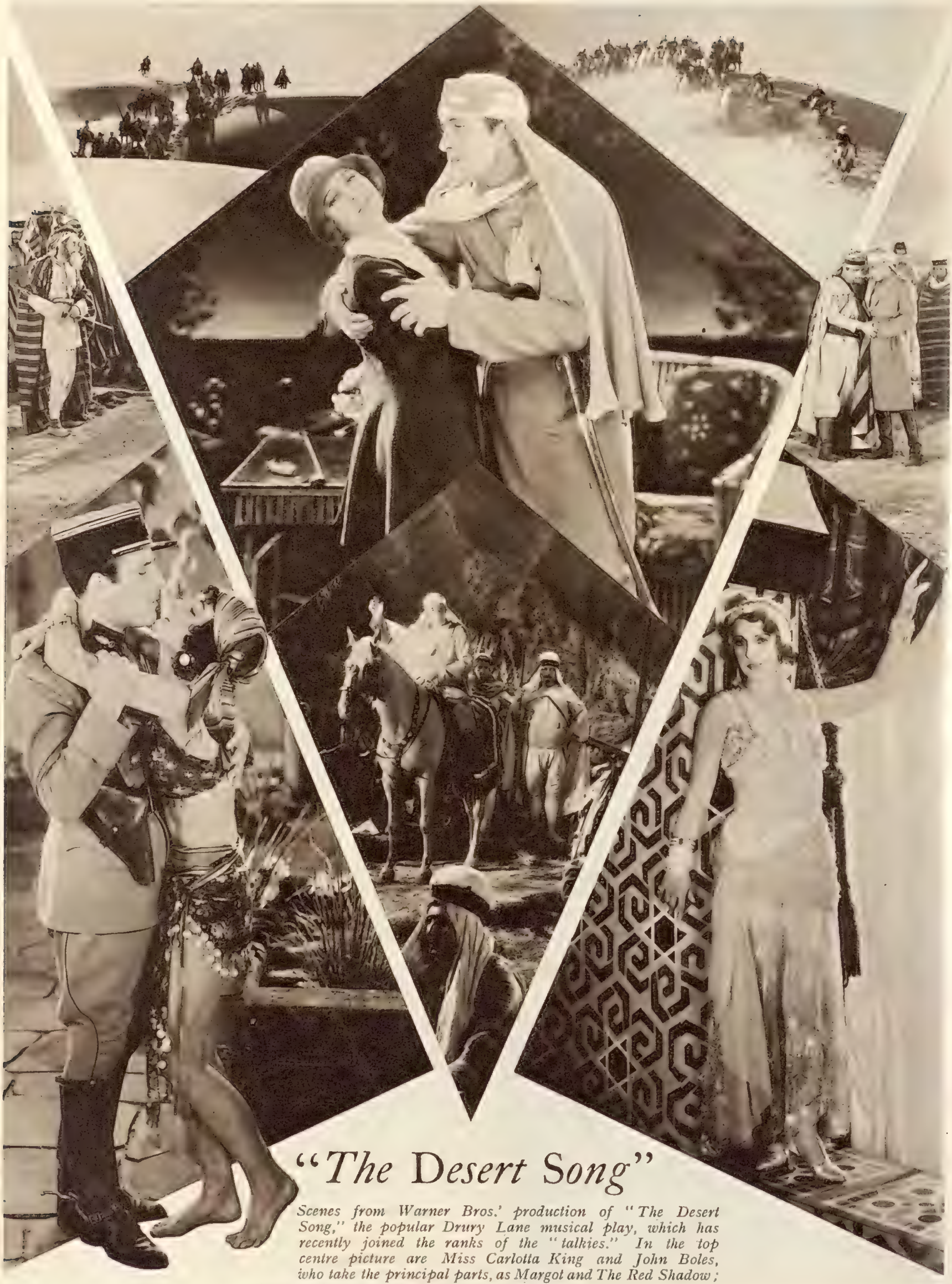
HER upbringing in England naturally left its trace on her. She has always been fond of the fresh air, of sport, of what might be termed the outdoor life. She plays tennis, golf, swims, dances, hunts, and is quite a good pianist. Her tastes happily have harmonised with King Alfonso's, for his love of sport is well known. Queen Ena beats the King at golf. Her favourite sport is hunting and she indulges herself with that twice a week during the winter.

Queen Ena's early education was to some extent supervised by the late Queen Victoria; not a bad training for one who was to go to perhaps the court of strictest etiquette in all Europe. She has faced all she has to do with that fine sense of duty which characterises all the members of the Royal family. The day after the terrible affair in the Calle Mayor, when there was an attempt at assassination, King Alfonso and Queen Ena drove through Madrid to show themselves to their now glowing subjects.

In speaking of the late Queen Victoria, Queen Ena admits the atmosphere was strict. Queen Victoria was like a second mother to the Battenberg children, but she had old-fashioned ideas of how they should be brought up. "Children must be seen and not heard" was a real Victorian maxim.

Very early she learned to take an interest in institutions. In the Isle of Wight she learned a good deal of philanthropic work, for there was the particular bailiwick of the family. And that early training has stood her in good stead in Spain. There she has set herself, one could say truly, she has dedicated her life in Spain, to improve the hospitals and organise them on English lines. The Red Cross has been reorganised and nurses have been

(*Continued on page 170*)



"The Desert Song"

Scenes from Warner Bros.' production of "The Desert Song," the popular Drury Lane musical play, which has recently joined the ranks of the "talkies." In the top centre picture are Miss Carlotta King and John Boles, who take the principal parts, as Margot and The Red Shadow; lower right Miss King in Eastern garb, and (left) Myrna Loy as Azuri in an attempt to enslave John Milgan (Captain Fontaine).

"Bitter Sweet"

Noel Coward's brilliant Operette

Miss Peggy Wood, from America, sings and acts delightfully as the heroine whose romance is re-enacted for the benefit of a modern girl engaged to a dull young man, but secretly in love with the leader of a jazz-band. Age's advice to Youth is "Do as I did—run away with the musician you love."

Photographs by Sasha

The runaway English girl and her dancing master (Miss Peggy Wood and Mr. George Metaxa), having decided to leave the café and start on their own, drink a toast to the new venture.

Below: Miss Ivy St. Helier as the little Cabaret singer whose tragi-comic philosophy is pathetically told in "If Love were all." The singer is still in love with the orchestra leader, but tells his young wife that if she looks in the mirror she will no longer be jealous. Miss St. Helier blends the sublime and the ridiculous into a brilliant performance.

"Ladies of the Town," a naughty, witty quartette, sung by the four gay charmers who frequent the Viennese café where the singing master is chef d'orchestre, and his runaway English bride one of the dancing partners.

England in September

Wormley, Hertfordshire

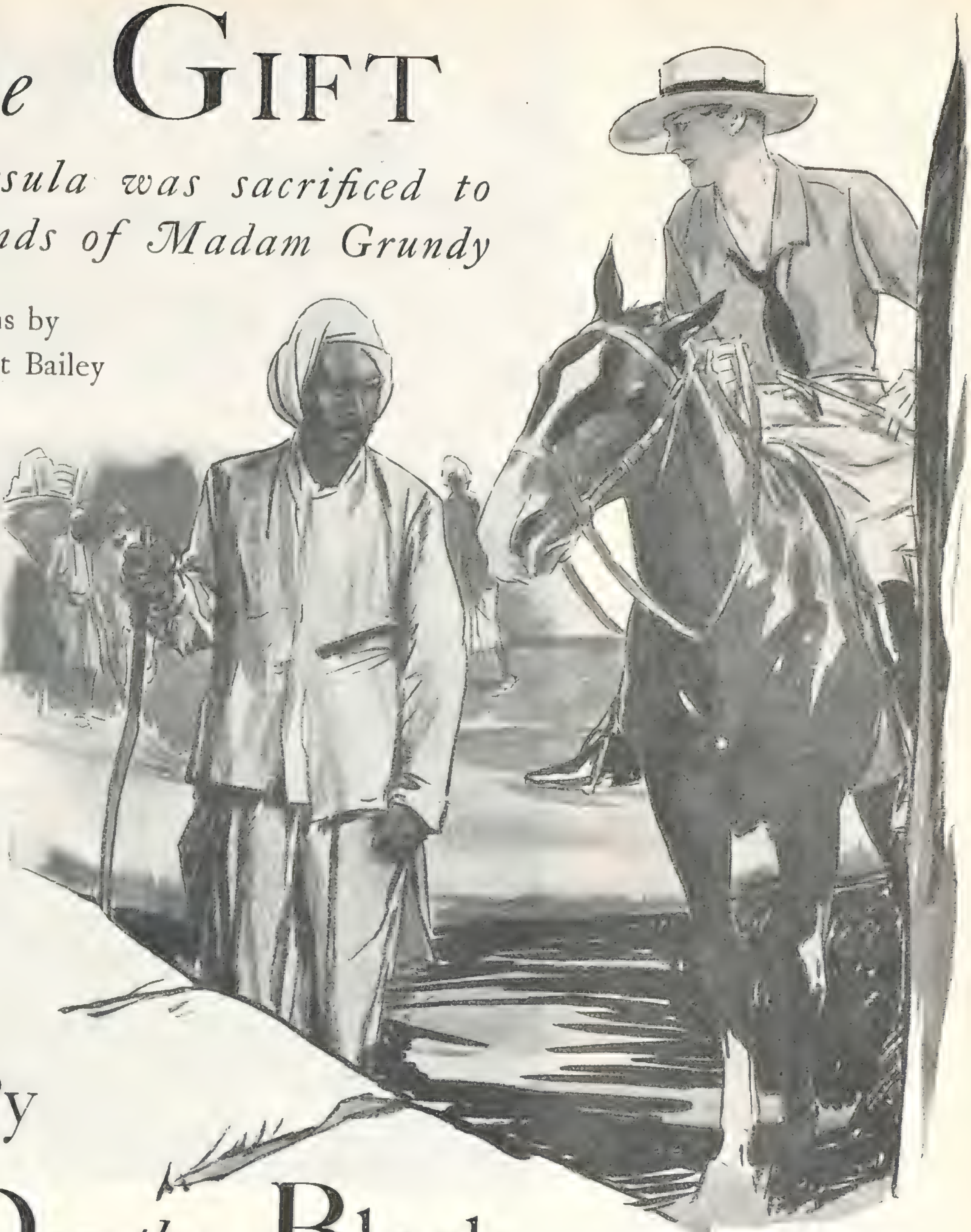
Camera Study by Edgar and Winifred Ward

The GIFT

How Ursula was sacrificed to the demands of Madam Grundy

Illustrations by
Albert Bailey

By Dorothy Black



"She met Shirez Khan once up on the hillside . . . . 'You come no more,' he said"

LADY WARLOW would sigh when she mentioned Ursula. Gently. Ursula was a disappointment to her. When she was a baby in frilly frocks, what plans her mother had made. What dreams she had of conquering London a second time, through her daughter's charms. Lady Blanche Warlow had been one of England's most beautiful women. Only now it was rather a long time ago. People used to stand on chairs to watch her go by at garden parties. Young men fought for her smile. She had been credited with at least one suicide.

How she had looked forward to living through it all again, in Ursula! But from the age of fourteen it was obvious Ursula was not going to be any good to her. She had been sweet as a baby, but adolescence only widened a mouth already too wide, and did nothing to darken her sandy eyebrows and lashes. The pale blue eyes that looked from under them were clear and humorous, and full of fun. But few people got so far.

Now it was perfectly clear that the girl was not going to shoot up, as her mother predicted. She remained short and rather stumpy. Funny, broad, capable boyish hands she had, and her sandy hair was dead straight and cut like a boy's.

She wasn't even clever. When she came home for good from her expensive boarding school, it seemed as if all she had acquired there was an abrupt manner and a regrettable taste in hats. She wore tweed skirts and knitted jumpers. She did not care for parties or dancing, nor could she sing.

"Poor Ursula has no gifts," said Lady Warlow.

Lush meadows ran all round the grey stone house, and away ahead in the blue of the distance stretched the hills of Connemara. Small wild daffodils carpeted the meadows in spring, and cuckoo flowers, and white anemone. Ursula asked nothing but to live there for always. She knew she was a disappointment to her mother. She knew her mother had never loved her very much, after she stopped being little. But she came quite happily to maturity for all that, appreciated beyond belief by the horses, the dogs, the ducks, and the pigs.

SHE had a way with them. The most bulky came when Ursula called. She rode Torpedo, the stallion, bareback. There was nothing she could not do with him. And that wild night when he broke loose from his stall, and killed his groom, breaking the back of that man with one cruel kick, they had to send for Ursula. She was only fourteen at the time. They had driven the stallion into a corner with poles. He stood at bay, only waiting for his opportunity, his nostrils splayed, his eyes red in the darkness. No one dare touch him.

It was the stud groom who said: "Get Ursula."

She came down, little, stumpy, and half asleep, clad in a shabby short blue flannel dressing-gown. It wasn't worth while, said Lady Warlow, spending money on clothes for a plain child like that.

"Sure now, be careful," said the men. "For it's the devil there is in him to-night, entirely, wid McCarthy lying there on the cobbles, the back broken on him."

Ursula went past them. Right up to the stallion she went, and caught hold of his nose.

"Now then," she said, "and what do you consider you're after. Creating all this to-do, on a wild night like this."

The stallion whinnied. Whinnied like a little foal, afraid. Nosed at her, seeing the men and their poles, as if begging her to protect him from them.

"For the love o' Mike look out, Miss," said the stud groom, white to the lips.

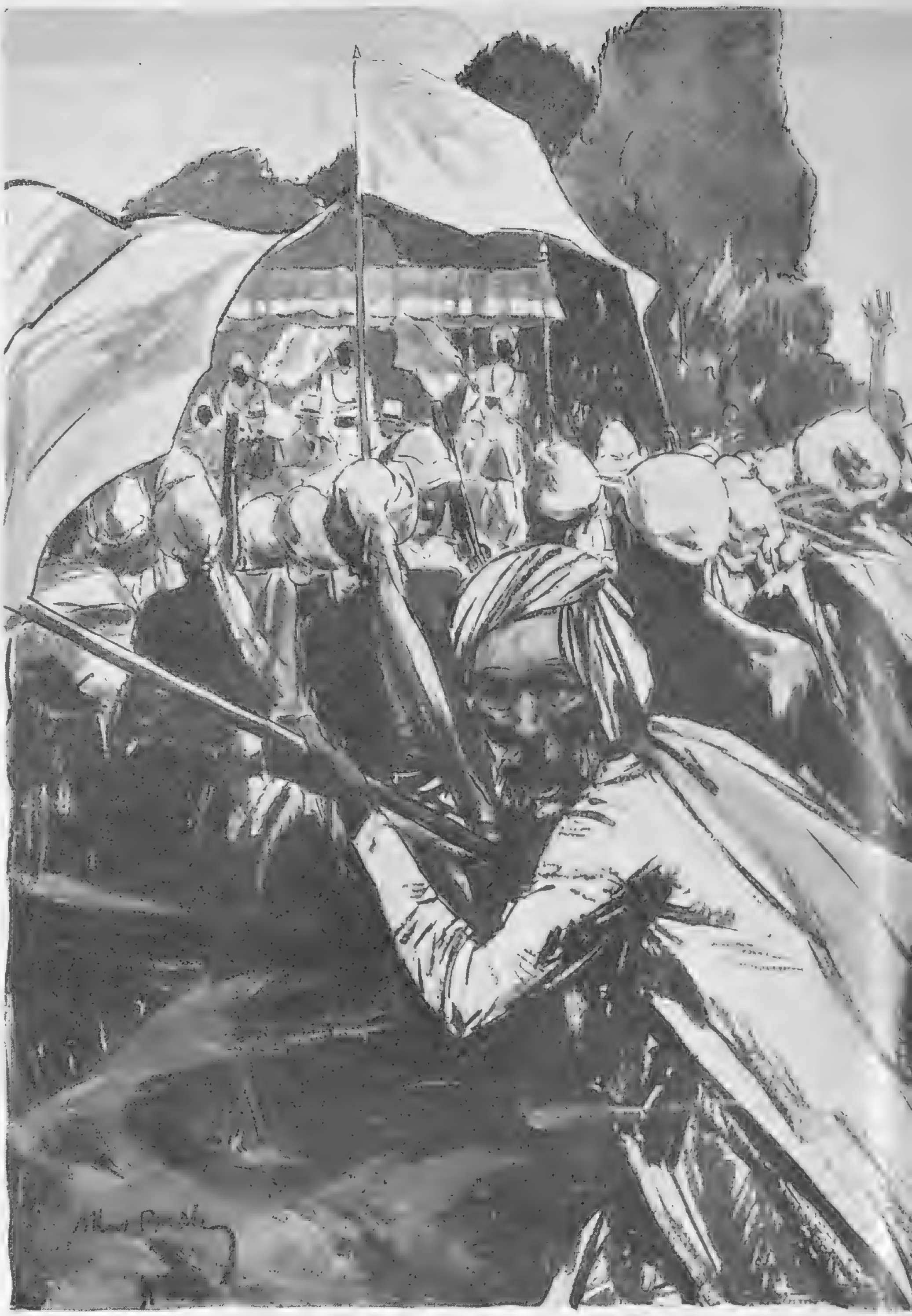
"Be gone with the lot of you and your sticks. You've put the fright on him," she said. She grabbed the stallion by the forelock. He whinnied again, and went with her. Back to the stable and the halter.

"But wasn't that a fool thing to do," she said, rubbing his velvet nose, "and where was the sense in it at all, at all, for they didn't want to harm you, not they. They were just afraid of you, in the way you'd be after being afraid of them, and all the matter nothing but one misunderstanding."

She stayed with him until the men tied him, and left him quieted, munching some hay.

"And there's not one of you is to touch him when I'm back to my bed, either," she said. "Mind that. It's just a stupid lot you are, frightening him with your shouts and your long poles the length of a young tree."

She went back over the stable yard, with its cobble stones, and dancing lanterns, and the groans of the man McCarthy, dying there, with the back broken on him.



It wasn't only the horses. There wasn't an animal on the farm she couldn't handle. Even Sallie the ferret allowed herself to be lifted out and draped round Ursula's neck like a small unfashionable fur. Sallie, who bit all other passing fingers to the bone.

"Sure, it's an awful crying pity you won't let Miss Ursula remain to work at the farm," said the bailiff. "It's a wonderful way she has with animals, and a fine understanding of them, in a manner that no other one here has got. It's a gift."

LADY WARLOW shuddered. She saw Ursula in her mind's eye blowzy. With manure on her boots. Wet about the forehead with excessive exertion.

"Miss Ursula has got to come to town with me, and be presented at Court, and learn to be a young lady."

"I'm afther thinking London town could do fine without our Miss Ursula, and her so wanted here. For there are many grand young ladies there already with nothing to do but dress themselves up to go visiting, as I've been told. But 'tis as your Ladyship will; and what are the orders about the new pigsties?"

In the matter of London, the bailiff was right. Ursula went there in June. From the first the visit was a failure. Nobody noticed Ursula with her sandy hair and eyebrows, her stumpy figure, and her jolly laugh. People tried not to look surprised when she was introduced to them as Lady Blanche Warlow's only daughter.

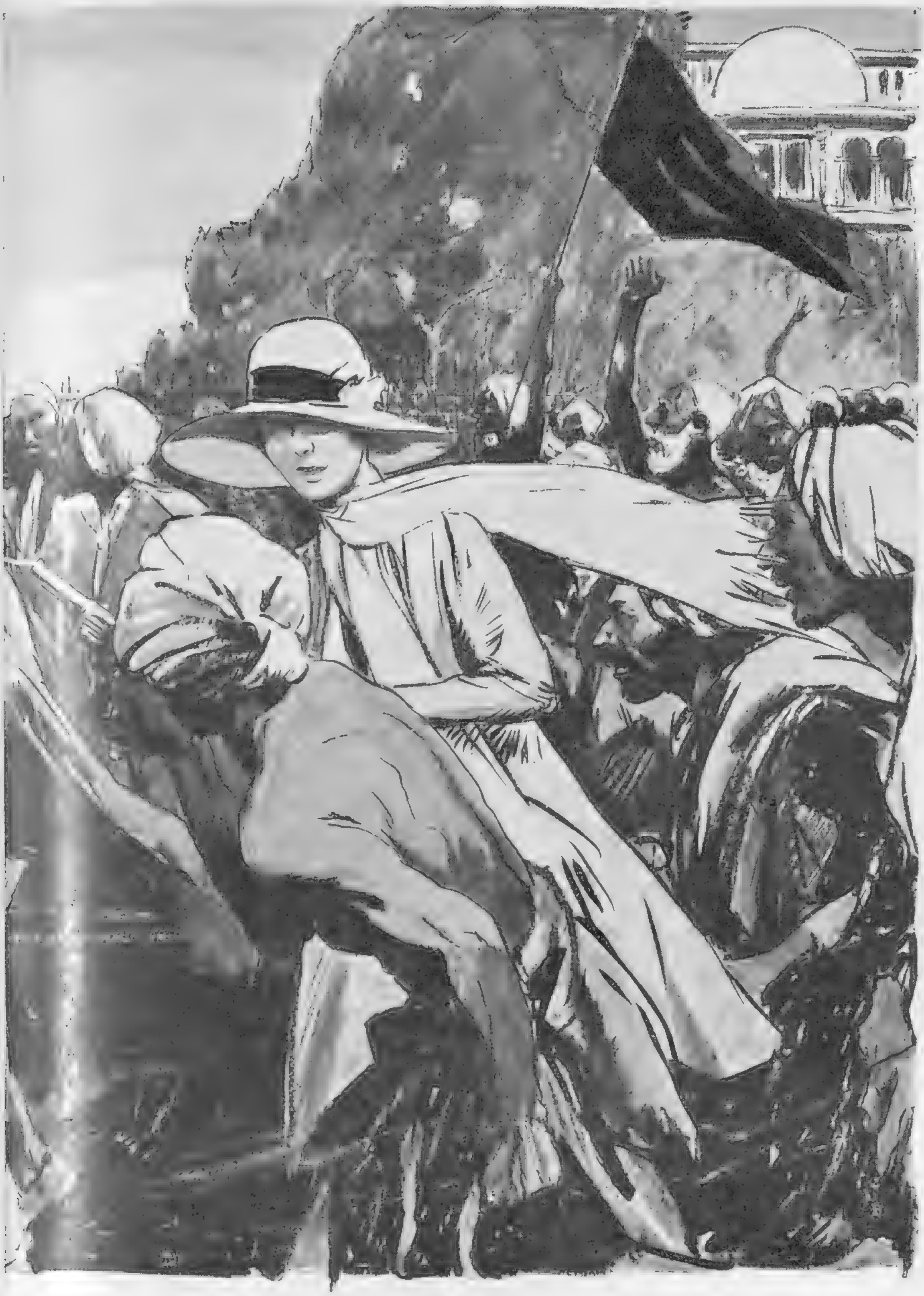
The only bright spots in Ursula's season in town were the dogs in the Park, and the Zoo. She went out and talked to the former to try and forget her homesickness for the open country and the wild blues of Connemara. She spent every available minute she could in the Zoo.

"Don't do that, Miss," warned the keeper, when Ursula put her hand through the bars of the sea lion's cage and tickled the crown of Caruso's head. "He's the oldest and the fiercest of the lot of them, that fellow. He'll have your fingers off."

"He'll not be afther hurting me," said Ursula. "For we're friends these many days. Aren't we, you grand fine fellow."

Caruso looked at her with sawny eyes and made strange gurgling noises at her.

"Well," said the keeper. "Just fancy that! You ought to take a job here. A young woman with a gift like yours could make herself jolly useful."



"Shirez Khan, more wild than ever, had fired at the Governor. He was shouting, and about to fire again, when Ursula caught at his hand"

"I'd not be allowed to. You'd never be after thinking myself was a young lady of fashion now, would you."

She smiled at him, the sun catching the light in those pale blue eyes of hers.

"You never would, and that's a fact," said the keeper, with good nature. After she had gone he stared after her. "Poor thing," he thought. "Balmy."

MEANWHILE, in drawing-rooms, Lady Warlow was bewailing her lot as a mother.

"I feel so humiliated. When I see other people with their girls. Marrying all around me. I shall never make anything of poor Ursula. What am I to do with her, Tabby?"

Lady Tabby Crabtree was stitching virtuously at crêpe de Chine underwear, never having lost a good habit acquired in early maidenhood. She was preparing with her own fair hands a trousseau for the tropics. Her husband had just been appointed Governor of Inner Rajahkhana. She was little and round and good natured.

She said:

"Better send her with me."

"Tabby, you wouldn't."

"Why not? She isn't much to look at, but I'd probably marry her off for you. Standards aren't so high out there. The bidders are many, dear, and the market is small."

"She's quite amiable, and easy to get on with. In many ways she's a dear girl. Her accent is trying, but I can't get rid of it, and perhaps in India it won't matter so much."

She hesitated.

"If only she'll go."

"Why not? She hates London."

"She's mad about Connemara, and the farm. The animals there are like brothers and sisters to her. She can do anything with them. I told you about Torpedo?"

"Animals. She couldn't come to a better place than India for animals. You tell her that, Blanche. She can go off into the jungle and croon to the tigers. When you tell her that, surely she'll be anxious to come."

Ursula was not anxious to come.

"Now what is the good of sending me off half round the world, Mother, when you know fine I don't want to get married, and no one will ever want me to. If you'd let me go back to Connemara, and look after the farm . . ."

Strategy, thought Lady Warlow, strategy. That's what I must use. She said:

"Listen, Ursula You go with Tabby for one cold weather, Mavourneen, and when you get back I'll give you over the farm entirely. For your own."

Ursula's pale blue eyes lit up. She got up, and gave her mother a pencil and a sheet of clean paper on a book.

Lady Warlow sniffed delicately at her handkerchief.

"Dear me," she said. "And what is this for?"

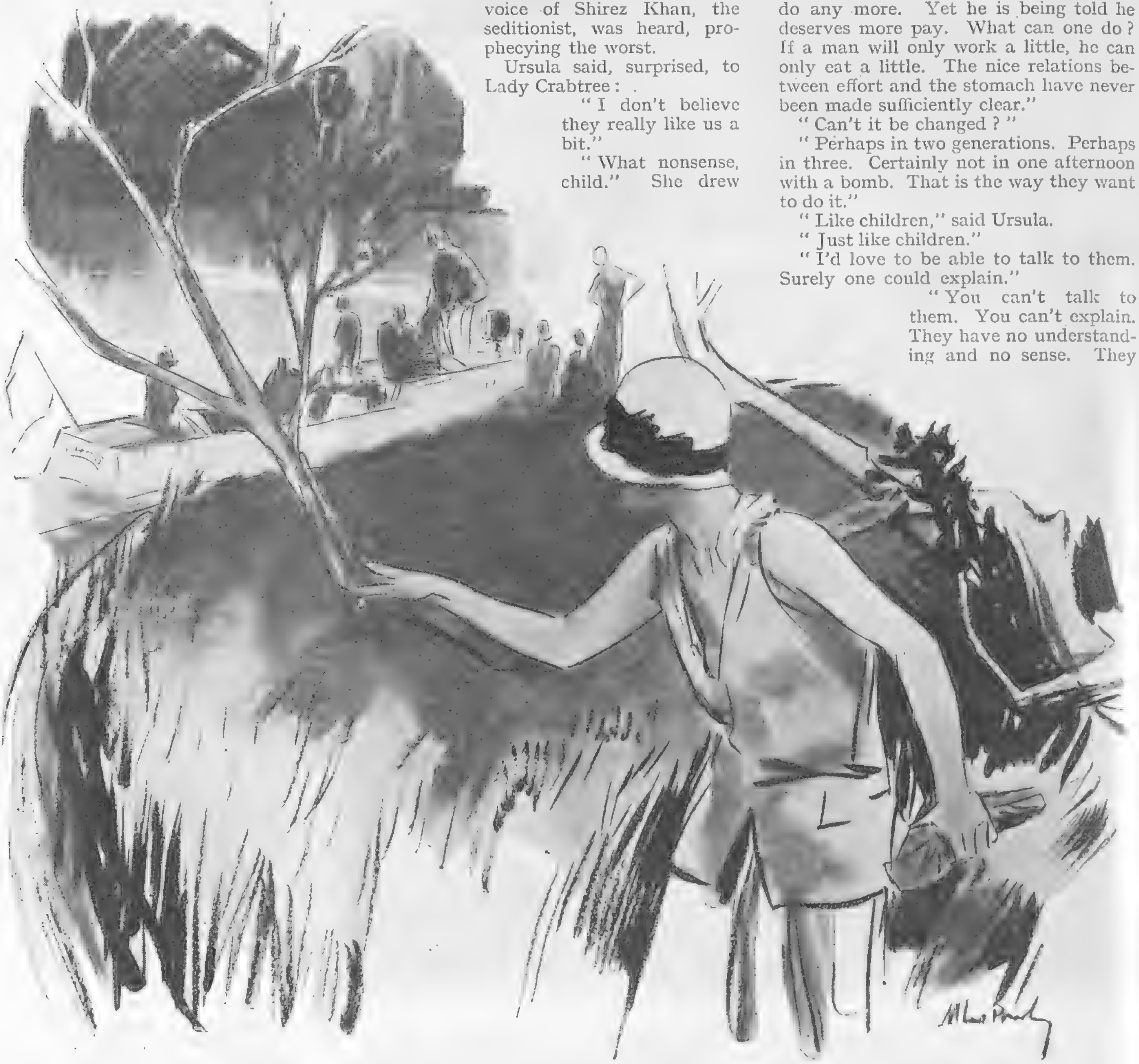
Ursula said: "I'll have it in writing."

IT would have been fun buying an Eastern outfit for any other girl. Ursula was totally uninteresting. All she asked for were serviceable things, and all she begged her mother was to be allowed to run over to Connemara before they sailed, to say good-bye to the stallion.

"Didn't I tell him I'd be back before they started cutting the corn at Ballymachree. And won't he be waiting for me?"

There were times when Lady Warlow really feared the poor girl was a trifle mad. But, almost unwillingly this time, she was off on the dream again. You can't keep women off dreams. They go to their heads worse than gin. For who knows, said Lady Warlow to herself, they are bound to go out shooting one day and perhaps there will be a nice sensible man there, and one old enough to realise that beauty is but skin deep. And a tiger will spring out to maul him, and indeed, if Ursula is not there . . . The poor not-too-young man! But Ursula, of course, will be there. She will speak to the tiger with authority. "Now then," as she spoke to Torpedo that night. The tiger would slink guiltily away. Lady Warlow could positively see it doing so. It would fawn on Ursula, probably, before it went. The not-too-young man would get to his feet. How could he help being impressed? The charming story could have but one ending. Perhaps Ursula and her husband would bring the tiger home, quite trained to the house. Lady Warlow looked doubtfully at the hearth. She wasn't sure there would be room for it on the hearthrug.

Ursula sailed with the Crabtrees at the beginning of October. Lady Crabtree found her extremely easy to look after. She never had to be chaperoned, because none of the young men aboard took the slightest notice of her, being occupied with fluffier matters. But a single water-wagtail accompanied the ship all the way to Bombay, instead of leaving it, as usual, at the Scilly Isles. It roosted at night in the porthole of Ursula's cabin.



"She made the revolver into a brown paper parcel and threw it into the river, ten miles out of the station, on a moonlight picnic one night"

URSULA was disappointed with Inner Rhajakhana. She liked the sunshine and the palm trees, and the spiced and lily scents that came in on the breezes, and the view from Government House to the hills, where half way up the school and seminary kept by the Brothers of Ignatius lay like a beleaguered castle in a fairy tale. She liked the pomp and the bands, and red carpets.

But behind it all there was something different. Times have changed in those sunny lands across the sea. The glamour and the shouting dies. Through broken windows angry faces leer. And all day long in the big bazaar the voice of Shirez Khan, the seditionist, was heard, prophecying the worst.

Ursula said, surprised, to Lady Crabtree:

"I don't believe they really like us a bit."

"What nonsense, child." She drew herself to her full height, adding, "They have got to like us."

Ursula said nothing. You cannot argue with the Lady Crabtrees. They live in little worlds they have made for themselves. With cardboard scenery. But she talked to Sir Giles. He was a kindly, intelligent man, who never lost his temper, but who placed perhaps a little too much importance of late years, in keeping calm.

"Are these things one hears true—about the awful conditions they live under?"

"Pretty true. But not so easy to remedy as you would think, Ursula. Here four men do the work of one man. The agitators are telling all those four men they should strike for a labourer's wage similar to rates holding in the West. You can see for yourself such a thing is economically impossible. Out here, each man does perhaps a fourth of the work an able-bodied man is capable of. He won't do any more. In many cases he is mentally or physically unable to do any more. Yet he is being told he deserves more pay. What can one do? If a man will only work a little, he can only eat a little. The nice relations between effort and the stomach have never been made sufficiently clear."

"Can't it be changed?"

"Perhaps in two generations. Perhaps in three. Certainly not in one afternoon with a bomb. That is the way they want to do it."

"Like children," said Ursula.

"Just like children."

"I'd love to be able to talk to them. Surely one could explain."

"You can't talk to them. You can't explain. They have no understanding and no sense. They haven't feelings, like we have. I have spent many years in the East, and as time goes by I dislike them and their ways more and more."

"Then don't you think that's why you can't explain anything?" said Ursula.

He looked at her quickly, and laughed.

"Maybe. I don't know. You ought to try your hand at politics one day."

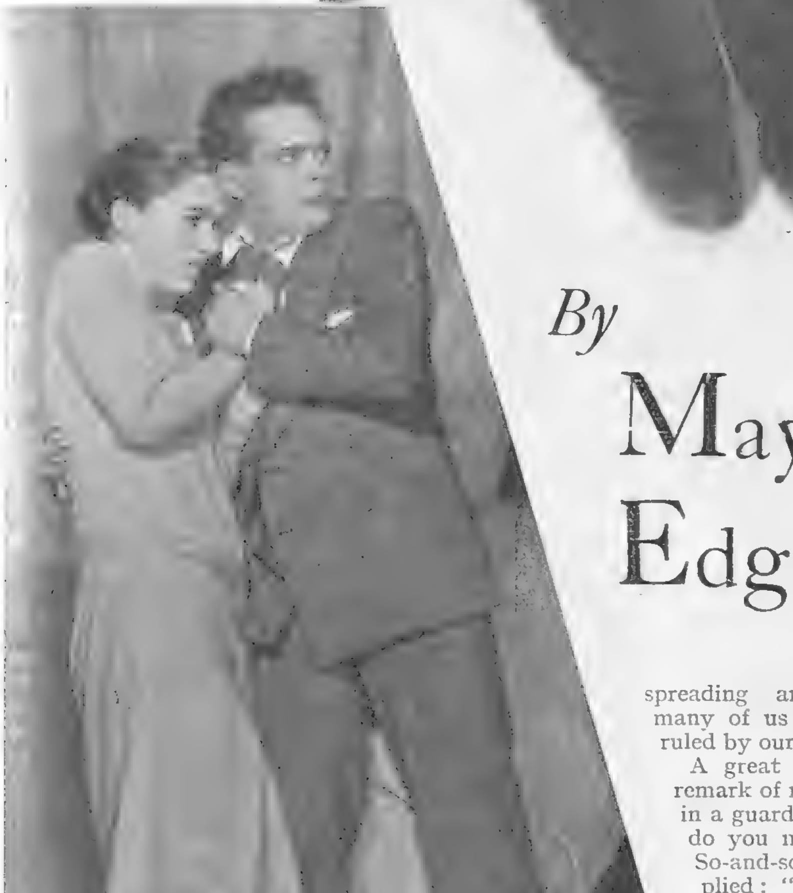
"No thanks. Too messy for me. But I'd love to be able to talk to them. I like them."

(*Continued on page* 176)

Fear!

Deeply rooted in each one of us is fear—fear of life and fear of living—implanted by tradition and conventions. Is the time yet ripe to rid ourselves of this complex and strike out, as individuals, on a new path of reality?

By May Edginton



I DO not like the catch phrase "Wholesome Fear." If it means a wholesome respect for the law; a wholesome apprehension of punishment following a crime against society; or a burnt child's knowledge of fire—then one can understand and appreciate it. But "Wholesome Fear"—no. There is too much fear in the world, all unwholesome; terrible; like a cancer, spreading and growing in so many of us till we are secretly ruled by our private fears.

A great doctor, *à propos* a remark of mine, asked me once, in a guarded fashion: "What do you mean by saying that So-and-so is afraid?" I replied: "He has Fear of Life. I do not know your technical name for it." Suddenly the doctor said, candidly: "Well, most of us suffer from some degree of it. I myself am so afraid sometimes that I am afraid of being so afraid." I answered: "Why don't all you doctors come out into the open and talk about it then? . . . *Because you are afraid even to talk.*"

What is Fear? The fear I mean, and that he meant, was what I have called it: Fear of Life; the quiet, subconscious, unconquerable terror of something unknown; therefore comprising a definitely strong wish not to go forward to meet that something unknown; a wish to hide; to get into safety; a wish to be eternally sheltered and protected. This fear expresses itself in many symptoms, which may appear quite normal, such as fear of progress, which would easily be called lack of enterprise; fear of people, which is easily called shyness or unsociability; fear of sex, which is called, amusedly, "man-hating" or (this is more frequent) "woman-hating." These are all fears that can be camouflaged or hidden or explained away with a mischievous plausibility; they grow deeply and privately, making strong roots. They are the real kind of deep, almost ineradicable fear, as distinct from the definite and more superficial fears like fear of darkness, fear of heights, fear of growing a cancer, fear of snakes or cats or toads, and so on. People with these little single peculiar fears can deal with them as they can deal with an aching tooth; but the deep fears that assail the temperament and character itself at last form the temperament and character; they are the temperament and character; they govern action, principle, environment; they infect life with an incurable disease. Therefore I group them roughly under the heading:

"Fear of Life."

When you fear life your thoughts turn naturally towards death; not only death of the body, but death of the mind, the spirit, the heart, the emotions, the whole vast enterprise of living. There will be no savour in living; no thrill; no love; no laughter; just a vast unease. Beginning, perhaps, as a mere negationist, you proceed to become a destructionist of life; of yourself; and of others, if unfortunately for them they are linked to you in wedded or filial bonds.

It will be asked possibly by the simple or the happy: "But do people with this strange fear of life that you describe marry? Or if they marry do they get themselves a family?"

Oh, yes. Marriage may quite conceivably present itself to their minds as a cover; a haven; a disguise.

Every day the highly neurotic are marrying.

Every day those physically unfit for marriage embark upon it.

IT may be said that doctors should speak out. To this I reply: Doctors have their livings to earn, just like other people; moreover, they often have to make the best of a bad job in the ticklish circumstances in which many of their patients find themselves. It may be said: "Religionists should speak out." But most religions from all time have based a great deal of their power on as much supernatural fear as they could inculcate.

Will the specialists cure Fear? Will the psycho-analysts cure it? Has Freud helped? Or has Jung? Or has Havelock Ellis?

I do not think so. The specialists diagnose and dissect, but seldom cure, Fear.

What is responsible for Fear? Undoubtedly a previous terrorisation of the individual, or of his ancestors who bred the unknown fear into him. Priesthoods from the beginning have taken fear unto themselves and used it as something with which they could create law and order out of what might otherwise have been chaos. So the system of hoodoo, of taboo, and inhibition is common to all. Laws have bowed to priesthoods. Doctors must bow to the law, and keep their tactical silence. So Fear has been bred.

As any religious question is a very delicate, controversial, and heartburning subject, let me, at the risk of labouring my point, explain that what I mean, in effect, is this:

RELIGIONS—I mean all religions—have largely set the customs of countries; the customs have set the major and the minor conventions; out of useless conventions—some are useful but most are useless—grows the behaviour; out of behaviour grow the inhibitions; out of the inhibitions grow the fears. The doctors, arm-in-arm with ethical and social convention—for, as has been remarked, they have their living to make, like those of other professions—seldom dare to speak frankly to the inhibited and hidebound people who make up most of their practices

Take an instance from many of what I mean:

"Half of people's nervous troubles come from too much sex or too little sex, it's always one or the other," said a clever general practitioner to me, in a burst of candour; "but I daren't say so."

No; he can't say so. He will prescribe fluently for influenza, measles, whooping cough and what not; but the really intimate torturing problems of life, affecting his patient's whole system and nerves, the average medical man dare not touch upon. They are taboo.

I think most doctors will agree with me when I say that repression of ordinary natural appetites and pleasures is one of the biggest causes of general fear.

The gospels of unnatural control, sublimation and repression, have, for the supposed convenience of civilisation, been carried too far. Assuming that these gospels must be publicly preached, yet privately, individually, we should free ourselves from them as much as is compatible with our duty, first to our country and then to our neighbour.

We must seek for ourselves the half-way house between over-indulgence and so-called self-discipline.

IN the past our mentors and governors have been too much addicted to inviting, or insisting upon, a monotonous oppression of all the instincts, and calling the deplorable system arising therefrom by a high-sounding name: discipline.

The system makes hundreds of thousands of negationists, afraid to examine the discipline they have been taught; secretly afraid of every experiment, of every new or unknown thing.

I have fallen into the habit of examining the word "discipline" whenever I hear it loosely used.

For nearly every man the only proper disciplinarian is himself.

Women are seldom the victims of sex fear; but men are victims of sex fears of various kinds to a degree which it is well for all sensible people to realise.

Rightly used sex is a tremendous fear-healer.

NOW there are other aspects of Fear. Although it is often the result of the inhibition of stupid circumstances, Fear sometimes results from more direct causes than that.

There are killers, even in this enlightened day, who will never see the hangman.

These are mostly mental torturers. They prey on people weaker than themselves, on anybody within their power, such as family-ridden elderly men, who live in fear of unemployment, and have to hang upon their approval and favours. Or they prey on their husbands; or on their wives, according to their gender. They are sadists; but respectable. They may be the most religious people in the land. They are killers all the same. They are enjoying an illegal and unrighteous power—since all self-imposed power over others is illegal and unrighteous. The lust for power in one man is only too often the reason for the fear of life in another.

This lust for power manifests itself openly in certain strong, greedy, barbarous-minded people who often achieve stupendous worldly success, and show no mercy towards others. This is not primarily, however, the class of killers that I speak of. This class has, at least, the virtue of its own unimaginative courage. It is not cowardly. It does nothing behind cover; it comes out and slays in the open. It is beastly, but brave. It is, so far, then, admirable, and there is nothing abnormal, sub-normal, or subversive to Nature, about it. It is, in fact, Nature itself, unadorned.

THERE is far more cruelty inflicted, far more desire felt to create fear, by fear-ridden people themselves. A man who is afraid of life, or who has been afraid of life in the way we have discussed, has learned a certain thing; he has learned the power of fear; he has learned the eternal punishment of those possessed by fear. He delights in inflicting it if he can, because in loading others with his fear, some of it, in some curious way, lifts from himself. He feels powerful in destruction—the only way in which he can feel powerful. He cannot make, but he can, with the unfortunate human material under his family sway, unmake. If he can see wife or children pine under his injurious, subtle persecution, he has a sense of a victory achievable to him in no other way. He wins for himself a sense of superiority by making others inferior.

In the outside world men—shrewd judges of men—think him a queer, unsatisfactory, weak fellow and give him the go-by. Ah! but here are creatures who cannot give him go-by! Here they are in his home, under his jurisdiction!

Such a man will torment a child mentally—not physically—into hopeless, beaten bewilderment; he can torment and keep a woman continually uneasy in her mind, until she finds him out . . . ; when she is likely to be sorry for him.

I shall be asked: "In all fairness, isn't the converse sometimes the case?" I reply, "Very seldom, to this extent. For women are not often victims of Fear of Life, of which sex fear is the strongest and biggest branch. As I have said before, women do not suffer greatly from sex fear."

"Prove this," may be required of me.

SPEAKING as a lay woman, and not from medical vantage ground, I point to the suicides that take place from time to time of men about to be married—suicides inexplicable to all but the sympathetic or the initiated. They are not really jokes for humorists; they are the desperate desertion of the inhibited man who, fearing sex, fearing any expansion of liability, doubting himself, knows, or thinks he knows, his personal inefficiency for the new life. An intense reluctance overwhelms him. He will not go forward. He shrinks. He cringes. He seeks the eternal enveloping darkness. These men have Fear of Life *in excelsis*.

It is a pity that they must die, just for lack of general candour, enlightenment, and friendliness over such ordinary, every-day problems.

Conversely, ask yourself:

How often does a bride commit suicide on her wedding-eve?

There is, and always has been, the fear of life which describes or excuses itself as asceticism.

But there is the true asceticism and the false; the asceticism which is the vigorous self-discipline, springing from the high ideals and the fastidious pride of a healthy person, and the asceticism which is practically hermithood, a retreat, a repudiation of affairs which, normally, should make up the everyday existence of a man or woman. A negationist calls himself or herself an ascetic—it sounds a better reason for his shirking normal joys, normal emotions and normal relationships.

CONVENTS and monasteries are not only the retreat of the true religious vocationists. These, we note respectfully and reverently, are indeed there, genuine devotees of the life spiritual. But to convents and monasteries also run the feeble-hearted, the feeble-souled, those with no appetite for life, those with reluctance to live, who want to hide, who long to place themselves and their pitiful cowardice, their pitiful lethargy, their pitiful fears, in the hands of those who understand such sad humanity so kindly and so well.

Perhaps only in such refuges, where all worldly liabilities are cast aside, all worldly battles and relationships and difficulties and failures are over, is fear of life conquered. Here, surely, fear of life dies for lack of nutriment.

But such cases, retreating from the world, matter no more to society at large.

In this enlightened day we know that it is more important to concentrate on the young.

WHY be afraid?

A portrait of May Edginton well known as one of the most fearless writers of the day. This article is in itself a note of interrogation, which demands a courageous answer

MANY children even in kind homes are still the prey to unaccountable fears. There are sensible ways of dealing with them better than all the ways of the psycho-analysts. Every man within himself should feel a king, and every woman within herself should feel a queen; but this serene confidence should begin in the cradles and the nurseries.

I have a particular friend who has a son born in the war-years. Schoolmasters—who ought to know—always declare that most of these children are somehow "different." Be that as it may, my friend's child had Fear of Life. I can explain it no better than that; and by adding that the child at times, *simply did not seem to wish to live.* He was not actually delicate; but living was too much for him. With half-a-dozen other children on a jolly farm he might—if given freedom—have found the simplest of healing; just rollicking happiness and nature; better than all the psycho-analysts' cures. Or he might not. Such children are equally to be met with in large families. He lived, however, in a London flat. My friend was sure of one thing; that somehow this child must get a sense of the kingship within himself; a sense of his place in the world. It might be by any means—you couldn't tell till you tried. It might be by getting a stamp collection superior to the collections of his friends; or by music; or by crossword puzzle competitions; or by games. Luckily for her, she found him, incongruously enough, interested in boxing. She saw that the tiny boy got all the boxing he wanted. He grew a sense of contest; of strength; of power within himself. His fears went. His pleasure in boxing freed him from some unknown, unseen oppressor. She told me that when she tucks him up and says "good-night" he says to her: "Another lovely day gone; and another to-morrow!" When one day he exlaimed to her ecstatically: "I wish I could live for ever, don't you?" she knew her job was nicely done.

TO anyone conversant with the history of labour it will be clearly apparent that not pugnaciousness, but age-old fears, the fears of people fighting like rats for life, made all the strikes, all the labour troubles. Now that they have had given to them much of what they asked, they are still hostile. Still they cannot believe. The fear that was in them when—less than a hundred years ago—babies of five worked in the mines is not bred out of them yet. Hammond, in his *History of Labour*, gives one little picture that explains a world of subsequent trouble for government and nation. He tells how the babies laboured, how in terror lest they should be late, sometimes they were found staggering up, still drugged with sleep, at two or three in the morning, not knowing what time it was, only knowing they must not be late, running to the pit heads in the darkness, huddling there waiting—afraid! afraid! afraid!

England then was in her most religious pose; and the most motherly queen in the world was on the throne.

The world will have to be very patient, very generous, meticulously honest with its fear-stricken classes before they trust it.

Fear is the most corrosive poison in the world; with the mass-quality of turning to dynamite.

Described by
KENNETH BELL

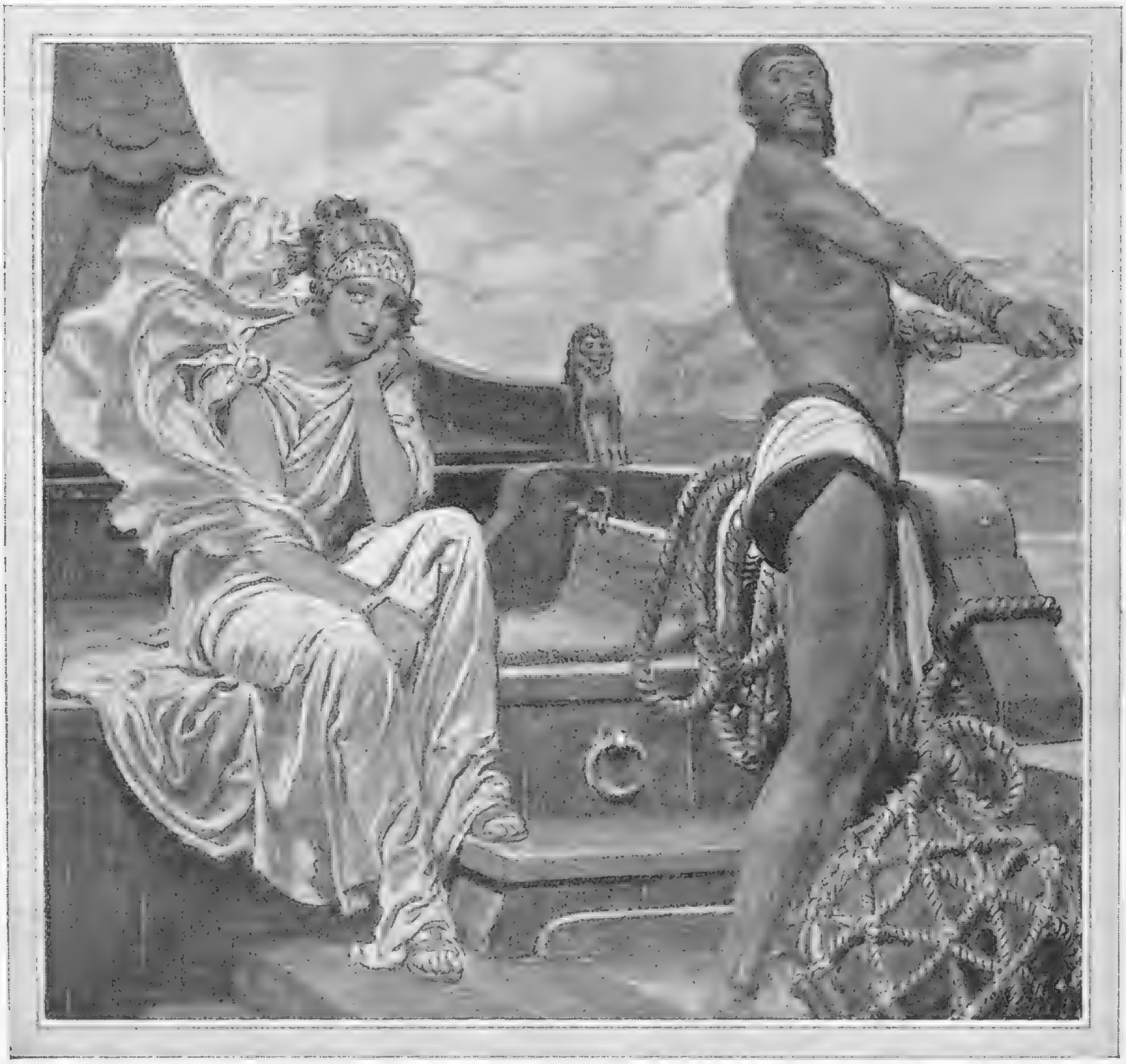
FAMOUS WOMEN

Painted by F. Matania, *R.I.*

The poetry of Sappho remains, monument to the everlasting fame the beautiful poetess of the

THE Leucadian promontory, where on the western coast of Greece the island of Leucas runs out southward into the Mediterranean in a precipice two hundred feet high of strange white rock, is often the first sight of Greek lands which the traveller from Brindisi catches at dawn from the deck of his ship. He is bound, as he watches that "pale and beautiful apparition" shining in the half light, to think of Sappho, the immortal poetess. For here it was, so Menander told, that, maddened for love for Phaon, the shining youth of far-off Mitylene, she threw herself in search of oblivion into the dark sea—the first of many victims of unrequited passion to seek relief in that wild leap. But whether death released her, or a good swim brought her safe and sane to land, he does not say. So those who want to fit the episode into her life story can, if they like, accept as well the version which consigns her in the end to an Aeolian grave in Lesbos Others will always feel that to suspect the Lesbian poetess of taking any such drastic action, whether suicidal or not, in intention or in effect, for the sake of a mere man, is so completely out of character as to be incredible. Even to think of Sappho in association with the promontory seems to some of her admirers rank disloyalty. They point out that Menander, who seems to have started the legend, was just a ribald, comic dramatist, and a fourth century one at that. He is no more likely, they say, to be trustworthy about Sappho than is Aristophanes in his crude caricature of Socrates.

NEVER expect a comic dramatist to tell the truth about anybody. What really happened, they assure us, is that Phaon was a protégé of Aphrodite's, who was also Sappho's own particular goddess. Aphrodite it was who gave Phaon a box of ointment which transformed him from a singularly unattractive ferryman plying in the harbour of Mitylene into a marvellous youth. In his new character he possessed two gifts which were favourite attributes, in Greek legend, of marvellous youths—the power to draw all hearts, and complete insensibility to love. He thus joined the ranks of professional heart-breakers, like Hippolytus, Daphnis and Adonis. So it is easy to account for his association both with Sappho and with the Leucadian promontory Sappho, who wrote so many love poems, may well have introduced into some among them a character so well known in Mitylene and in amorous history as Phaon. Someone was bound some time or other to throw herself from the Leucadian promontory for Phaon's sake. So why not the passionate poetess herself? For even in Sappho's day, three centuries before Menander wrote, it was well known that the precipice offered special facilities for the victims of unrequited love. Stesichoros of Sicily, her contemporary, had a song which the Spartan women used to sing about the sad fate of a damsel called Calyca who loved a stony-hearted youth, and getting no help from Aphrodite, found relief and death at once in the leap. After all, a precipice like that is just made for throwing oneself or someone else over. The Leucadians, in point of fact, had always recognised this, and were wont every year to propitiate Apollo Leucades, who had a temple on top of the rock, by hurling from it a condemned



"What of her other journey, away to the very frontier of the known world of her day, to still more distant Sicily? . It is stated on the Parian marble that she sailed, in what must have been her early youth, from Mitylene to Sicily as an exile"

# of History

No. 5: SAPPHO

for all time, a
and glory of
Island of Lesbos

"Sappho, the immortal poetess, maddened for love for Phaon, threw herself in search of oblivion into the dark sea—the first of many victims of unrequited passion to seek relief in that wild leap'

criminal. Only, being Greeks and therefore, kindly souls, they mitigated the savagery of this relic of primitive human sacrifice by taking great pains to rescue the victim from the sea in boats. They even strove to lighten his fall by fitting him out, it is said, with artificial wings and by tying living birds to him with strings before they threw him down. So does ritual survive when the fear that originated it has waned.

THUS the leap is explained away; it is just another instance of the myth-attracting powers of famous men and women. There have always been people to whom any good story has been considered appropriate. Probably Sappho never went to Leucadia at all. Then what of her other journey, away to the very frontier of the known world of her day, to still more distant Sicily? If the first journey makes of her, as it has been crudely put, a mere courtesan, the second has been made to show her as a politician. For it is stated on the Parian marble, a slab discovered in the seventeenth century in the island of Pharos and now preserved at Oxford, that she sailed, in what must have been her early youth, from Mitylene to Sicily as an exile. The Parian marble is a rough summary of Greek history, with a number of curious omissions, from the life of Cecrops, the mythical King of Athens, down to the middle of the third century. And it is not very communicative at the best of times. Unfortunately, too, the words which follow the bare statement about Sappho are illegible, and it is only conjecture, supported, it is true, by some evidence from a papyrus fragment preserved at Berlin, which suggests that her place of exile was either Megara, as Ovid seems to think, or Syracuse, and that her companion was her fellow poet and rival, Alcaeus. But there seems a probability that this exile occurred when the aristocratic party in Lesbos, among whom that turbulent fellow Alcaeus was a leader, was struggling against the local tyrant, one of those tyrants who in the seventh century were a common feature of island life in the Aegean. Was Sappho involved in this movement through family connections and driven out by Myrsilus, the tyrant in question, with Alcaeus and his friends? If so, she must soon have separated herself from the malcontents, for the strong, wise rule of Pittacus, who soon succeeded to the mastery of Lesbos, seems to have given her the opportunity she needed to develop her gifts, and long before Alcaeus was reconciled to the tyrant and returned to settle in Lesbos, she had come back and founded in Lesbos her famous "House of the Muses." But she is more likely, passionate and vital creature that she was, to have begun life as a rebel than to have ended it as a disappointed lover, and perhaps her genius, which owes much to the contact with the East (it may well be that she visited Lydia, too, the realm of Crœsus), owes something to that Western outpost of the early Greek world, which long treasured a statue of her in the town hall of Syracuse.

BUT it is Lesbos which is pre-eminently Sappho's island. In that stepping-stone between Europe and Asia, that little paradise of flowers and fruit, famous already in Homer's time for Nature's bounty, she wrote the poems, which, long after the Greek world had waned, were held up as models of style, as the highest point reached by the lyric genius of the race. Never again in all its chequered history was "lovely Lesbos" to hold the place it held in her day, the great day of those Aeolian invaders from the mainland of Greece, whose name will always be linked with her own seven-stringed lyre. They were days long before the supremacy of Athens, days when the wise Solon was just laying the foundations of Athenian greatness in his famous Code, when sculpture and architecture were still crudely primitive and social customs among the ruling classes still bore the stamp of Homeric freedom. Homer tells us that the women of Lesbos surpassed in beauty all the tribes of womenkind, and the Aeolians gave them an unfettered and uncloistered life, such as neither Athens nor Sparta, in their great days, were to deem fit for the wives and mothers of the city. In that far-distant age the favour of Nature and the happy advent of a wise and vigorous ruler made it possible for the tiny island to develop a civilisation which was at once youthful and mature, sophisticated and primitive. And so in Lesbos lyric poetry, the poetry of individual self-expression, was born, and in its very childhood was produced Sappho.

Famous Women of History

Mr. Matania has already, in this series, portrayed scenes from the life story of Helen of Troy, Boadicea, Judith, Susanna and Sappho, and next month he will take for his subject

MESSALINA,

the ambitious and avaricious wife of the Roman Emperor Claudius

ABOUT Sappho's poetry, the quality of it, there is really no dispute. We have only fragments to judge from. Snippets were quoted by learned commentators or fellow poets of far later ages as models or illustrations of points of style. Fragments have been rescued by modern scholars, woefully tattered and mutilated, from Egyptian rubbish-heaps. Pitiable scraps most of them are, and only a fraction of what must have been preserved right down to early Christian times, for the moralists to destroy in the name of purity. We shall never have more than a tithe of Sappho's work from which to judge her. But what we have is sufficient to show clearly enough three supreme qualities. The three qualities are all Greek—a faultless sense of style in words, a delicate sensitiveness to the beauty of the external world, and a poignant intensity of emotion. Scholars agree that even if only half a dozen words remain of a poem of Sappho's, they are enough to show the sureness of her touch; they ring with the melody of which she had the secret And these same fragments are alive with the characteristic beauties of Lesbos, those beauties of earth and sea and sky which still make of the Aegean a paradise; the moon shining over the sea, the golden-sandalled dawn, the many-eared night, orchards drowsy with the sound of flowing water, doves and nightingales and the heaven-haunting swallow, the honey-scented clover and the fragrant hyacinth. As for Sappho's emotional power, perhaps the best instance is the famous poem "To a Beloved Girl" which has been quoted or imitated by Plato, Theocritus, Lucretius, Plutarch, Lucian, Horace, and Tennyson.

"Like to the Gods I deem him blest,
Who face to face with thee, thy guest,
Sits welcome with ears rapt to hear
Thy voice so sweet, so near.

Thy lovely laugh; that sight doth make
The heart within my bosom shake!
When I but glance at thee, no word
From my dumb lips is heard.

My tongue is tied, a subtle flame
Leaps in a moment o'er my frame,
I see not with mine eyes, my ear
Can only murmurs hear.

Sweat dews my brow, quick tremors pass
Through every limb, more wan than grass
I blanch, and frenzied, nigh to death,
I gasp away my breath."

So Sappho is the poetess, as Homer is the poet, of Greece. Her position as an artist is unchallenged. What of her as a woman?

NOW it is always satisfactory, though it is by no means always the case, that poets and artists and other eminent persons should also be thoroughly nice people. Why, her defenders of one school ask, should Sappho not have been thoroughly nice? She came of a good family; her father, who died when she was six years old, had the impressive name of Skamandronymus, and he and her mother Kleis were the parents of four children. Sappho was the eldest of the four and the only daughter. Several of her poems give evidence of strong family feeling. Her youngest brother Larichus seems to have been her favourite, and she often sang his praises, especially for his prowess as cup-bearer at the civic feasts of the Mityleneans, a much-coveted office only held by well-born and comely youths. The eldest, Charaxus, on the other hand, caused her much distress by his failure to live up to the family traditions. It appears that, being concerned in the considerable trade between Lesbos and Egypt, he fell under the spell of a beautiful lady of Naucratis, named Doricha, whom he redeemed from slavery at great cost and then married. This family scandal and the snobbish conduct of its perpetrator, caused his sister to rebuke him severely; she accused him of "flitting to and fro with the notables, but not with the good and noble"; she upbraided him for spending too much money on the object of his infatuation, and for seeking to recoup his fortunes by doubtful business transactions. Nevertheless she continued to wish him well, and in a newly-discovered fragment she asks the golden Nereids to vouchsafe him a safe return and the fulfilment of the wishes of his heart. "Grant him success in all those things in which he aforetime failed, and may he become a joy to his friends and a pain to his foes, and may no one be a disgrace to us." Admirable, if slightly priggish, sentiments, thoroughly worthy of the elder sister.

THEN, too, Sappho made an excellent marriage to a very rich man, Kerkolas from Andros, and duly bore him a daughter, Kleis, whom, as her poems witness, she dearly loved. Lastly, she ran an academy for young ladies of the best families who wished to become poetesses. Of course, to teach them properly she had to write a great deal of passionate poetry of various kinds, about brides and bridegrooms, about love and friendship, some of it rather outspoken. As one of her latest champions, Dr. Mary Patrick, writes, "There has never been an age of the world when society was so corrupt that young women would be sent from a distance to study under a teacher who had a sullied reputation. On the contrary, the fact that a man or a woman has been able to hold the position as head of an educational institution has always been considered without question a sufficient proof of integrity."

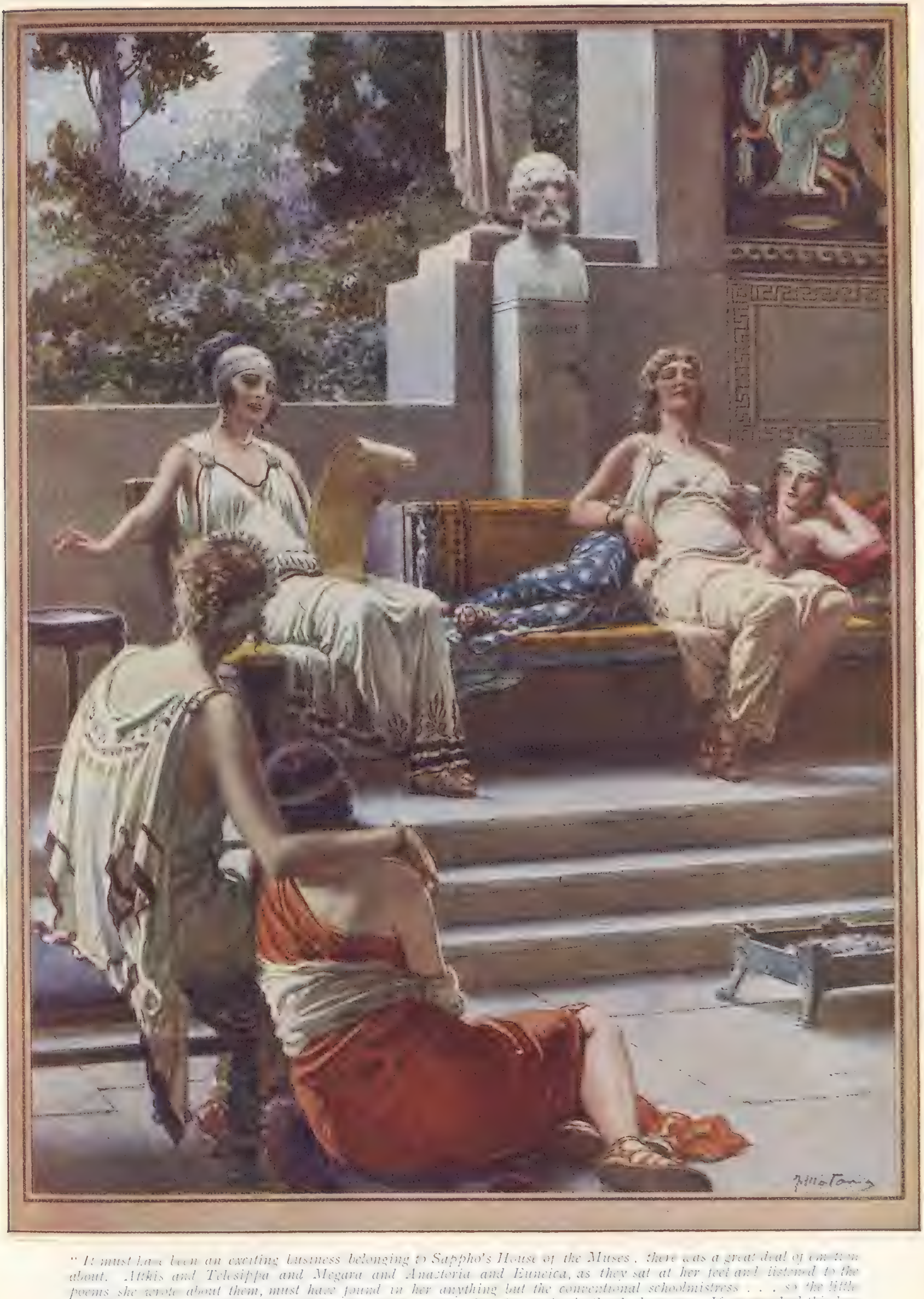
The upholders of this view cope vigorously with the scandals which, they admit, have gathered round Sappho's name. They point out that some of them are mutually contradictory; the Phaon story cannot well be made to square with other accusations; the sneers and insinuations of Ovid and Martial merely reflect their own decadent prurience, and the destruction of Sappho's poems by the early Christian purists are simply the evidence of ignorant obscurantism. Sappho was a thoroughly nice woman; it is her detractors who are nasty men. Even Ovid may be misinterpreted. Sappho combined the virtues of the schoolmistress, the wife and the mother, and contrived to be a poetess as well. She was honoured in her lifetime, and revered through the whole course of Greek history, so she must have been good.

IT depends to a certain extent on what is meant by good. Even the stoutest defenders of current and of Greek morality would probably admit that the rules of each do not absolutely coincide. Things shock us nowadays which did not shock the Greeks, and they were scared and scandalised by what neither scares nor scandalises us. A good deal of what the Greeks called "hybris" and shuddered at, as we would at incipient insanity, we should call self-confidence and duly admire. The sense of sin which plays so great a part in modern history had little or no meaning for the Greeks. When Helen nearly betrayed her own countrymen hidden in the wooden horse, it was "some god" who put the idea into her head; it was not her fault that she broke the great Greek rule of loyalty. In fact, nothing was ever Helen's fault, that was why she was able to achieve such a very respectable middle age.

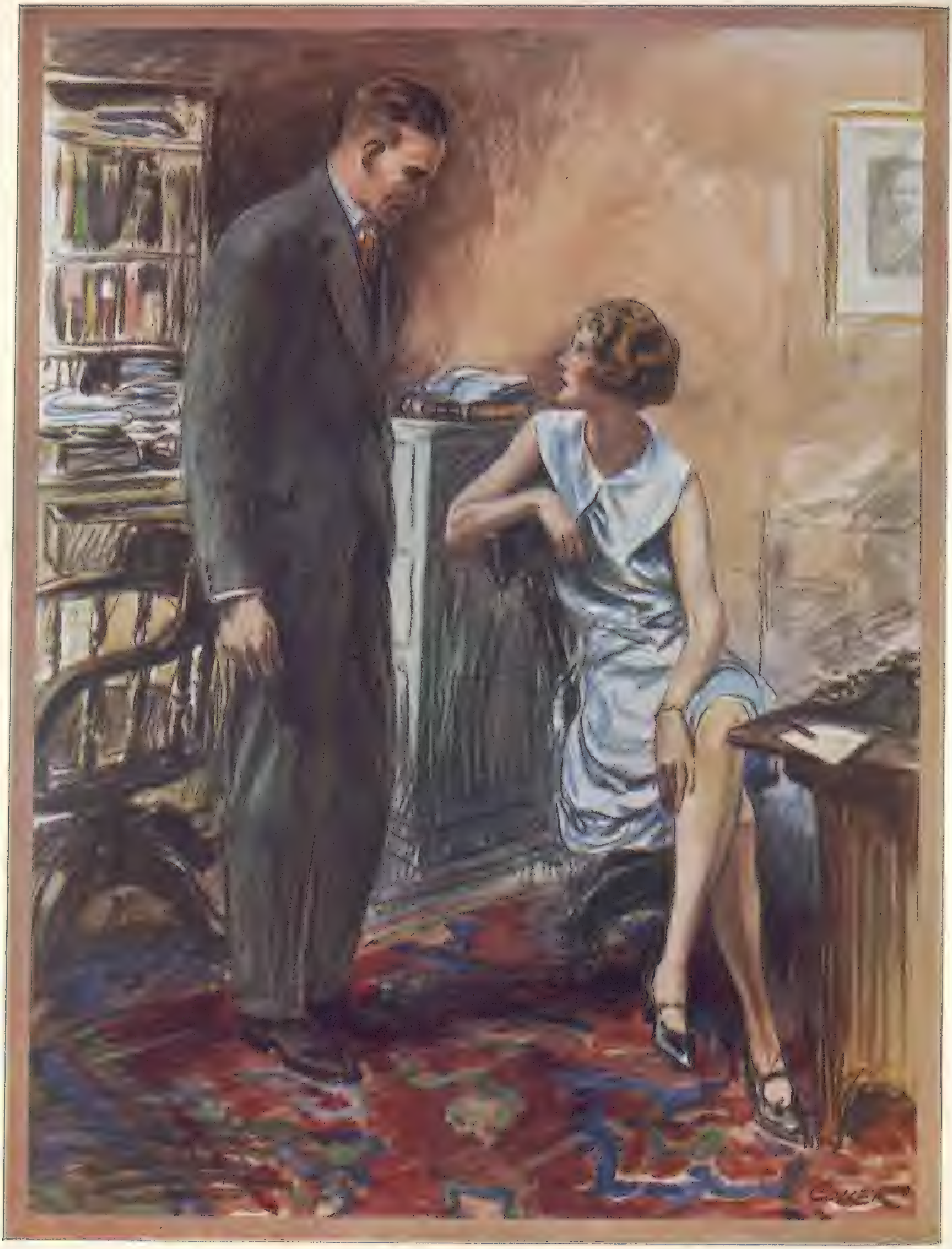
The Greeks had a different morality; they even allowed "friendship" to be passionate. So it is not a final argument in the favour of Sappho's normality to say that the best Greek minds delighted in her genius and breathed not a word against her reputation. Even if her poetry expressed passions of which she herself felt the power, even if they were not just rhetorical exercises to show her pupils how a young man would write about young women, the Greeks would not have been shocked. For it was in later ages than theirs that the limits of friendship came, no doubt for the good of the human race, to be more strictly drawn.

SO there is really no need, if we are to preserve the memory of Sappho as a noble figure of conscious dignity—the divine poetess—to do it by turning her into a cross between a good mother and a conscientious schoolmistress. For it can only be done by assuming that she did not mean what she wrote. No doubt she

(*Continued on page 162*)



"It must have been an exciting business belonging to Sappho's House of the Muses; there was a great deal of emotion about. Atthis and Telesippa and Megara and Anactoria and Euneica, as they sat at her feet and listened to the poems she wrote about them, must have found in her anything but the conventional schoolmistress . . . so the little island became a centre of that cult of beauty which was somehow innate in the Greek character. If anyone had this love of beauty it was Sappho. Like Michelangelo, she was most susceptible to it when she saw it in her own sex. . . ."



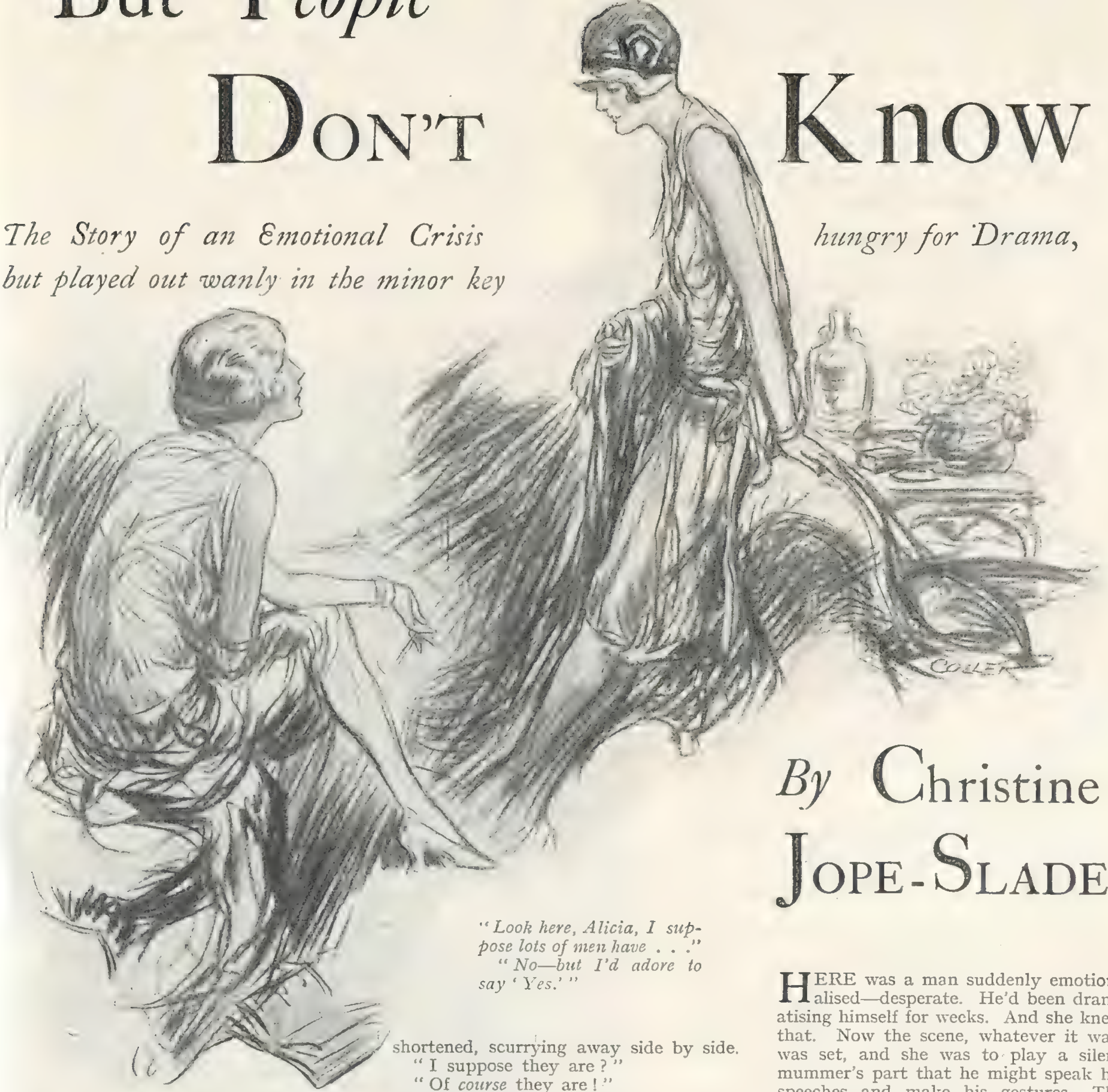
"I wonder if you'd dine with me to-night, Miss Earle?"
"Why, Mr. Drydell?"

Illustrations by COLLER

But *People* DON'T Know

The Story of an Emotional Crisis hungry for Drama, but played out wanly in the minor key

By Christine JOPE-SLADE



"Look here, Alicia, I suppose lots of men have . . ."
"No—but I'd adore to say 'Yes.'"

DECEMBER, 1929.

"I SUPPOSE they are?"

"Of *course* they are!"

The office door had only just closed on the man and woman. Their footsteps, pattering out a hard and a soft symphony together on uncarpeted stairs, had only just died away.

The new typist from the country solicitor's office flushed painfully. She put the cover on her Remington. She dusted it with her handkerchief.

New values were difficult to grasp.

"Oh, now give it its bottle, and see the shawl's tucked round it comfortably," advised the city typist cynically, nodding at the machine.

"Well, a good typewriter costs money."

"Yes, but somebody else's money."

The country typist walked to the window and looked out. She saw the figures of the man and woman foreshortened, scurrying away side by side.

"I suppose they are?"

"Of *course* they are!"

"But one cannot be sure."

"Rot! of course one can."

"But how do you *know?*"

"Oh! one just—*knows.*"

* * *

JUNE, 1929.

"I wonder if you'd dine with me to-night, Miss Earle?"

"Why, Mr. Drydell?"

"I don't know any other woman to ask."

"I thought it might be that."

She had pose, or was it poise? She moved about the office under it always, as if it were an umbrella, so that one was aware more of the atmosphere or temperature that surrounded her, than herself.

He realised that, and flushed a little.

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Drydell. Where shall we dine?"

"The Savoy."

HERE was a man suddenly emotionalised—desperate. He'd been dramatising himself for weeks. And she knew that. Now the scene, whatever it was, was set, and she was to play a silent mummer's part that he might speak his speeches and make his gestures. The quietness of her was broken by a thin lance of pain. They had worked side by side in the office for ten months, and never had he been aware of her until his own need made him so.

"That would be delightful. Thank you so much."

"To-night, then, at eight. I will book a table."

She had grown to watch him in the office, and to love watching him. She retained her complete sanity, as women do so often in real life, as exempt from plays and novels. She didn't waste her savings on a new evening dress. She had that flattening, undramatic thing—a sense of humour She went to a woman who was little more than an acquaintance. This women had many frocks—and also a sense of humour.

"Lend me a frock for to-night, Alicia."

"Going gay, Tonie?"

"No."

"Look in the cupboard."

"A black, I think, please. Black is reassuring for men who have to tell you about themselves suddenly. It suggests their mother, when they have gone too far for their own comfort."

"You are an ass, Tonie!"

"I expect so."

"Alicia, what exactly *is* sex appeal?"

"Oh, it can be worn with black; don't worry."

"Is knowing people terribly well—in a queer way, all their little tricks, the fancy dress they're going to choose—the song they're going to sing; is knowing their line so well you could say it for them, and despising some of it, and liking other bits—is that love?"

"No, it sounds to me more like marriage."

Tonie crossed the room and looked down at Alicia. Alicia, who was blonde, and lissom, and witty.

"Look here, Alicia, I suppose lots of men have . . . ?"

"No—but I'd adore to say 'yes.' No man has ever taken the slightest notice of me. Queer, isn't it? Every time I look in the glass, I am face to face with a blooming mystery. Now pull up the curtain and let Auntie Alicia see what *you're* playing at."

"No, I'm sorry; but it's going to be rather funny."

"Well, that's a blessing anyway. Don't come to me when they play 'God Save the King.' That's the only time a woman ever turns naturally from a man to a woman—and then it's too late."

* * *

HE looked so distinguished in evening dress. He was a gentleman. She revered deeply the gentlemanliness of him. His long, thin slender hands and feet. She loved the way he spoke to the waiters, and the way waiters spoke to him. He was "accustomed." It was the first time she had ever been out with a man. It was nice—like a personal compliment at the beginning of the evening—to go with one who was so clearly "accustomed."

She kept her quietness round her like a cloak.

"The decree was made absolute to-day," said Justine Drydell.

"Oh yes! I saw."

He was like one who produces a rabbit from a top hat only to find his audience has turned into a rabbit too. He was plainly nonplussed.

"Did you know?"

"Yes, I saw it in the paper. Drydell isn't such a common name."

Dreadful to have your drama filched from you so deftly; like having your flag pinched just as a procession is about to pass you. He felt instantly aggrieved.

"You are dining with a man in hell, Miss Earle."

"Nothing so comforting and final, Mr. Drydell. It isn't given us to know where we are, so satisfyingly."

It was just as she had expected and feared. She was the harp of the evening on which he was to play his wild, mad music.

For weeks and days she had seen him beat up the emotional tempo of it. Now he wanted to rid himself of it on her remorselessly, and with a strange and hurtful tenderness for him, she gathered her serenity round him.

"I got the push to-day from the office."

"I know that, too."

Again she snatched his decoration from him, and again he had that frustrated sense of sheer futility. Yet she longed, and ached, to give him his bright, burning, emotional toys to play with, for then he would really have seen her, and maybe have loved her, as a man loves his footlights, and his accompanying orchestra, and his stage manager.

"I'm clearing out to-night."

"Where?"

"Oh, just—out."

She might have given a little start of surprise, a tiny exclamation of horror, just as consolation prize. She withheld even that—and oh! she would have enjoyed presenting it so.

"I am a failure."

"So are other men—millions of them! You merely want to show yourself a bigger failure than they are. You probably aren't. You're just average, like I am."

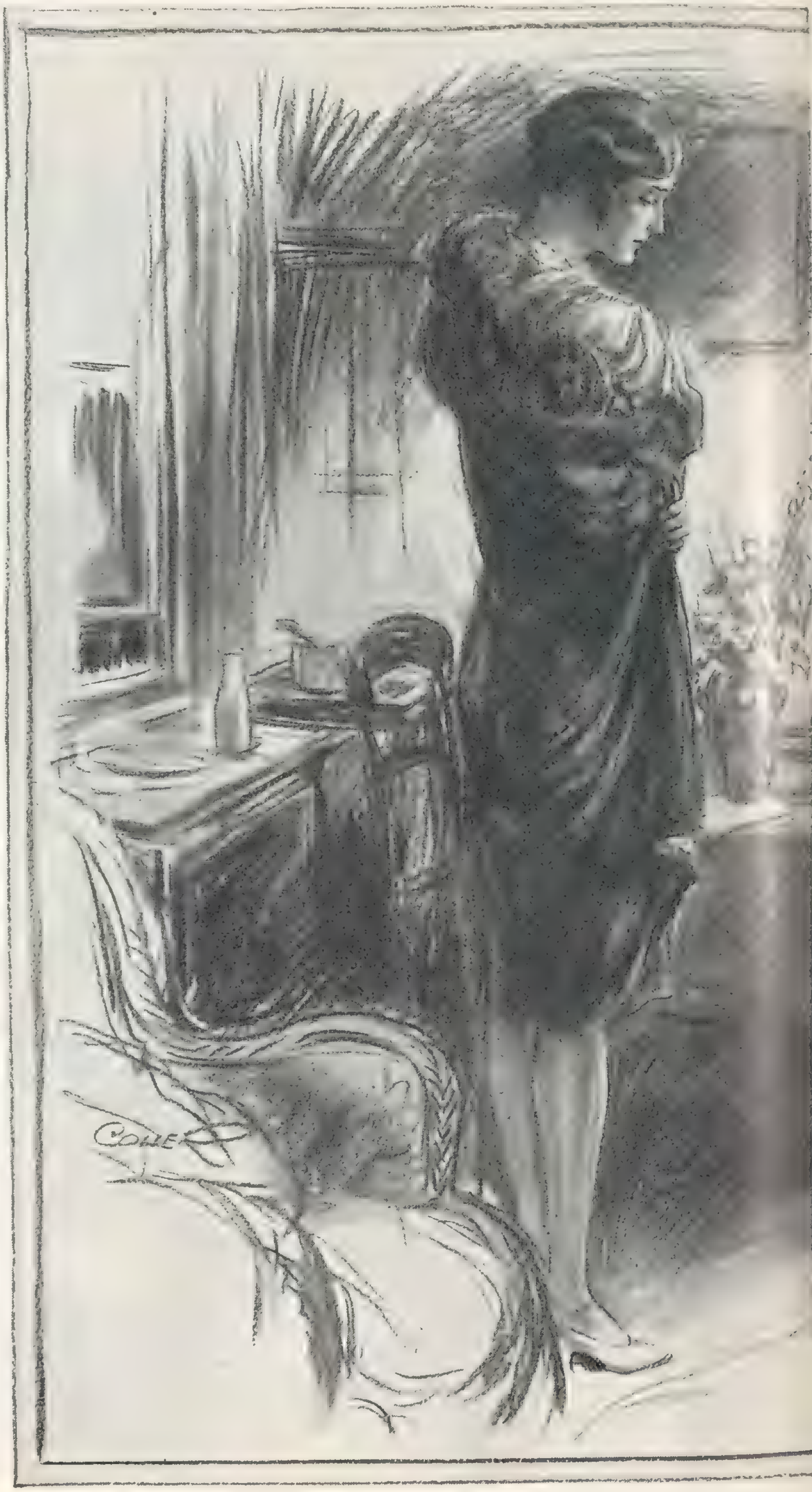
THAT linked him up with to-day, with yesterday and to-morrow. That pulled him down from his emotional mountains to the narrow grey street of common men. He did not like her for it. He resented it. He was stiff with resentment against her.

She knew that; and oh, she would have savoured exceedingly his applause, however light.

"O God! haven't you ever lived?"

"Not more than most people—and less, I suppose, than some."

"My wife was so beautiful. She was the loveliest thing



"This is only an emotional crisis. It will pass." He crumpled

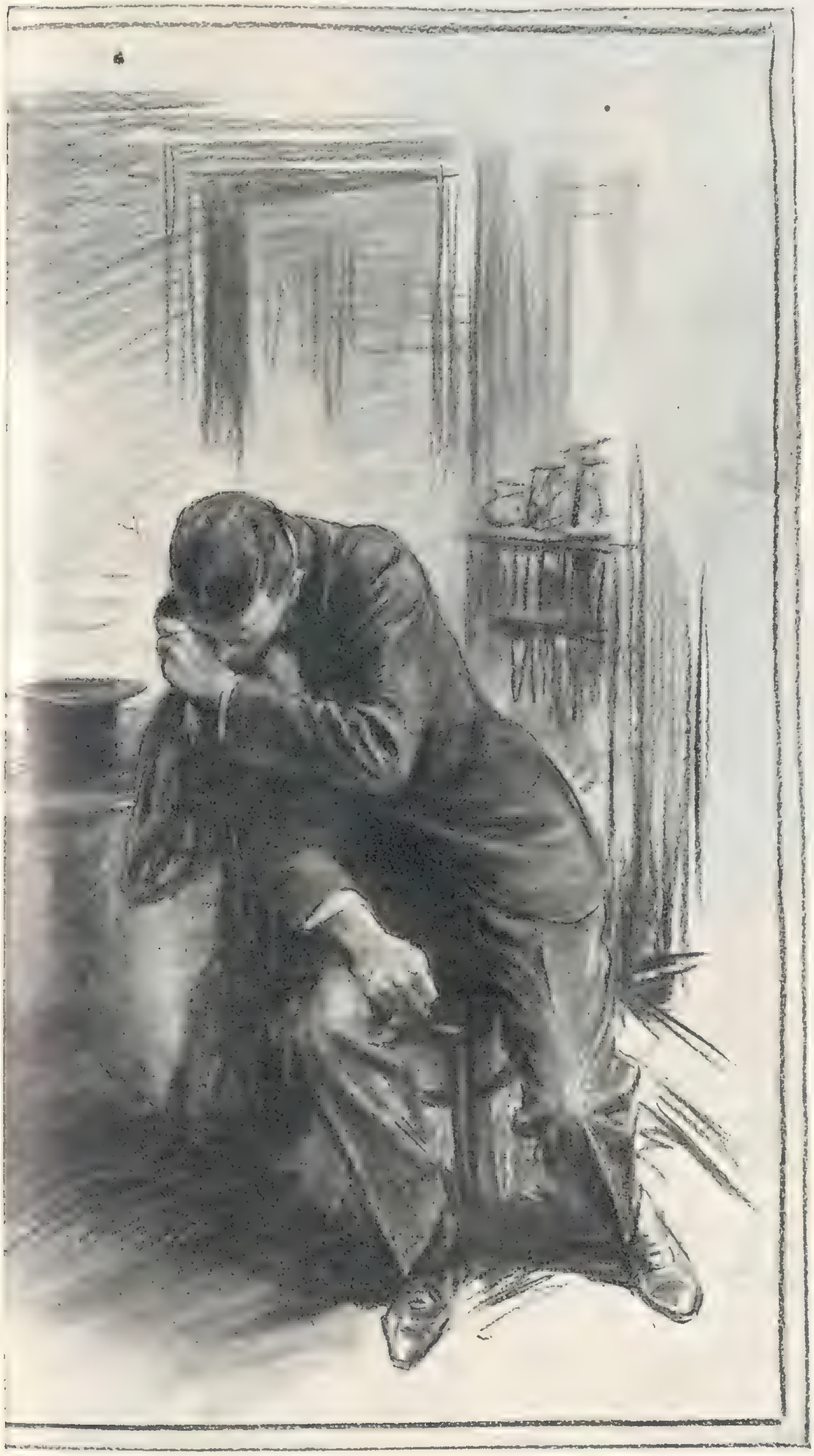
you ever saw. I gave her everything I had: but I hadn't enough."

"That wasn't your fault."

"My God! no."

"You had not the capacity for getting more. We all have our limitations."

Now he was angry and he was really suffering—suffering in all his twisted, sensitive soul. She could feel that suffering quivering in her, like outraged nerves. He had brooded, and brooded, and brooded. Gentle, handsome, chivalrous, grey men like him did brood. She wanted so desperately to play back at him; to give him drama for drama, cue for cue—to open this dammed-up man and let emotion engulf them both. The relief he would have then at her hands, and the stimulation she would get! She underestimated none of it. All her days had been arid full of quiet thought and emotional inaction. This surely was her hour of release too, with this gentle man whose manners charmed her so, whose personality attracted her so tremendously. Gravely she renounced her emotional plane.



up then and began to cry; helpless tears that wrung him.

"And you loved to give?"

"O God! I adored to give."

"Then why make a song and dance about it now? Be honest. Be straight with yourself. What are we greedy for in life? The opportunity to give—not to take. To give is the highest form of spiritual satisfaction. Why kick and whine when you've had the opportunity. I never have. It's passed me by."

HE looked at her wryly—hating her a little. Why must she always flick him down just when he was going to rise—expand?

"I haven't had a square deal in life."

"Why should you expect it? Many don't get it."

"To-morrow I start all over again."

"No you don't. You recommence at a little job. That's what *you* don't like. There is no starting all over again once you're born; nothing so clean, and clear cut, so satisfying. One just goes dribbling along."

"God! I can't sit here."

"You can, but you probably won't. I expected that."

"Do you mind frightfully if we walk?"

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"You cannot walk anywhere. You are bound to end up somewhere."

She thought, "This is going to be terribly difficult," as she went to the cloakroom to get her cloak.

Her plain little face was paper-white.

She thought, "Once I let him really get going, he is capable of anything to-night. I must check him up all the time. How he'll hate me for it. It isn't fair I should have to do it when I'd love—oh! I'd so adore to do the other thing; to let the colour, and the music, and the emotion run wild!"

She fastened her quietness—that carefully acquired quietness she had built out of hours and hours of solitary thinking—tightly round her. She clipped it in place with the oddest, the most self-conscious prayers for help that were ever uttered; absurd fragments of long-ago forgotten pleas for goodness, little bits of hymns that came back to her almost with the childish lisp still on them.

She thought, "I mustn't let him get to the surface to-night, or he'll jump off. This is a real emotional crisis such as you read about in books, and see on the stage."

And all her self-discipline was at his service, and all that she had wrought that was beautiful, and durable, out of solitary and unasking life.

They wandered for miles and miles along the Embankment. She had the dazed impression of walking round and round on a gold and ebony plate to which there was no rim—and all the time he talked. How he talked! He threw his life at her in lumps he just tore out and always, always she gravely watered his head. She denied him ambiguity, she denied him drama. She denied him everything.

"What is there to go on for?"

"I really don't know, Mr. Drydell."

"Then why the hell should I!"

"To discover I suppose."

"My wife has left me. My baby died. I have lost my job. I am tired."

"So are other people. So am I—so are half the people in the office, even the bosses. They don't twang a ukulele about it—'Sonny, b-h-oy.'"

"You are so hard!"

"No. Nothing so complimentary—just common sense."

"There is something so easy about snapping it, snapping the power of going on, going out—Easy."

She thought, "If I leave him to-night he will do it. He has been brooding, and brooding, and brooding."

She moved in a mist of pain.

"You'd better go home."

"And leave you to do yourself in?"

"Why not?"

(*Continued on page* 180)

These Eventful Weeks

By the Rt. Hon the Earl of Birkenhead P.C; G.C.S.I.

The past weeks represent an eventful period in the history of our country. Steps have been taken, and decisions reached, which may well affect the Empire to a degree scarcely recognised by their authors. Lord Birkenhead deals pertinently with Disestablishment, Empire development, and the taxation of food, in his clear-sighted review of current events

The Archbishop of Canterbury, round whom, it is predicted, many ecclesiastical and political storms are likely to centre during the next few months

IN the first place we have seen the Convocation of Canterbury pass a resolution which, for better or worse, brings the Church of England at least one degree nearer Disestablishment. I may claim not to have been greatly surprised by this event. When, by what has always seemed to me an unfortunate blunder, the new Prayer Book was rejected by the House of Commons, I wrote a letter to the Press which aroused some comment.

That I was right the events of the last weeks prove. The bishops have now decided that they, "in the exercise of their legal or administrative discretion, will be guided by the proposals set forth in the Book of 1928." What else could they do? Though they have been obliged to bow to the decision of the House of Commons (now, alas! bereft of the valuable counsels of Mr. Saklatvala) they clearly cannot claim to take action against minor ecclesiastics who indulge in the performance of rites which the bishops themselves approved in their new and rejected Prayer Book.

We are thus at a deadlock. Two alternatives lie before the Church: further muddle or Disestablishment. The Anglican Church is sufficiently English to be able to muddle along for a considerable period; muddling through has always been understood, not without reason, to be one of the bases of our national greatness. On the other hand, Disestablishment must, under existing circumstances, make an ever-increasing appeal to fervent Churchmen. It seems to me that the Church, *as a religious body*, has little to lose and much to gain by Disestablishment. It is certainly monstrous that a coalition of "Jixes" and Saklatvalas should be able to shelve the carefully considered reforms of the governing body of the Church. *Politically*, however, both Church and State would suffer greatly from Disestablishment. It is improbable that the bishops of a disestablished church would still be permitted to sit in the House of Lords, unless at the same time representatives of other great churches sat there. While I am not suggesting that the Roman Catholic Church, for example, is not at least as conservative as the Anglican, there are other bodies, who could claim representation, whose views might be very different. There is thus a possibility of a recrudescence of political strife between the various churches, and for this reason alone Disestablishment is undesirable.

Sir William Jowitt, whose recent conversion to Socialism is reviewed with characteristic frankness by our contributor

TO turn to less spiritual subjects, I may be allowed to make a few comments on the political happenings of the last few weeks. We have seen the Socialist Party elected on a programme deliberately designed to appeal to the grossest and greediest appetites of the mob. As was only to be expected with the new, enlarged franchise, this platform was successful. It is small consolation to observe the discomfort in which the new Government has wallowed ever since it took office, though the spectacle is certainly entertaining. We have seen Sir William Jowitt, who had made his mark in the Liberal Party, as an earnest opponent of nationalisation and Socialism; who, during his election campaign, warmly recommended Mr. Lloyd George's proposals to his constituents, and stated that "the country will be restored to prosperity by the hard work, initiative and enterprise of the individual, and it is the duty of the Government of the country to see that no vested interests, however powerful" (and, I would add, however constituted), "shall hamper the enterprise of those individuals working to the national advantage"; who alternated between calling Mr. Baldwin a "Performing Flea" and a "Sleeping Beauty" (as opposed to Mr. Lloyd George, the "Strong Man")—we have seen this gentleman mysteriously translated within three days of his election as a Liberal to the high office of Attorney-General in a Socialist Ministry.

Mr. Amery
Lord Sankey
The Premier
Mr. Lloyd George
Mr. Snowden
Mr. Winston Churchill

IT is, however, not without satisfaction that the country has observed the promotion to the Woolsack of Lord Sankey, a man of great judicial experience, whom I would describe, politically, as a Liberal Conservative with Socialist leanings. We must all feel relief that the Woolsack has been spared a certain terrible affliction, which the Appeal Court has not been able to avoid.

These incongruities of personnel, however, are small beside the incongruities of attitude between the Socialist Party during the Election and the same since taking office. When it is recalled that a large majority of the present Socialist members belong to the Independent Labour Party, which, just prior to the Election, declared itself a warm adherent of the more extreme and stupid Socialist fallacies; when it is recalled also that the policy of the late Conservative Government, in every field of administration, was held up to execration by every Socialist candidate in every constituency; it must come as a slight shock to even the most blasé spectator to observe the firmness with which the new ministry insists on making itself a pale and somewhat tremulous counterfeit of its predecessor.

To take only one example of this change of front, both the present Prime Minister and every other Socialist, both before and during the Election, publicly bewailed the alleged "administrative persecution" of the officials charged with administering unemployment benefit under the late Government; pressed now to confirm or deny this charge in the House of Commons, the new Minister of Labour, Miss Bondfield, has utterly denied it!

I NEED not labour examples of this inconsistency. The King's Speech sounded the first note of discord; his ministers' speeches have not varied it. Only in one respect—and that a very mischievous one—has the new Government as yet shown any real change of spirit from its predecessor. To the indiscretions of Mr. Snowden I must now turn.

Mr. Snowden, for reasons best intelligible to those who remember the sour Radicalism of the beginning of this century, is determined always to show himself an enemy of Empire. He has never failed, during all the years of his public career, to make as much mischief as possible between the various entities which make up the British Empire. As Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Socialist Ministry he is not permitting any feeble sense of responsibility to interfere with his accustomed intellectual habit. Speaking in the House a few days ago he declared, the wish being father to the thought, that "we cannot look to any very large increase of trade under the most favourable circumstances" in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. India, he insisted, "holds infinitely greater possibilities for trade than all the Dominions"; therefore, "I have not confined the possibilities of Empire development to Australia, New Zealand and Canada, but have extended it to those parts of Empire which, with their teeming populations and a low standard of living, offer, as I say, unimaginable opportunities for the development of trade." A more discouraging attitude towards the patriotic Dominions overseas cannot be imagined.

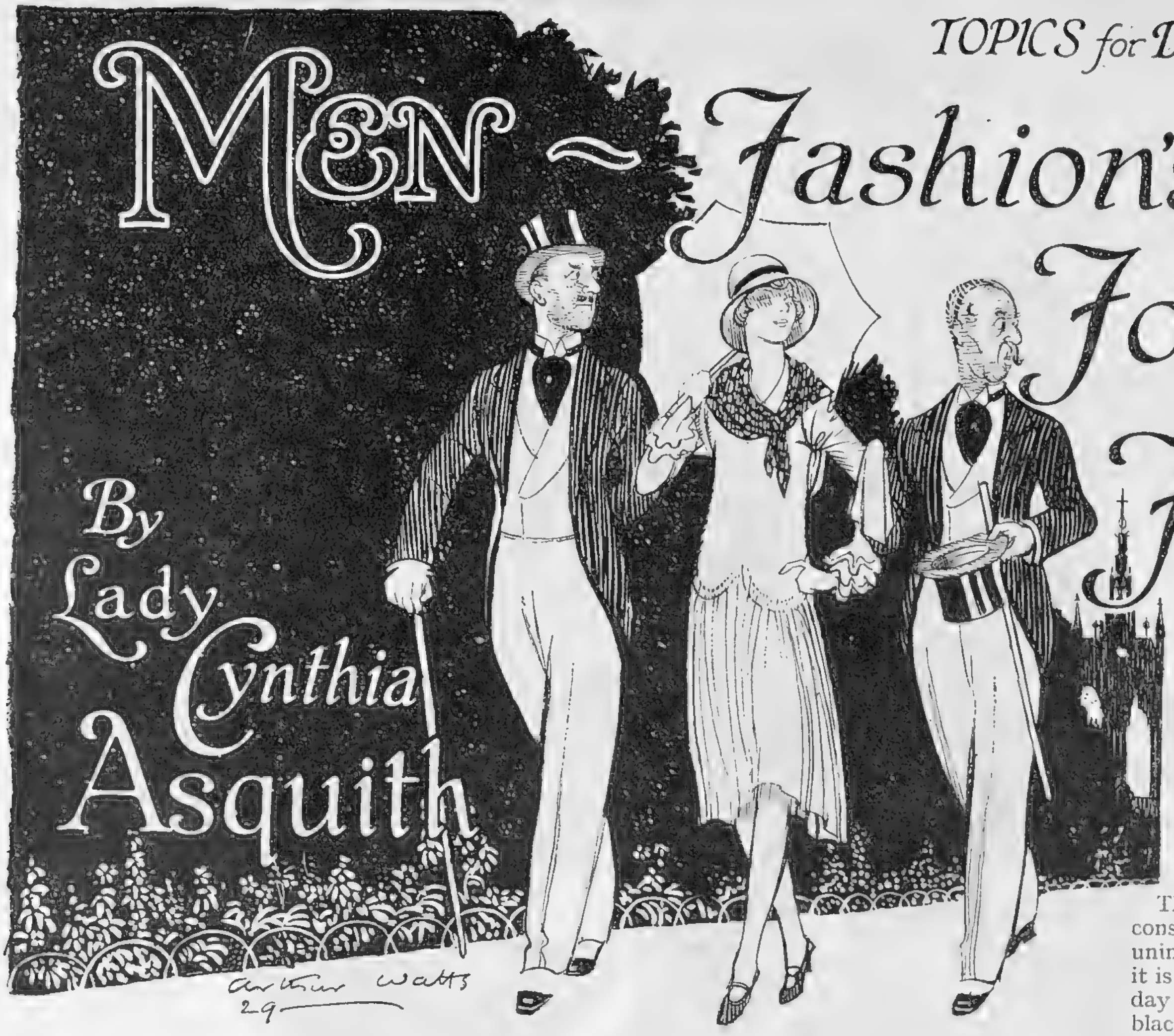
Mr. Amery in the same debate quoted from an article recently published in a weekly newspaper by Mr. Snowden in which this incorrigible anti-Imperialist stated that:

> "A number of things have happened recently which have set some people's minds wondering whether the British Empire is just an expensive luxury for the British taxpayer. . . . Our million and a half of unemployed . . . get little satisfaction from the knowledge that they are citizens of an Empire on which the sun never sets. The British manufacturer, who finds himself more and more excluded from the Dominion markets by the ever-rising tariff walls they build, cannot see why his Empire patriotism should make him cheerfully pay taxes to advertise the products of the Dominions, which are to a great extent in competition with what Great Britain could produce . . .
>
> "Our trade with the Dominions . . . arose because Great Britain lent vast sums to those countries for their development, and the exports from there are largely in payment of the interest upon these loans . . . If Great Britain had lent as freely to foreign countries as to the Dominions, she would have had a corresponding volume of trade with those foreign countries."

ONE would imagine that Mr. Snowden did not know that Australia and New Zealand, with 7½ million inhabitants—to take only one example—bought £75,000,000 worth of British goods last year, compared with the £70,000,000 worth bought by the 115 million people of France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Portugal; the £52,000,000 worth bought by the 150 million people of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland; and the £51,000,000 worth bought by the 130 million people of North

(*Continued on page* 183)

TOPICS for DISCUSSION



MEN — Fashion's Foils and Fools

By Lady Cynthia Asquith

Our Contributor laments that men have not sufficient moral courage to deviate from the narrow path of conformity in their dress

MEN are very fond of deriding us for our subserviency to Fashion. The woman who buys an unbecoming style of dress because a saleswoman says " It is being very much worn, Moddum," is a threadbare joke.

I do not grudge men their laughter, but how easy it would be to retaliate. For does not the average man's passion for conformity condemn him to far more suffering than Fashion inflicts on women ? Before this summer has given us anything worthy of calling a heat wave we had been vouchsafed a few heat ripples, and these ripples awoke the perennial discussion as to the desirability of a reform in male attire. Familiar head-lines reappeared. " Proposed revolution in men's clothes." " More suitable summer wear." " Are collars indispensable ? " etc., etc.

But does anything ever result from these rhetorical questionings ? Never ! No doubt the inconsistency of our climate is largely responsible for the failure met by the advocates of a " summer style." Our heat waves never last long enough to break down British endurance and make a sartorial revolution inevitable.

But, even allowing for this, does not the conservatism of male clothing, its inadaptability to changing seasons, show that male conventionality is an even stronger force than feminine vanity ? Far be it from me to belittle feminine vanity. It's inspiration is wonderful. " Deeds that won the Empire " pale before the heroism of women's endurances on the altar of Fashion. Think of our great grandmothers. What unimaginable sufferings moulded their wasp waists ! Think of their contemporary the Chinese lady, with her tortured feet, clenched like fists !

But when women suffer it is usually from the laudable wish to look what they think—rightly or wrongly—their best. The mere dread of being conspicuous would not make them suffer in silence. Whereas a fashionable man submits to his sufferings just for the sake of being a pebble on the beach. He cannot bear to attract attention, an inconvenience women bear with fortitude.

While Jill's ambition is to surpass, Jack's is merely to pass in a crowd.

WHEN a woman conforms to a fashion that is unbecoming to her, it is not so much from the fear of singularity as from some other vanity-bred motive. For instance, she will wear short skirts though her legs are like bolsters, not for the sake of conformity, but because she knows that were she to shroud her legs it would be assumed that she had something to conceal. Her legs would become legendary. People would imagine them even worse than they were. Since to conceal an imperfection is to proclaim it, what she cannot effectually smuggle she finds it wiser to declare at the *douane* of criticism. The exposure of those twin sorrows, her legs, is not prompted by the fear of being *different* from others. If she had the best legs in the family she would have no objection to wearing a skirt noticeably shorter than her sisters.

The mere dread of being conspicuous seems such an uninspiring motive, yet this it is that on a fine summer's day imprisons men in frowzy black discomfort. Whatever inconveniences and deformities the vagaries of Fashion may have imposed on women, I am sure that *collectively* they would not have submitted to the long monotony of discomfort imposed on men.

Now that we have achieved such delightful comfort, would it not require a veritable Mussolini of a modist to lead us back into discomfort ? Could we be prevailed upon to return to the anguish of tight lacing, the filth of scavenger skirts (long enough to bring banana skins home in their folds !) and the bathos of teed-up flora and fauna hats skewered to our tortured scalps ? I very much doubt it.

But think how long men have endured monotonous discomfort ! Imagine dressing in thick cloth and throttling collars ! Those pre-war balls when dancing was really strenuous exercise ! Crimson partners in melting collars mopping their brows ! I can see them now. How they must have longed to snatch the fans tantalisingly flaunted by provokingly cool, gossamer-clad girls.

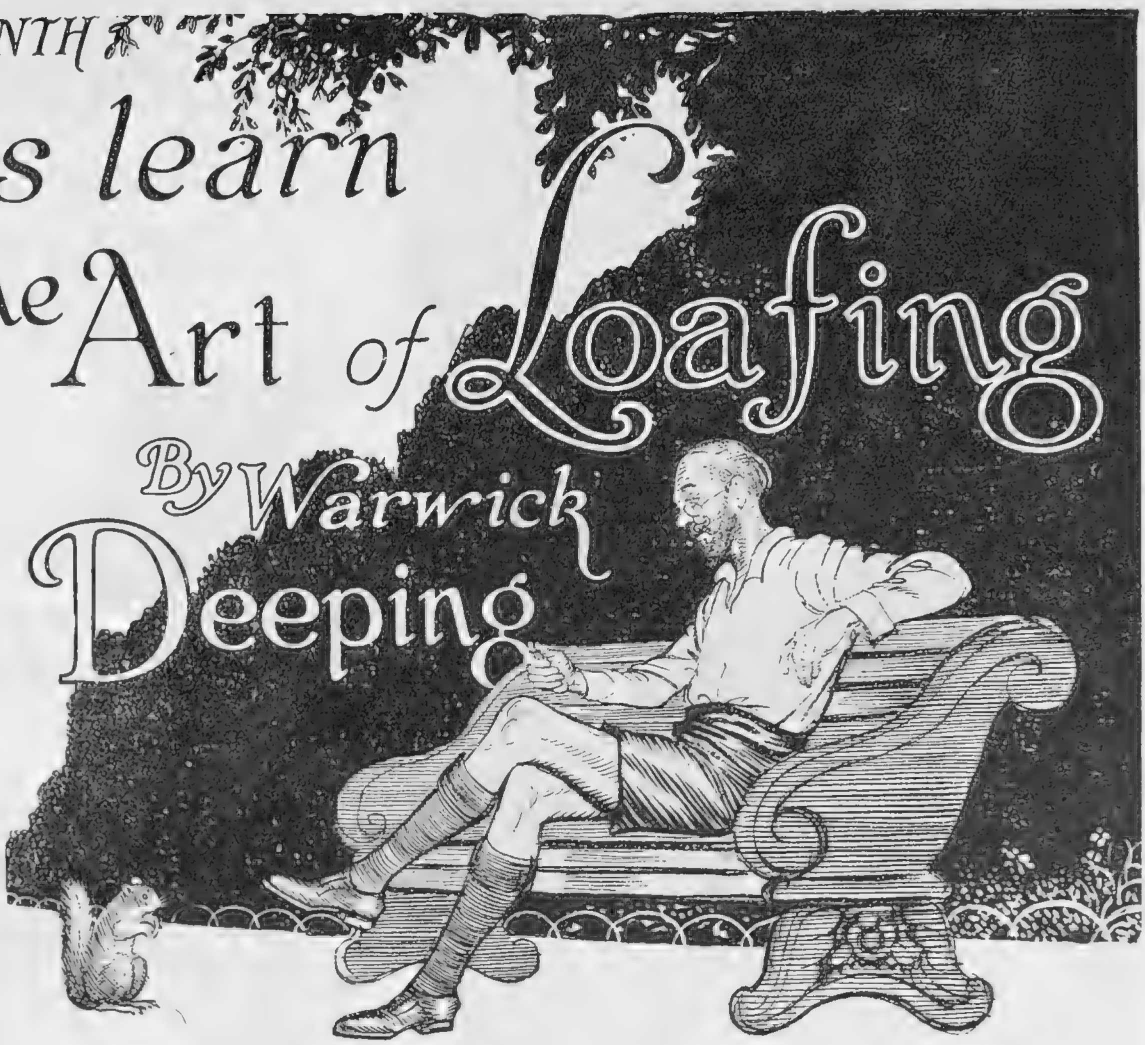
TAKE perhaps the most extreme case of all. A fashionable cricket match at Lord's on a sweltering day. Smiling women, as cool as lettuce, glide past men who, with beaded bubbles winking at the brim of shadeless top hats, moan and puff in stuffy black coats and stiff collars. Their sufferings must surely be appalling, and yet can one imagine a man with sufficient moral courage to deviate from the narrow path of conformity and appear in something more rational ? And if he does, is he not hailed as a bounder ? The Englishman who, even in the country,

(*Continued on page* 154)

MONTH by MONTH

Let us learn the Art of Loafing

By Warwick Deeping



The art of intelligent loafing may be for the few, but if this earth is to be something better than a vast Piccadilly Circus it will have to be relearnt by the many

A WEEK or two ago a motoring correspondent informed us that in America they have instituted a crawling limit as well as a speed limit, and that on certain roads, unless you bucket along at forty miles an hour, you will be clutched by the law. This same correspondent hinted that progress would display itself inevitably upon our roads in a compulsory speeding up of all traffic. The dawdler would be regarded both as a nuisance and a menace. He would be eliminated.

The prospect is intriguing. One has visions of the Portsmouth road on the Sabbath becoming like an elongated Fifth Avenue in New York, with controls at all cross-roads, and traffic shot in chunks through Arcady. At the word "Go" the mass of cars will accelerate like a field starting at Brooklands. At the word "Stop" there will be a banging of bumpers for a quarter of a mile or so, a most stupendous clashing.

There will be no obstructionists, no idlers who come out to gaze. "Progress" will be painted on all sign boards. We shall be made to realise that our roads are arteries of commerce, and that the blood of prosperity must flow Dawdling, strolling, white corpuscles will have to be speeded up.

But some of us—a few—will raise our mild voices, and protest. We shall say, "We do not want to be enclosed in steel cases and shot like shells athwart the landscape," and perhaps the authorities will show compassion. Upon some minor roads the notice will be pasted, "Crawling allowed here," or "You may stop for three minutes and look at the trees."

PERHAPS some of us may remember that delightful picture in *Punch*, "Mrs. Smith stops to pick a flower," and because of that flower confusion and fury spread for miles. Or in the innocence of one's heart one may say, "I will walk to-day in wild and silent places where machines are not.' I said this to myself a week or two ago, and in the innocence of my heart I ventured upon a part of the Pilgrim's Way only to find that a suburban motor-bike club had chosen the track for a stunt test!

But is it necessary? For we loafers have a case. If Progress will refuse us the roads at least they might leave us the tracks and the field paths. Or if Progress is country minded it might park itself, and come to the chosen spot upon flat and reverent feet. A generation that ceases to walk will cease to see—the things that matter.

For the inevitable paradox is there for the picking. Man may be most mobile when he is sitting still. He may see most when he has not rushed out wilfully to see. More sky is visible when you are lying on your back.

The art of intelligent loafing may be for the few. To some it may appear as a dead art, but if this earth is to be something better than a vast Piccadilly Circus the art of intelligent loafing will have to be relearnt by the many. The illusion of speed grows on us, but to be no more than a rifle bullet fired at a target is to be three-dimensional. One might say that intelligent loafing has in it the possibilities of the fourth dimension, for it implies mind, and mind that is super-sensuous. The toe of your boot, rightly applied, is all that is required to give mere speed.

Conversely, the toe might be applied elsewhere, and there are occasions when we dawdling folk would wish to have it applied to the posterior of all this futile hustle. Though to tilt at the petrol pump may be as quixotic as tilting at windmills.

THE path of the problem is this, "Do we wish to see?" if so, we must learn to sit and loaf. Or is this beautiful world of ours to become even less than chunks and cubes of concrete and miles of hoardings? Haste misses things, both sensuously and spiritually. The old star-gazers must have had their stillness. The artist sits to paint. The searcher after the infinitely little is perched on his stool with his eye to the microscope. Lie prone on a stretch of turf and look, and the amazing life that becomes visible in that world of the weeds and the grasses will astonish you. Follow an ant, or look steadily into the cup of a flower.

There is city loafing as well as country loafing, and to the intelligent loafer the city's possibilities are infinite, though loafing is not what it was. To see life—sit on a seat. It is amazing how life comes to you when you sit on a seat. One may have life histories poured out to one in a London park.

Even in gardens there are people who would speed things up. They cannot wait upon the rhythm of nature; they come and go like a motor-mower. Even some of the wise and the expert have fallen to the sin of too much egotism. The flowers blush for them. "Yes, that cost me a guinea," or "Come and see my Eremurus Gigantia," and the emphasis is on the "my." But even when we pause to gaze we are not allowed to look at our leisure, for this restless horticulturist has the vice of the collector. He does not want us to look at the thing as a thing of beauty, he wants us to realise

(*Continued on page* 158)

Elinor Glyn

Contributes a controversial article of feminine interest

Though we cannot always agree with our authoress, we must applaud the courage which prompts her to tell the truth, as she sees it, about her fellow countrywomen and a typical American institution

The Beauty PARLOUR

A study of the hands of Miss Marion Morehouse, which won honours for their photographer, Nickolas Murray, in the Exhibition of Beautiful Hands in Photographic Art, New York

AMERICAN women owe a great debt to the go-ahead promoters of Beauty Parlours, who have brought the possibility of artistic treatment of faces and figures within the grasp of the professional worker in shop or office. There are these delightful establishments for every purse—and in most American towns you can find one or more in every block. They are considered as necessary to well-being as a baker's shop would be. The most hard-working wife and mother goes there to be rendered as pleasing as possible at least once a week—and who can calculate the psychological effect all this has upon the womanhood of a country—or upon the males ?

To know you are waved and groomed and prettily touched up gives more self-confidence than even a clear conscience !

American women, who very often have to do their own housework, perform all the parts which the wonderful mechanical appliances cannot do with their hands in indiarubber gloves, to avoid spoiling the nail polish, or reddening the skin, so that when work is over they can go to their bridge parties or clubs in the afternoon with no evidences of hard usage to make them unsightly.

Beauty is a cult, and the effect of this on the subconscious minds of the mothers is to produce, each year, more lovely children.

Essentially graceful and beautifully formed, these hands will gain for their possessor the admiration of all

NO American girl would go about the streets, as I observe such dozens of English girls do, without gloves, or, at best, the gloves held in their hands, which even in the summer are weather-beaten and red—the beauty parlour manicurist would be so terribly shocked and sweethearts would be put off ! The English girls seem to be indifferent about such points ; you will see the loveliest faces, in restaurants here, peeping from the becoming small hats, and then you get a shock when you look down to the hands ! But if there were Beauty Parlours every two or three hundred yards, in every quarter, Mary would step into one and be given the right touch in a few moments, or, if she is so freckled, or has a shiny nose, if her hair is dank, or her complexion pimply, she can, in her luncheon hour, be massaged and given a suitable treatment which will make her look infinitely better. Beauty Parlours keep women up to the mark ; they discourage slovenliness, and all this promotes self-respect.

Charwomen go to Beauty Parlours in America. We would laugh at Mrs. Jones for doing so here, so Mrs. Jones and her like must go ungroomed!

Moralists have suggested that this great appreciation of appearance encourages female vanity; but this is as nonsensical as the old eighteenth-century court ladies thinking Marie Antoinette must have a disease because she wanted a daily bath!

To look at well-cared-for skin and nicely waved hair is surely more agreeable than putting up with wrinkles and straggly locks, just because Nature has wished them upon you!

WITH their natural advantages of feature and complexion, imagine what the English girls would look like if they had a Beauty Parlour to slip into round every corner! Why does not some enterprising capitalist start a whole chain of them in every neighbourhood? Girls would soon prefer to go to them than to spend so much on their cigarettes; they would soon become as popular as the Woolworth shops—and the blemishes which the want of proper care produces would vanish.

A Beauty Parlour does everything for you—there are, of course, marvellous ones for the rich already in England. It is establishments in large numbers for the girl who works that I would advocate, so that once or twice a week she would have facial treatments and her hands taken care of as she goes to and from her job.

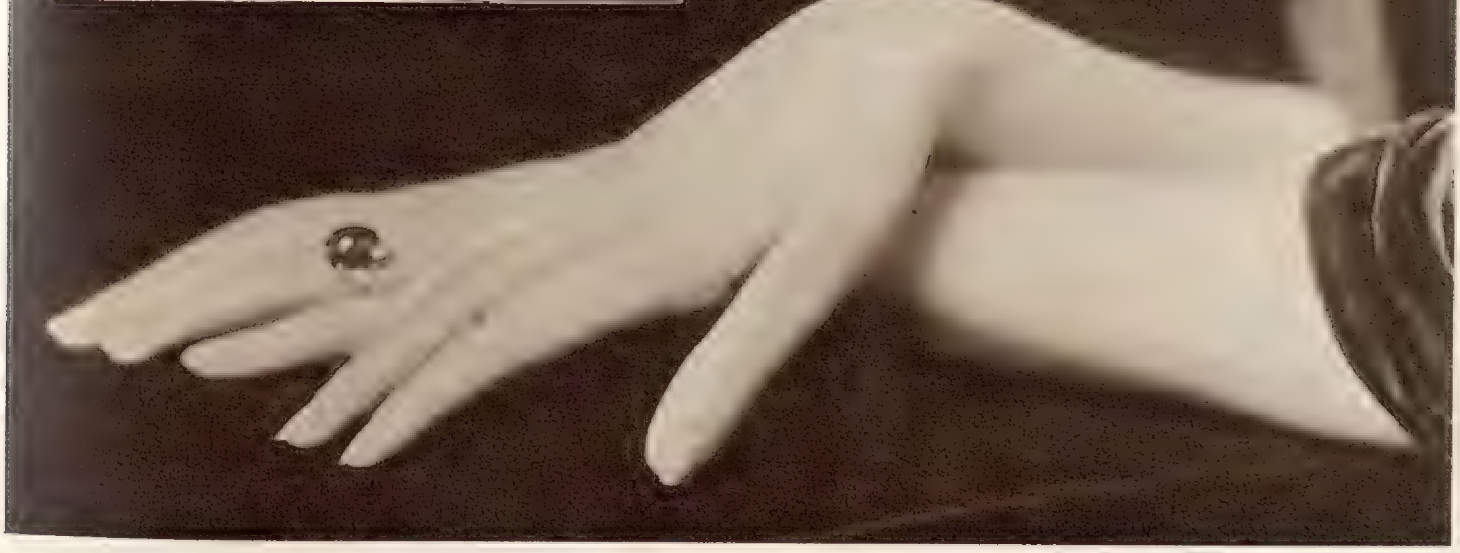
No girl ought just to "grow" like Topsy.

But since at present the Beauty Parlours are so limited in number here, I would like to stir up the girls to taking more care of their hands and skins at home. Red hands with ill-kept nails

(*Continued on page* 155)

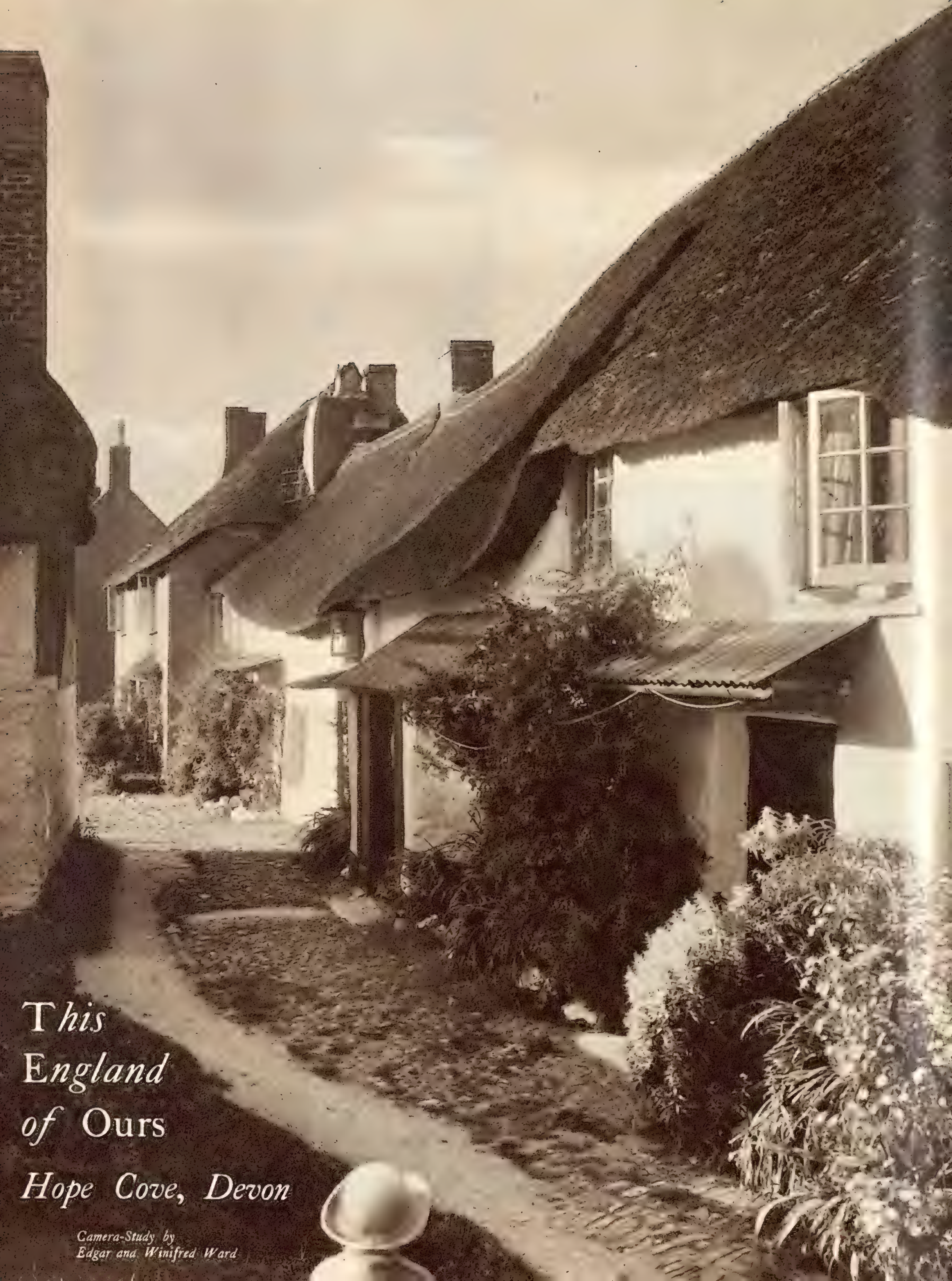
The hands of Miss Marion Morehouse, owing their beauty, perhaps, rather to careful grooming and manicure than to perfection of form

Charm, intelligence and loveliness, three of woman's most priceless possessions, are expressed in the face of Fraulein Lise Goldarbeiter, recently crowned as Beauty Queen of the World



Photographers—Pach Brothers

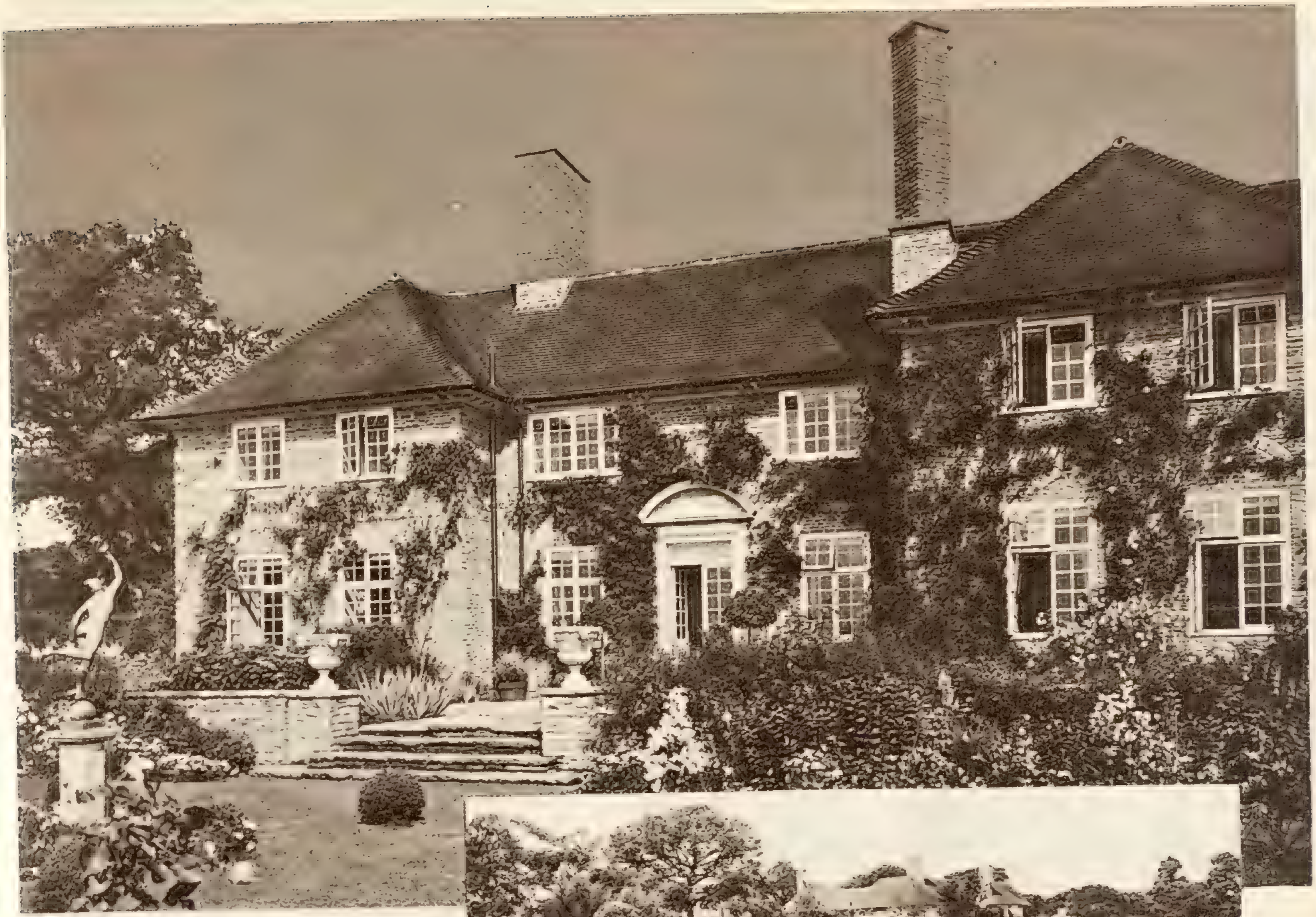
The hands of Miss Germaine Bajot win the one hundred and fifty dollar prize in the recent exhibition



This England of Ours

Hope Cove, Devon

Camera-Study by Edgar and Winifred Ward

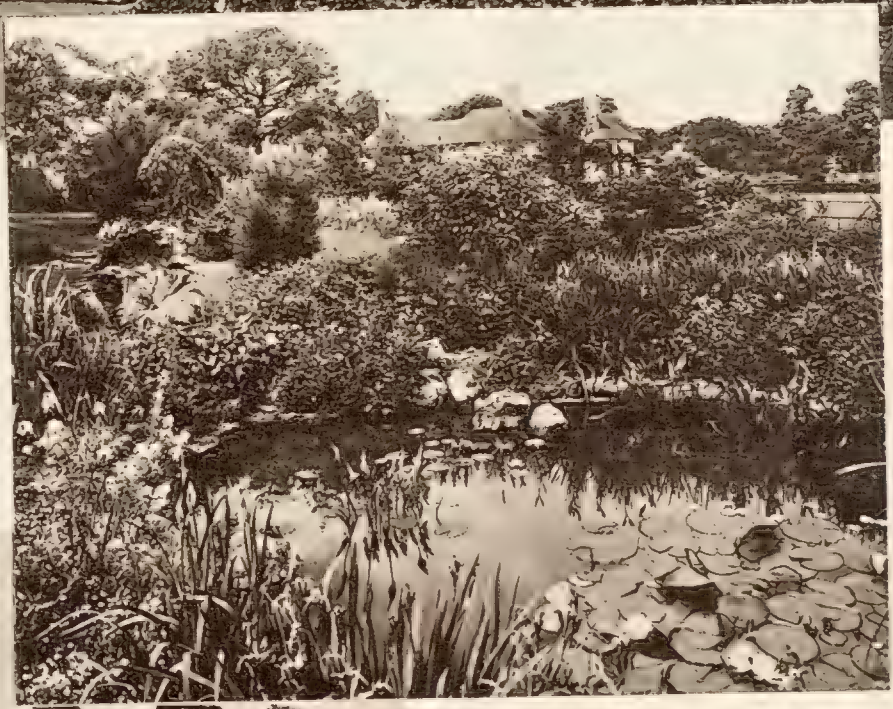


Built entirely of local stone, Stowell Hill stands on the summit of a wooded mound. The picture above gives a comprehensive view of the terrace and a glimpse of the Rose-garden.

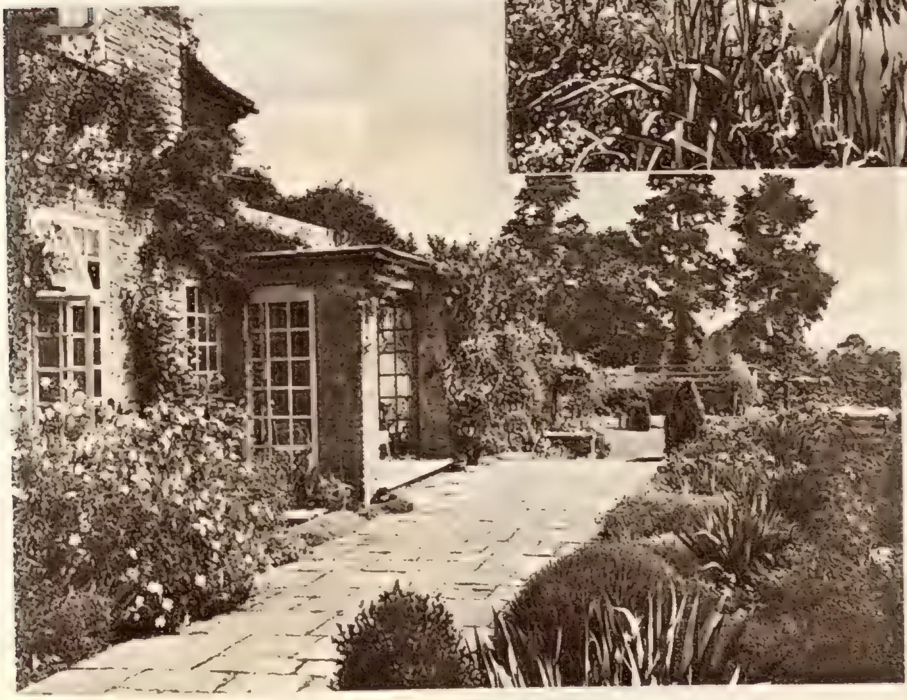
Other People's Houses:

Stowell Hill, Templecombe

The property of Mrs. McCreery.

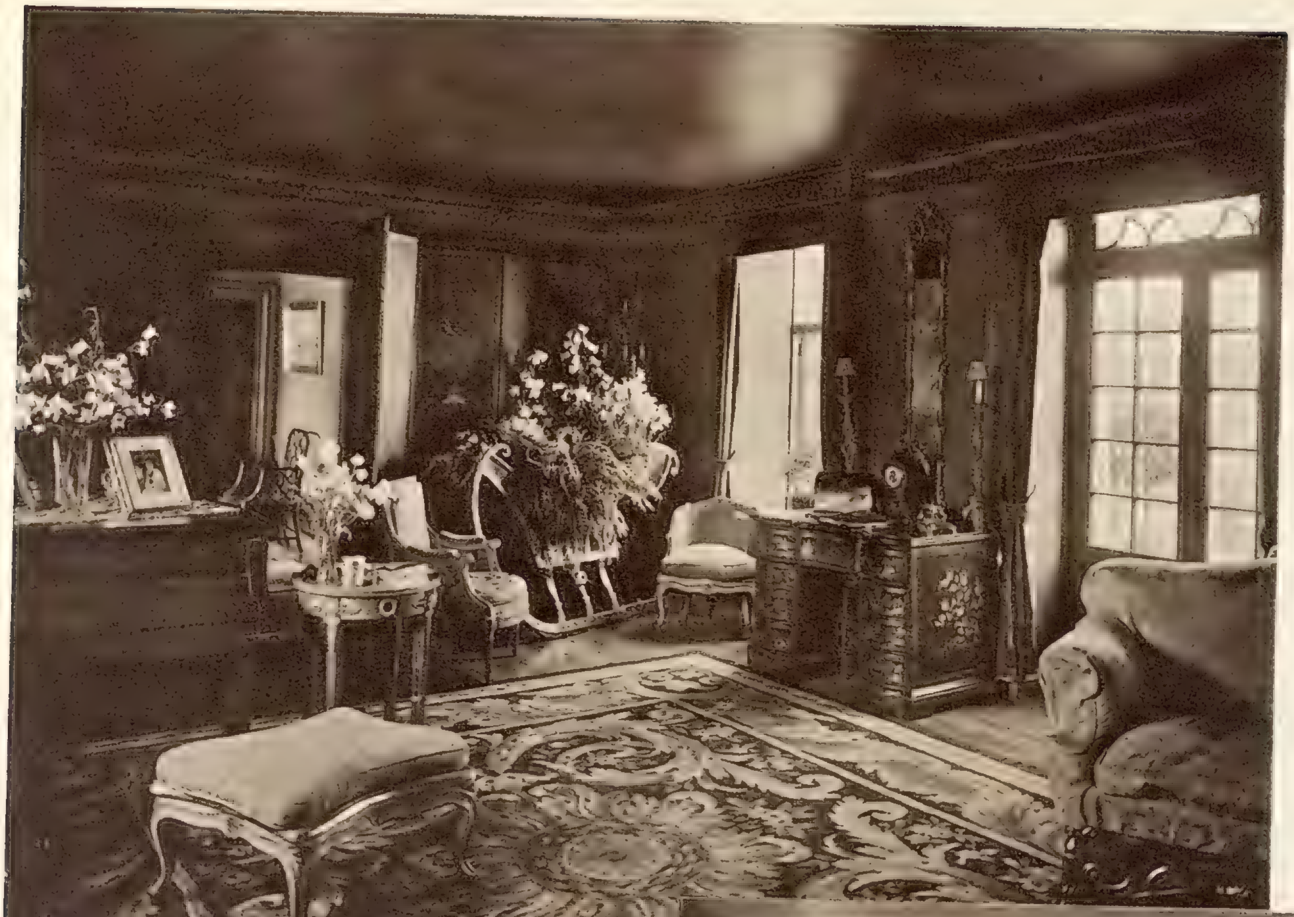


The lily-pond, set amid shady shrubs and rock plants, is a particularly treasured spot, from where one catches a delightful vista of the house itself as it stands, half-hidden by the many trees that surround it.

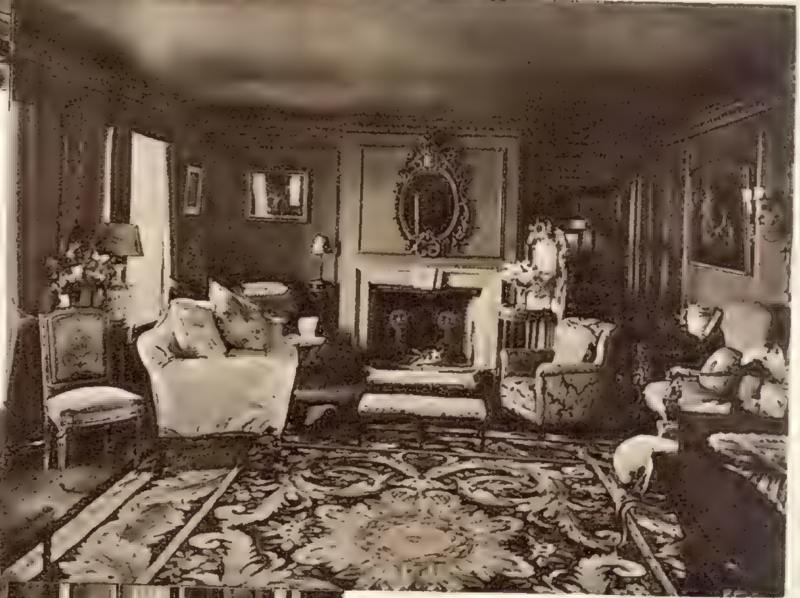


A pathway of squared blocks of local stone is rather a happy breakaway from the more usual crazy paving, and essentially in keeping with the character of the house. This photo (left) shows the loggia and terrace.

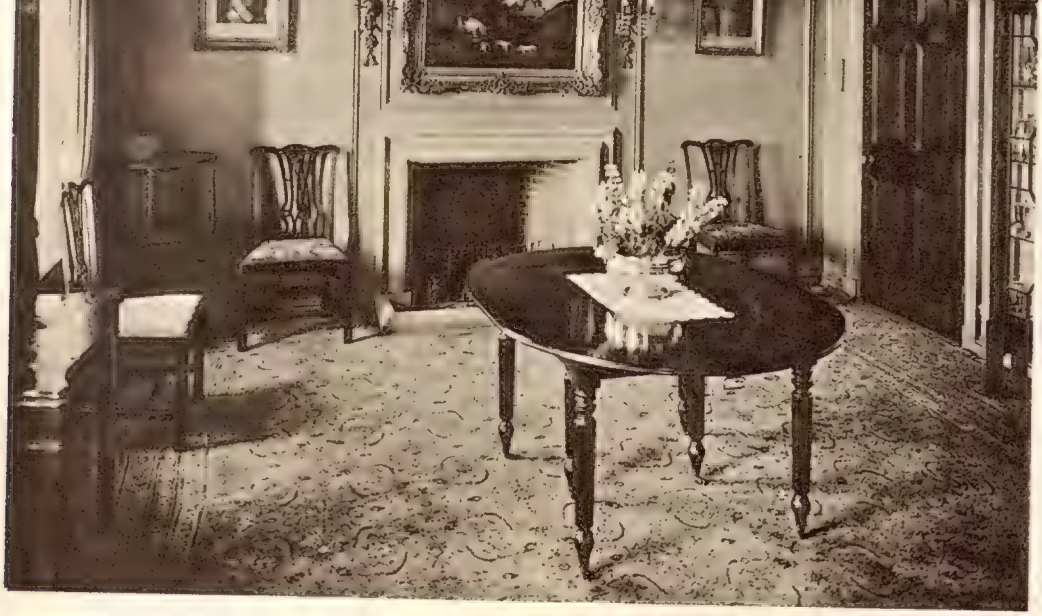
Photographed for this issue of "Britannia & Eve" by Humphrey and Vera Joel



In the Drawing-room the walls and ceiling are painted in a rich greenish blue, with the cornice of undercut Acanthus leaves " picked " out in gold. Near the window is a Russian sledge of black and gold, filled with flowers, and to the right, a tortoise-shell lacquer writing table.



Here is another aspect of the same room, showing clearly the influence of Chippendale, and the French eighteenth-century taste. The old carpet of the well-known Savonerie make, is a particularly enviable possession.



The decorative scheme of the dining-room is carried out mainly in the same colours as the drawing-room. Note the typical Morland study over the fireplace, and the exquisite gracefulness of the Chippendale furniture.

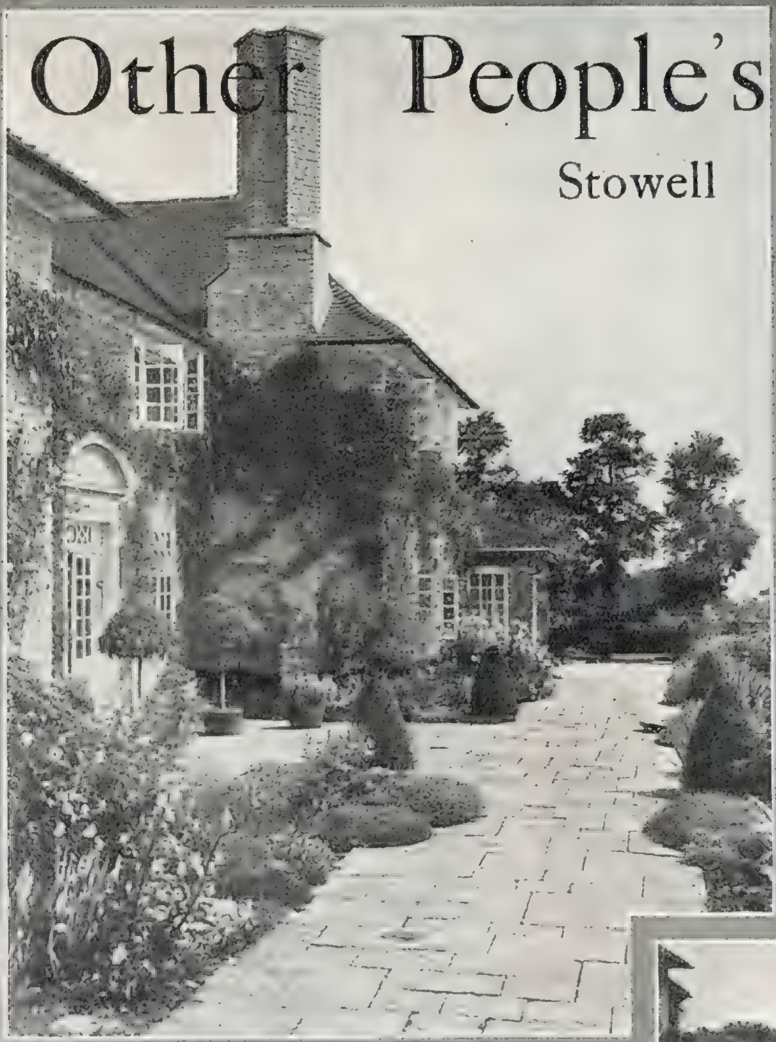
Other People's Houses

Stowell Hill, Templecombe

The
Property of Mrs. McCreery

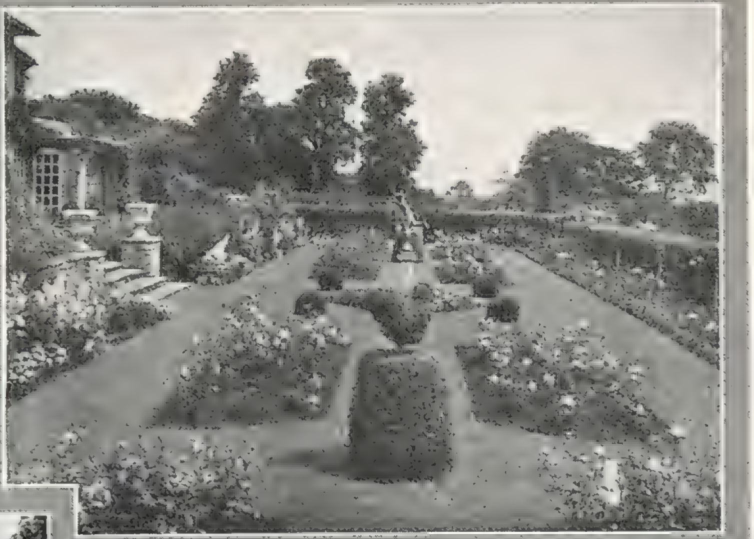
Pictured by Humphrey
and Vera Joel

Described by Peggy Fremantle

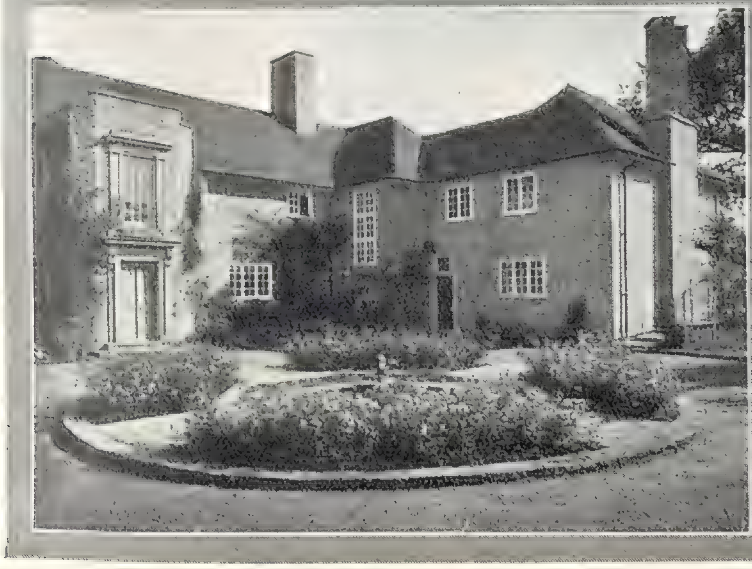


The terrace on the south side of Stowell Hill. Clever planting on the narrow side-borders gives masses of colour from early spring to late autumn

SOMERSET is the land where the first poets to write in English, as we know it, were found, before the days of Gower and Chaucer. From that time to the present day it has been the inspiration of many a work of art, and well it might, for in its wild and beautiful scenery, the red soil of Devonshire begins in a line running right across the county and with it the balmy climate, where many sub-tropical plants and trees can be grown. In sport, the county is unrivalled both for quality and variety. The duck and pheasant shooting is particularly good, for the birds fly very high owing to the magnificently timbered coverts growing on the wild and precipitous hillsides. In the famous Blackmore Vale Hunt, all sorts and conditions of country can be found, including tricky bank country almost comparable to the West Meath of Ireland, where the cleverest horse is a necessity; the fast fly country of the Sparkford Vale, where only the best blood with a good turn of speed can carry one close behind hounds; and even open brooks, reminiscent of the Holderness country, are not unknown.

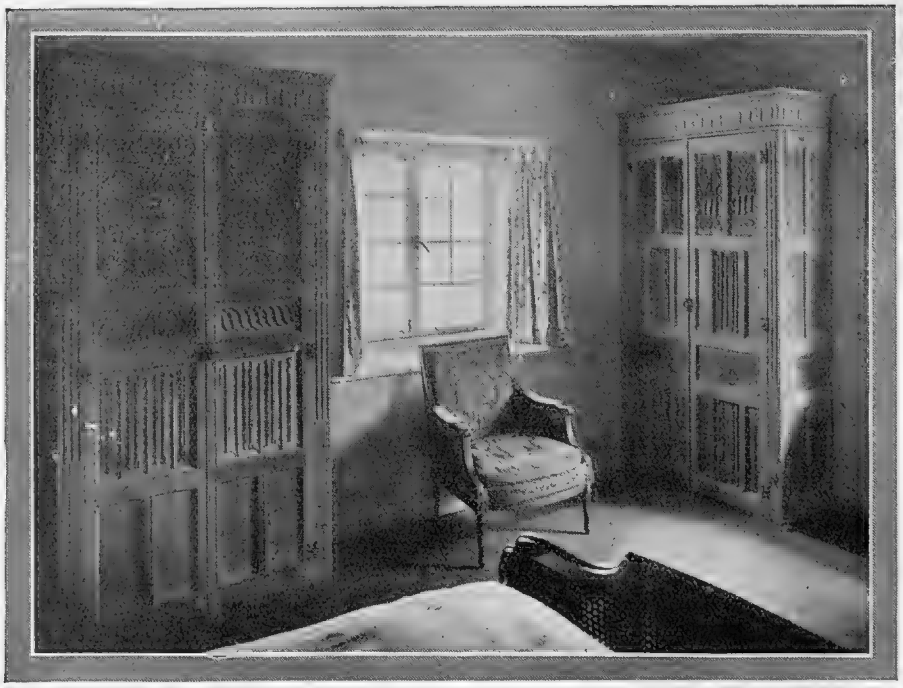


A lead Mercury stands gracefully poised on one toe in the centre of the rose garden, which is enclosed by gay borders of delphiniums, canterbury bells, sweet williams and pinks



The entrance to Stowell Hill, showing the octagonal pool surrounded by paving and beds of polyanthus roses

It is not to be wondered at that such a family as the McCreery's with such sporting tradition and renown, particularly on the polo field, should want to settle in this country.



The photograph shows two cupboards in a bedroom at Stowell Hill, both of which are made up from carved Gothic panels. One cleverly conceals a lavatory basin

The hills and valleys of Somerset lie still in the unchanged serenity which they have had the good fortune to maintain even through this present age of destruction and inept innovation.

BRICK built villas, and outbreaks of the bungalow fungus, are mercifully few and far between, and the green hills remain immune from spots of white and red. From the earliest days of cultivation the architectural style of the farmhouses, and, indeed, all other buildings, has changed but little, the local stone being invariably used in the forms in which it lends itself most readily.

Some four or five miles from Yeovil, in the county of Somerset, stands Montacute, one of the grandest specimens of the architecture of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Montacute was owned by Sir Edward Phelips, Speaker of the House of Commons in that Parliament which escaped the Gunpowder plot, and is still in the possession of that ancient family.

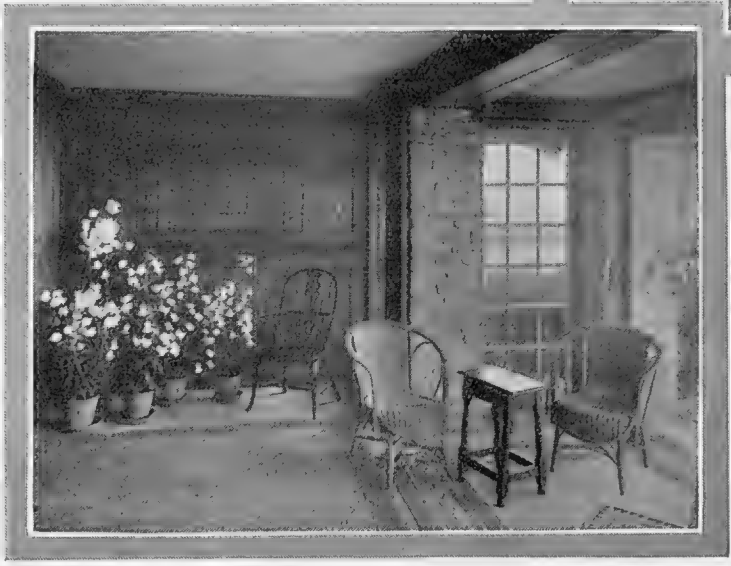
Indicative of the hospitality of the gentlemen of Somerset, dating from days long past, is the inscription above the door of the West porch, which reads "And yours my friends," and again, over the door on the Eastern side, "Through this wide opening gate, none comes too early, none return too late."

There is no dearth of buildings of historical interest. The historian and the architect with a love of research could jointly write a volume on the magnificent remains of Glastonbury, situate in the heart of the county.

IN such a county the builder of a new house must go most warily. No continental modernism must rudely break the gentle development of tradition. Must he then have recourse to stale convention and follow the crowd along the unimaginative way of fake? There is no necessity to do so, in spite of the many beautiful houses in the vicinity, which would make admirable models for reproduction. Imitation is at best a sterile form of art, and the discriminating architect can learn much from the forms of previous centuries while still assisting in the general march of progress. Such a one is Mr. Guy Dawber, who built a house called Stowell Hill in Somerset for Mrs. McCreery. He is a master in the art of making new houses fit their surroundings and his buildings always accord admirably with the tradition of the particular town or countryside in which they are placed. Thus the house at Stowell Hill is built entirely of local stone from the quarry at North Cheriton, not a mile distant from its site. Mrs. McCreery loves the feeling of space, and so placed her house on the summit of a small wooded hill, from which she gets wonderful distant views as far as Shaftesbury and Blandford Downs.

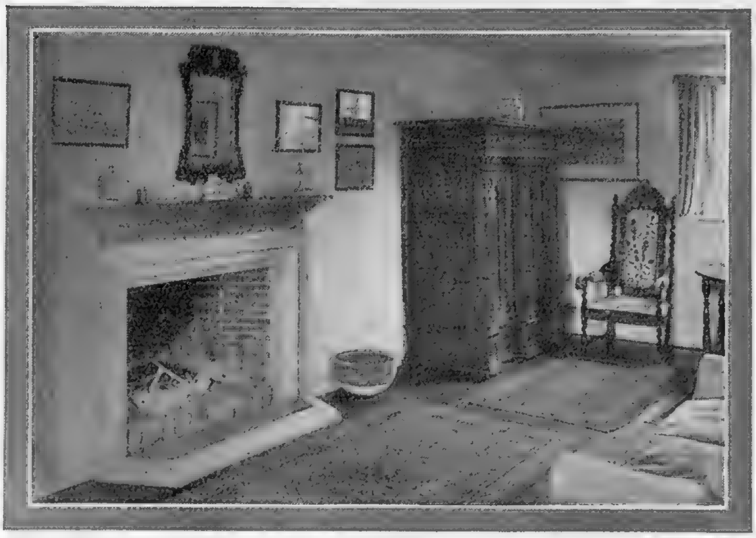
THE exterior of the house is without very much incident, Mr. Dawber having relied principally for his effect on the charm of the yellow buff stone and brown tiled roof, and the excellence of his planning, together with the skilled workmanship of the builders, Messrs. R. G. and W. J. Spiller, of Sherbourne. The only slight defect on the entrance front of the house is, perhaps, the small size of the majority of the windows; there is one window over the front door which is enriched with moulded stone architraves and lintel and is of such admirable proportion that one wishes for more. On the South and West sides of the house, however, there are several garden doors similarly treated which make up for the deficiency.

A charming corner of the
yellow—showing a water-
In this same room, but not
pieces of Chippendale and

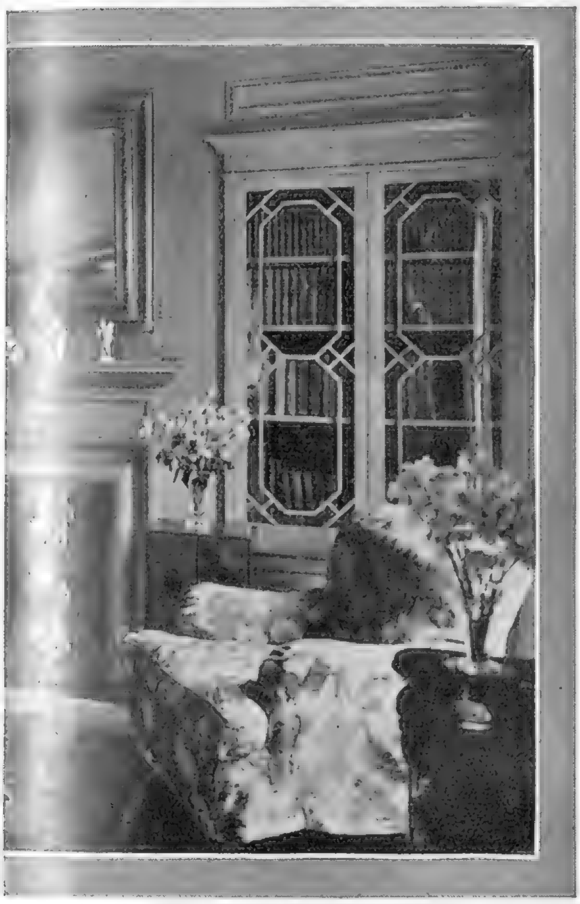


Delicately carved panels, taken from the sides of old Brittany marriage chests, line the walls of the loggia

The wide terrace on the garden front is the making of this side of the house. It is paved with square blocks of the local stone and flanked by a low stone wall, which ends at the broad steps in piers on which stand a pair of fine stone vases. On the lower level, Mercury (in lead) stands poised on one toe among the rose beds. This main rose garden is bounded on the south by a hedge of those delightful



A feature of special interest in the smoking room is the old oak cupboard—a fine specimen of early French craftsmanship



morning-room—where the walls are in a dull colour of Venice, by Callon, over the fireplace. visible in the picture, are several fine some marqueterie chairs and bureau

roses (Pax and Vanity), white and pink. At either end is a smaller rose garden, on a higher level, enclosed with well-grown hedges of Lonicera Nitada. The planning of the terrace and gardens was done entirely by Mrs. McCreery, and executed under her personal supervision and that of her mother, Mrs. Macadam. Their work is, in my opinion, admirable, and I like particularly their idea of different levels in terrace and rose gardens. The planting of small herbaceous borders has also been very skilfully done, a blaze of colour being obtained in confined spaces from spring to late autumn. The roses, when I saw them, were backed at a respectful distance by masses of delphiniums, canterbury bells, sweet williams and border pinks.

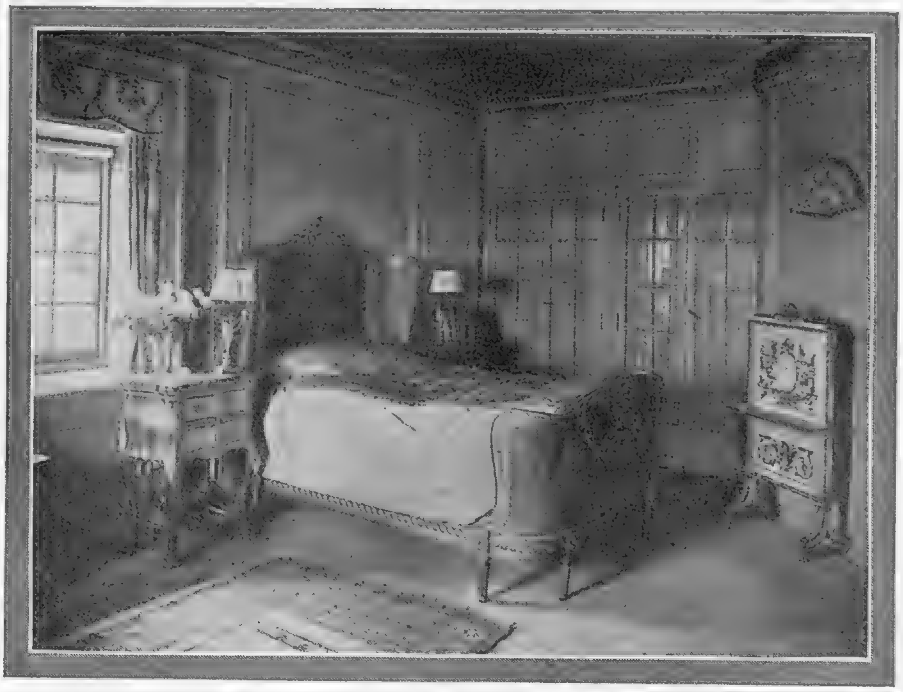
Mrs. McCreery has also made a study of flowering shrubs and has many fine and rare specimens in her garden. A fine summer specimen is her well-grown yellow phlomis which stands on the corner of the terrace and spreads over the path. Her lily pool and rock garden are also admirably laid out, though the latter so recently that it has not yet been fully planted. The fine, large rocks are old and weathered and were brought from Sherborne. As a centrepiece to the drive in the front door, a charming small lily pool has been made. It is octagonal in shape and quite formal in conception. A leaden cupid with bowed head and spread wings stands in the centre of the pool, and in the paving round it are four beds of polyanthus roses. There are several Italian wrought iron gates in the garden, though the effect of some of them is to a great extent lost, as they have no brick or stone piers and stand unsupported in the midst of yew hedges.

WHEN devising the decorative schemes for the interior of her house, Mrs. McCreery enlisted the help of Mr. Ernest Williams. The decorations are of the simplest, but are always interesting. The walls and ceilings of the drawing-room and dining-room are painted alike in a rich greenish blue, with a delightful cornice of undercut acanthus leaves picked out in gold. There is a loggia opening out of the dining-room, with walls lined with carved panels from the sides of old marriage chests from Brittany. The names of some of the brides, with the dates, are carved on the reverse sides of the panels. The dining-room is furnished with Chippendale and Sheraton pieces, and there are two large pictures by Morland, that delightful painter of pigs and landscapes.

In the drawing-room a black and gold Russian sleigh has been given an unusual place. It stands near a window in front of an old English painted leather screen and is massed with flowers. There is a fine tortoiseshell lacquer writing-table of the eighteenth century in this room, and a pair of oil-paintings by Huet, an eminent French landscape painter who flourished about a hundred years ago. The blue of the walls is taken from one of the colours in the fine old French carpet, which is of the Savonerie make.

IN the morning room, the walls are a dull yellow, and this colour scheme is continued up the stairs, which are carpeted in deep powder blue, a charming colour scheme. There are several fine pieces of Chippendale and some marqueterie chairs and a bureau.

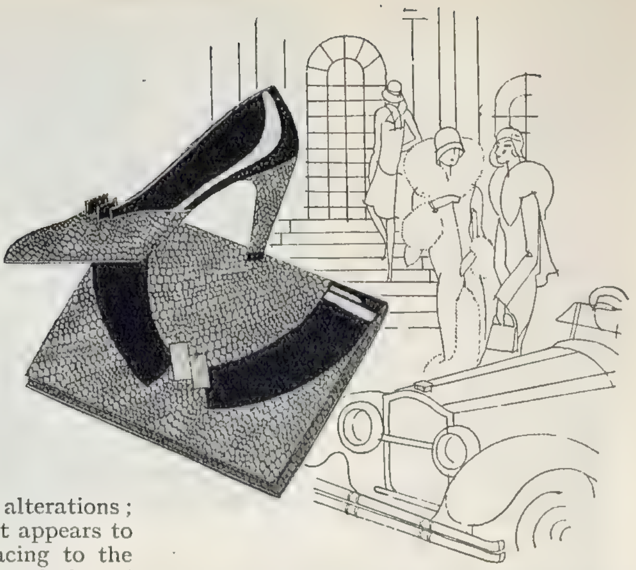
In Mrs. McCreery's bedroom, the furniture is all French gilt, of the eighteenth century and Empire. As a background for this, she wanted grey paint of the exact shade used in the Petit Trianon Palace, and so Mr. Williams sent especially to Paris to match the colour on the spot. The same thoroughness has characterised his work throughout this house, and he and Mr. Dawber, with Mrs. McCreery's valuable co-operation, have succeeded in making a home which has a characteristic charm and dignity of its own



An attractive view of Mrs. McCreery's bedroom. Soft grey is a particularly happy choice of background for the beautiful 18th century French gilt and Empire furniture

Cultivating the Art of DETAIL

Every Toilette its own special accessories is Fashion's ruling at the moment, and Bags, Shoes and Scarves are almost invariably en suite



Models for town tend towards elaboration, with two, or sometimes three, kinds of leather going to their making

CHIC starts at one's toes, says Paris—an axiom that accounts for the extraordinary number of shoe shops in a town where feminine feet are said to be the "best-dressed" in the world.

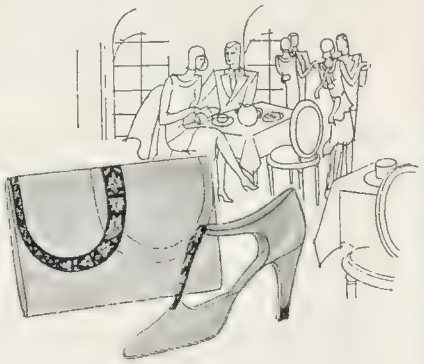
The smart woman no longer buys her footwear in a haphazard fashion, for La Mode to-day demands that every ensemble shall have its own special set of accessories, and with every new gown an additional pair of shoes is needed.

When one examines the new models for town wear, they strike one as being more elaborate than of old, for they are inlaid with two, sometimes three, kinds of leather; antelope and box-calf, patent leather and dyed lizard, snake and kid, are, for instance, seen in friendly association; and these leather insertions often take the form of arabesques, Grecian key patterns and dented or scalloped motifs.

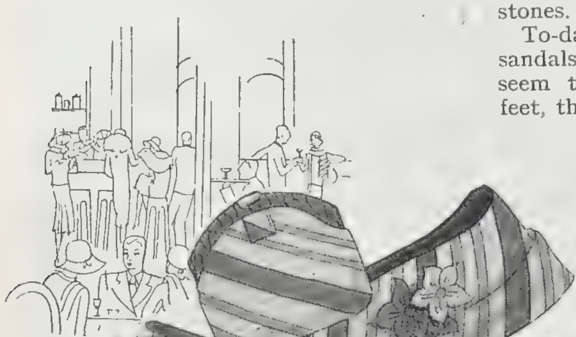
Details are growing more and more luxurious. One sees afternoon shoes decorated with enamel, ivory and ebony buckles, which are fixed at the vamp or on the straps, and matching buttons of ivory or enamel are used for fastenings.

Shapes still follow the natural lines of the foot, being slightly rounded at the toe, and heels are mostly of the straight Cuban variety.

FOR sport, the low-cut Oxford remains the popular shape, but, in common with the more elaborate styles it has undergone some important alterations; sometimes, for instance, what appears to be a seam runs from the lacing to the toe; and another attractive variation of the style is a compromise between the Oxford and the pump, with a lacing on the instep.



Shoes this Autumn will be slightly rounded at the toes, with straight Cuban heels; and for afternoon wear are usually matched to bags



The new gloves, which should be matched to leather buttonholes, have scalloped edges and stitched veinings in a contrasting colour. And bags and scarves made of striped woollen fabrics are being worn with tweed suits and coats

Concerning evening shoes, there is little to be said, for they are generally made of the same material as the gown and are rather discreetly trimmed. Less big Rhinestone buckles are being used as ornaments, their place having been taken by a more delicate edgework in small coloured stones.

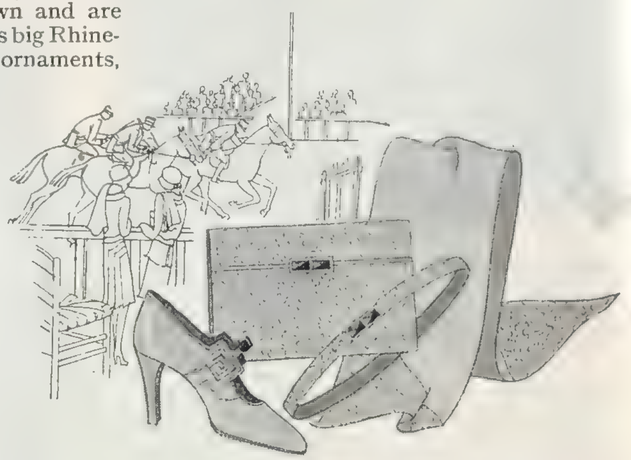
To-day's boudoir slippers, sandals and mules almost seem to call for the tiny feet, the beringed toes and bangle-tinkling ankles of the East, for they are little marvels of taste and artistry, with their crossed, curved straps of silver leather, their square-toed, gold-lined vamp and Chinese heels. And with the loosely cut, richly embroidered pyjamas that have been inspired by Eastern fashions, feluca-shaped, hook-pointed Arabian slippers of bright red and silver leather are being worn.

GLOVES, too, have been transformed from mere protective covers into something that is in itself ornamental and fit into the ensemble scheme. Simple leather straps have been replaced by jewelled bands that encircle the wrists, and Mousquetaire shapes, with ample, flaring cuffs, are among the latest novelties. Quite new, too, are those gloves, with a scalloped edging in a contrasting colour and veinings of narrow stitching—particularly attractive when they are matched to leather buttonhole flowers.

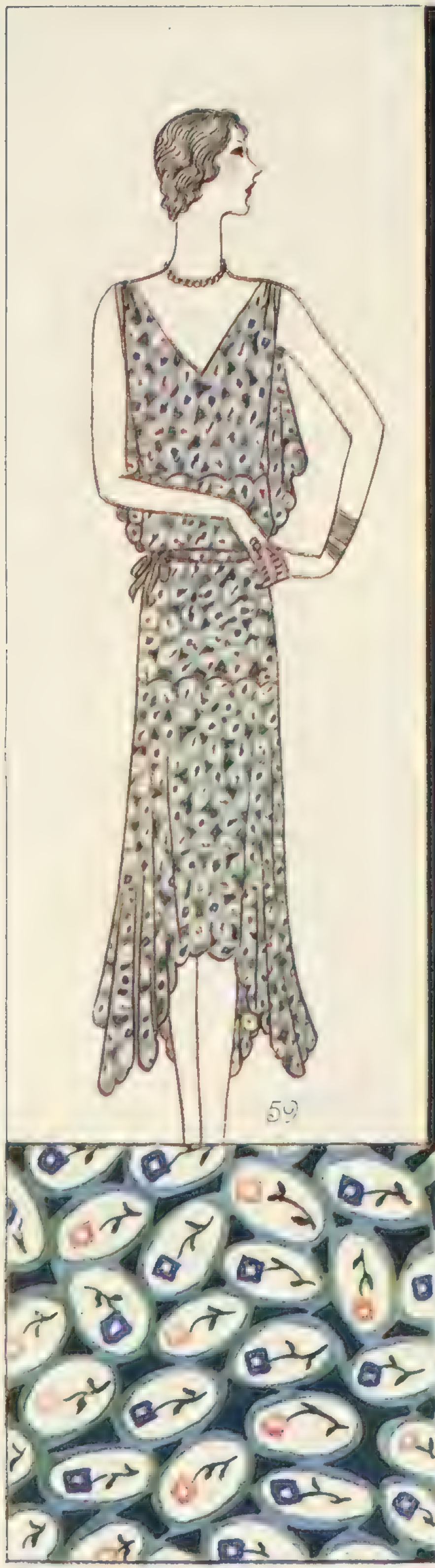
And it is whispered that long gloves are to the fore once again.

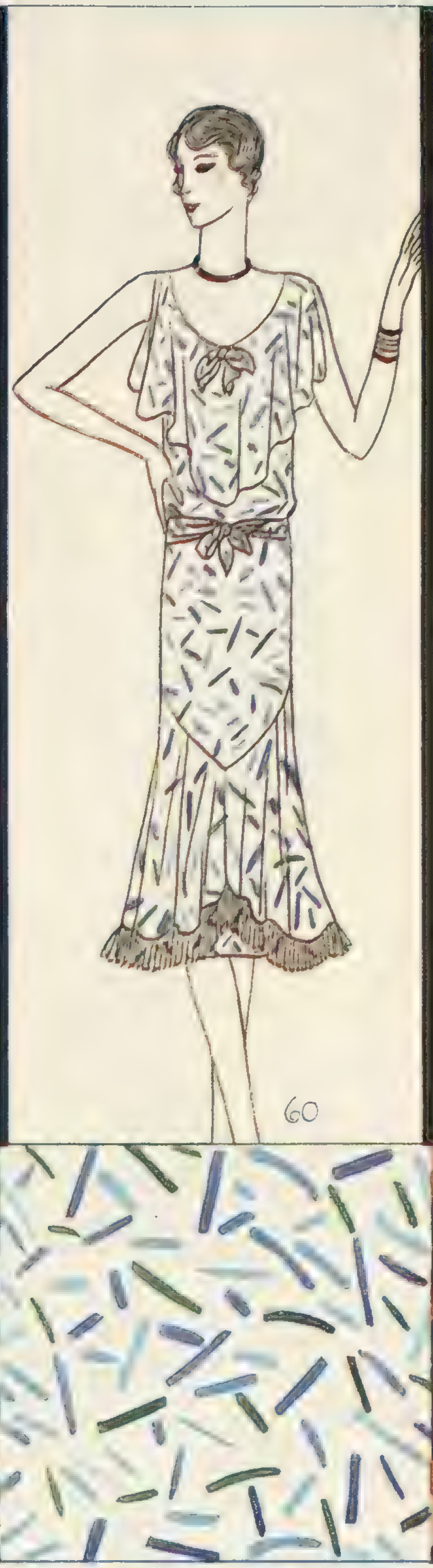
BAGS have also ceased to be a detached item of the toilette. With tweeds, they are of a striped woollen material, repeating the shades of costumes; and, in the afternoon and evening, bags and shoes, are almost invariably *en suite*.

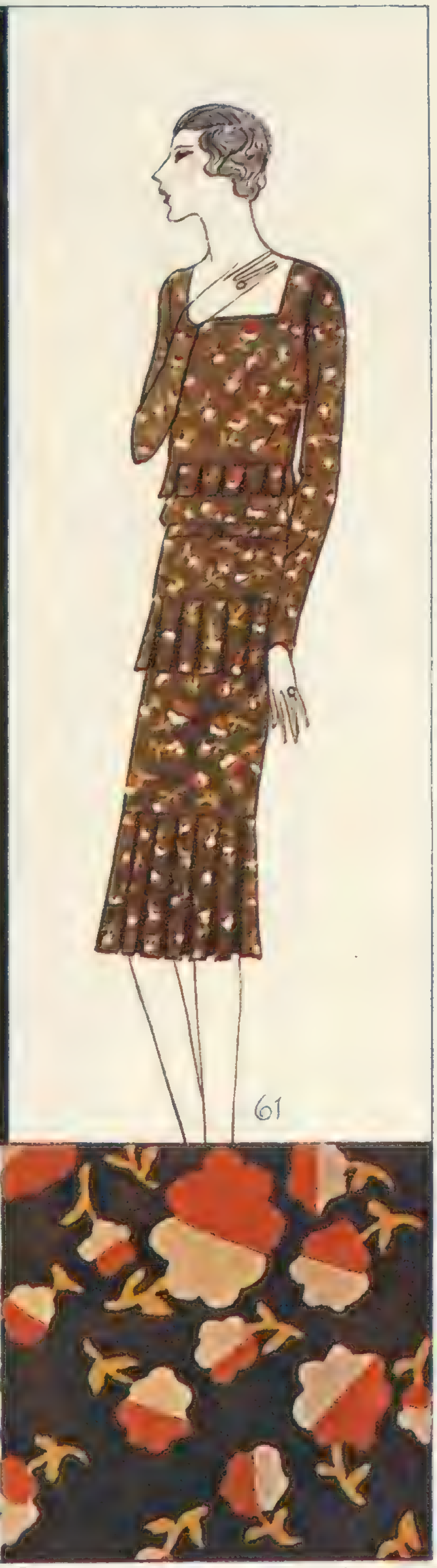
To replace the bag, belt and scarf of printed crêpe, so popular during the summer, there are curled wool or Jersey sets—plain, dotted or zig-zagged in the popular tones—blue and yellow, rust-brown and beige, black and red, bottle-green and leaf-green. Some of these ensemble bags are envelope-shaped and have the same enamel clasps as the belt; and others are carried by handle clasps of shiny yellow copper.



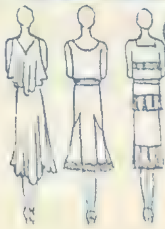
As the season advances, curled wool sets, consisting of bag, belt and scarf, are taking the place of the printed crêpe trios that were so popular during the Summer







SUMMER'S GOSSAMER FLAG



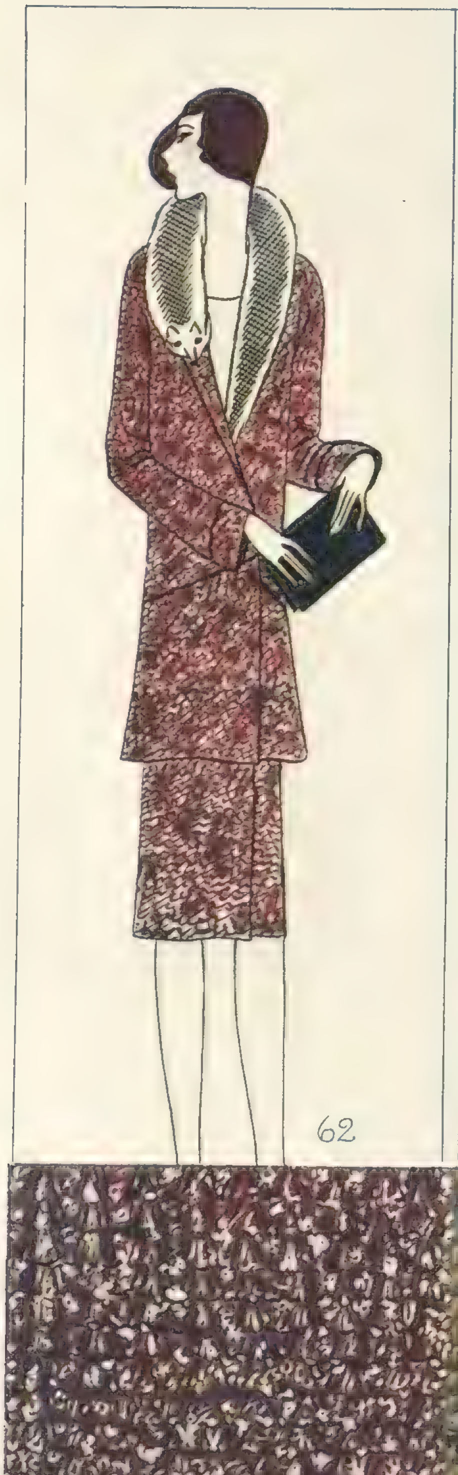
59.—*This sleeveless Casino frock of chiffon, printed in a floral design of grey, white, mauve, and red, has a little cape at the back, and the flat hip effect is achieved in a new way—by means of scalloped yokes, both above and below the waist.*

60.—*Here is something new in corsage trimmings, a berthe-shaped flounce, full and flaring. And in unison with this, a flared flounce lends freedom to the skirt just below the hip line, finished by a small pleated ruffle. Chiffon is the fabric used.*

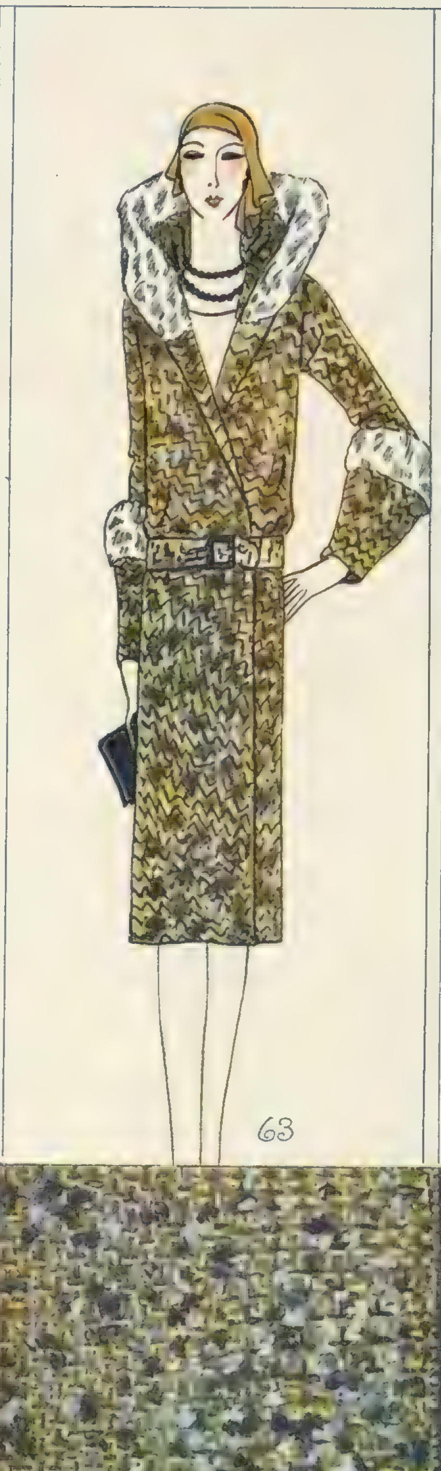
61.—*Box-pleated flounces are quite a new departure, and very smart they look on the frock above, arranged in graded sizes on both bodice and skirt. In this case, georgette is the medium, in beige, red and yellow against a chocolate background.*

Materials from Olré, Paris.

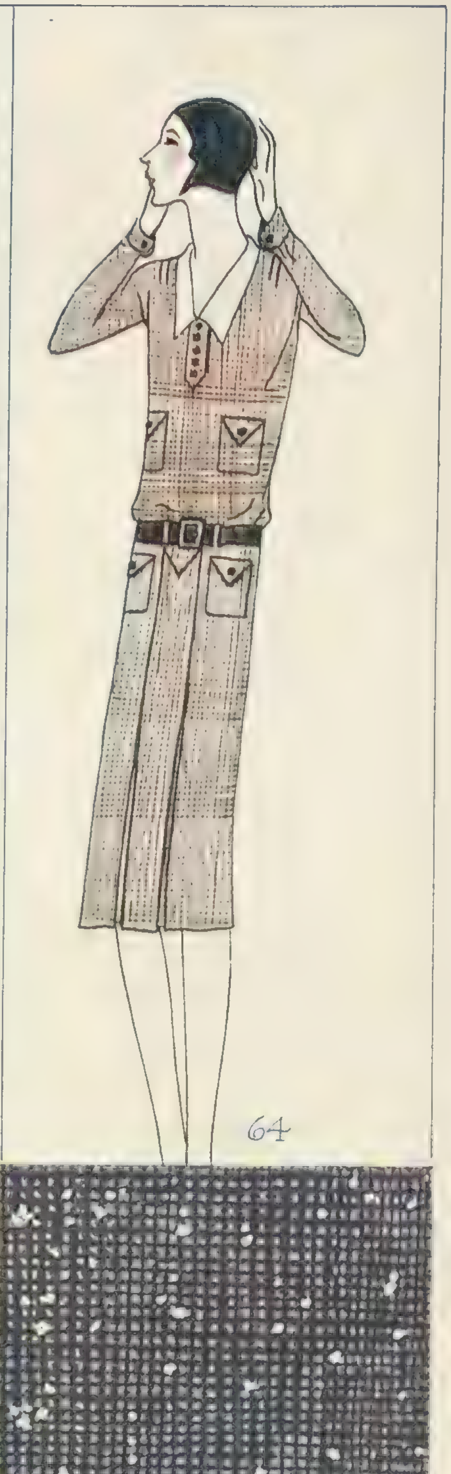
PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN SIX SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 150.



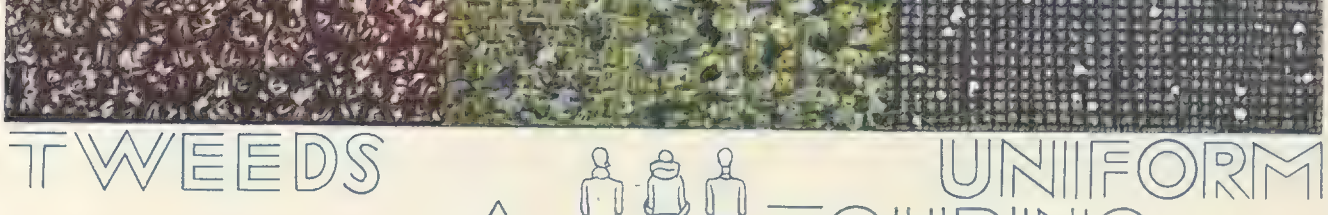
62



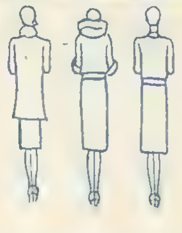
63



64



TWEEDS A TOURING UNIFORM



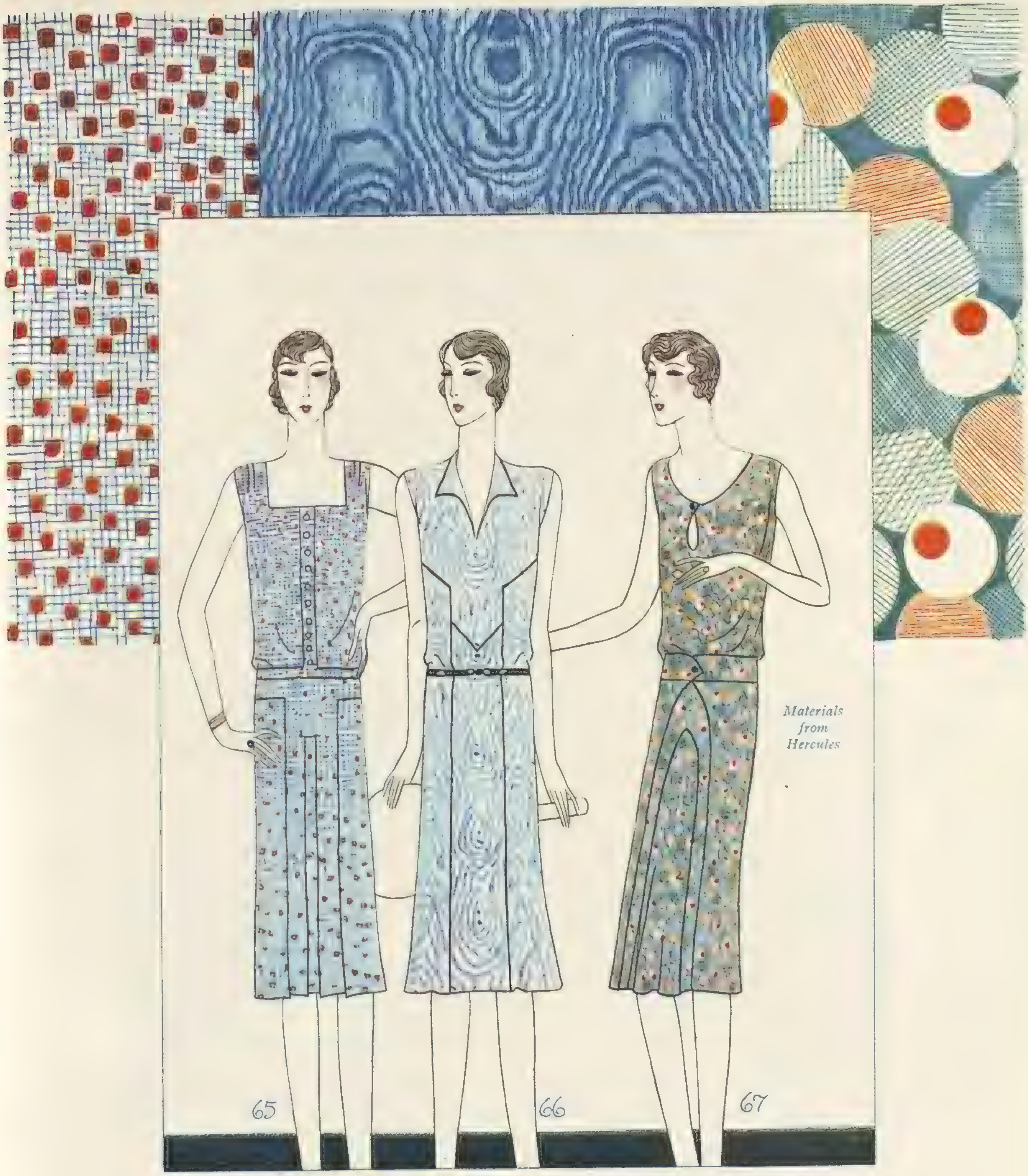
62.—Coats are usually three-quarter-length on the new autumn costumes and flare slightly at the hem. The one shown above, which hangs, of course, perfectly straight, has the new basque effect, and its fur collar is arranged in the new manner on the lines of a stole!

63.—Belted effects are seen on a large number of the latest coats, which will rejoice the heart of the Home Dressmaker, for they make cutting an altogether easier affair. The collar and cuffs are an important feature of the travelling coat in the centre, the latter of the fashionable mousquetaire shape.

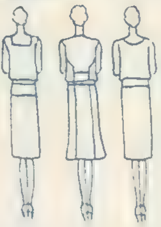
64.—The tailored frock is all-important in Fashion's scheme at the moment, for it always steps most happily into the breach between the seasons. In the case of the model above, four letter-box pockets, two on the bodice and two on the skirt, strike a most effective note.

Materials from Meyer et Cie, Paris.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN *SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 150.



SPORT AND PLAY IN COLOURED PRINTS



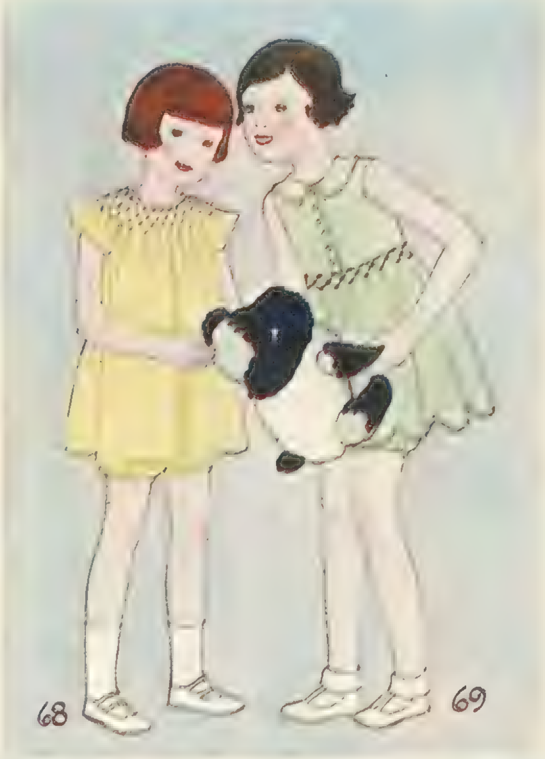
65.—*The quaint buttoned front, cut in one with the waist-belt, is an attractive feature of the practical little sports frock above, carried out in a cotton fabric, with an original light checking of blue and red. Note the fullness on the shoulders*

66.—*The centre frock vouches for the fact that it is possible to combine chic and simplicity, for it is made of a blue cotton material that has all the appearance of the fashionable moiré, with black pipings and a narrow belt of black patent leather to give an additional touch of smartness. The collar is so cut that it can be worn either open or closed.*

67.—*And the third of an attractive trio, expressed in red, white, and green, has a flaring panel in the centre of the skirt to provide the necessary fullness. The September wardrobe should always include a certain number of cool frocks.*

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, *IN SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 150.

Little Folk at play and at school



68.—See, in the centre (left), a delightful little frock, specially designed for a small person of from two to five years. Fine linen is the material suggested, with a neatly smocked yoke as a smart finish.

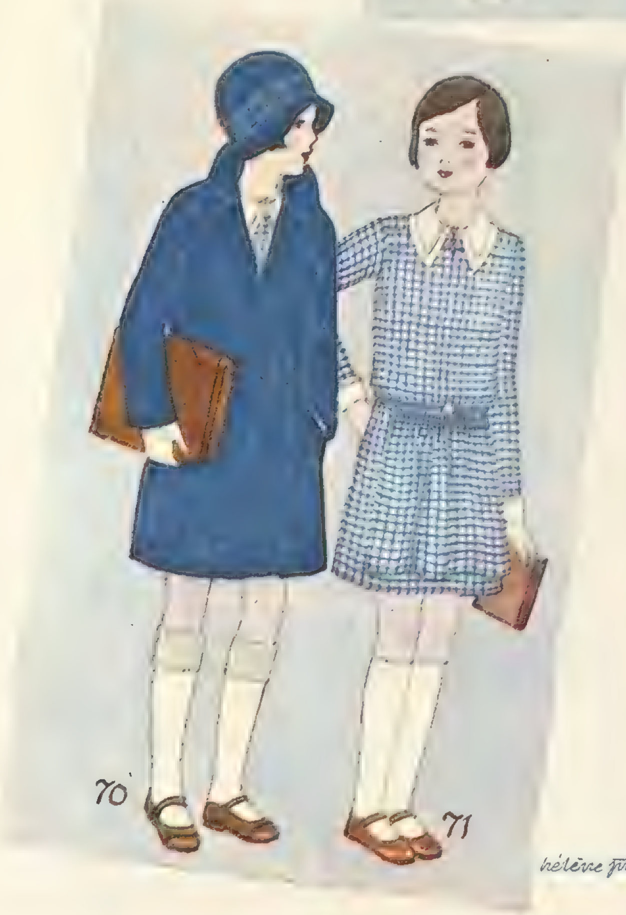
69.—On the right (centre), there is a quaint little model, for children from four to six years old, with scallops and honeycombing, suitable for beach or party wear, according to the material.

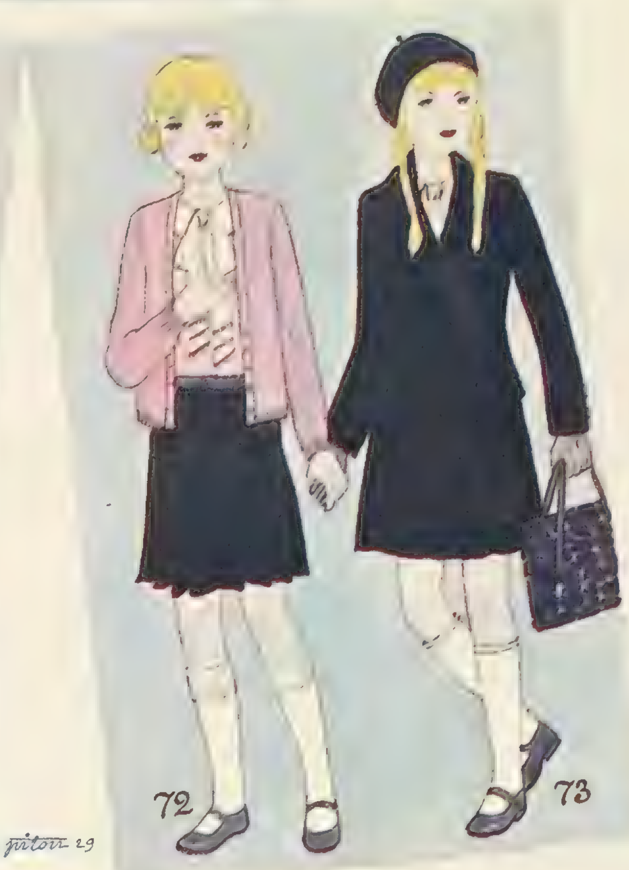
70.—Navy blue waterproofed Gabardine is suggested for the coat and hat below (left), the former cut on roomy lines, with a neat belt and cuff straps — a style for children aged from six to ten.

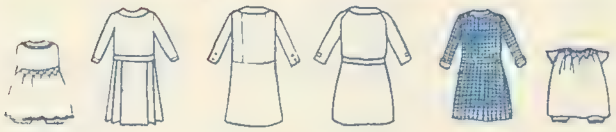
71.—The checked frock, carried out in fine flannel, would look extremely nice under the coat just described. Note the apron front, narrow patent belt and delightfully fresh linen collar and cuffs.

72.—Below is a sports suit for smart little people aged from eight to twelve years. The cardigan and blouse are made of stockinette and the pleated skirt of serge in a contrasting colour.

73.—Take note, too, of the latest in overcoats—designed in ratine, to match the little sports suit. It is slightly waisted, and is altogether very gay and debonair in appearance.







PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN VARIOUS SIZES ACCORDING TO STYLE, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 150.

New Rooms for Old

Just as we differ from our great-grandmothers, so does the furniture of to-day differ from that of the 18th century

By G. Baseden Butt

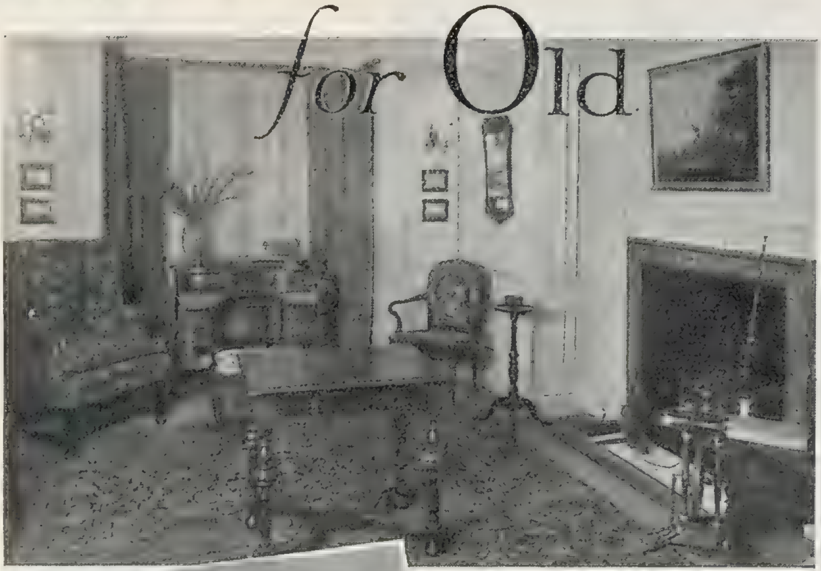
THE classical styles were supremely beautiful in their way. For what could be lovelier than the egg-and-dart mouldings, the richly carved acanthus, the elegant pediments and finials, and all the elaborate and gorgeous *motifs* used in eighteenth-century decoration?

But modernist designers of furniture have abandoned classical ornament and are producing furniture which, in harmony with the spirit of our time, is simple, frank, practical and beautiful without the slightest affectation.

To-day we have our wireless and our gramophone furniture, our cocktail cabinets, our fittings for electric light both marvellous and unique, wardrobes and clothing cabinets with trays and shelves, boxes, cupboards and mirrors and hangers on extending arms, such as never gladdened the heart of dashing gallant or lady fair in bygone days.

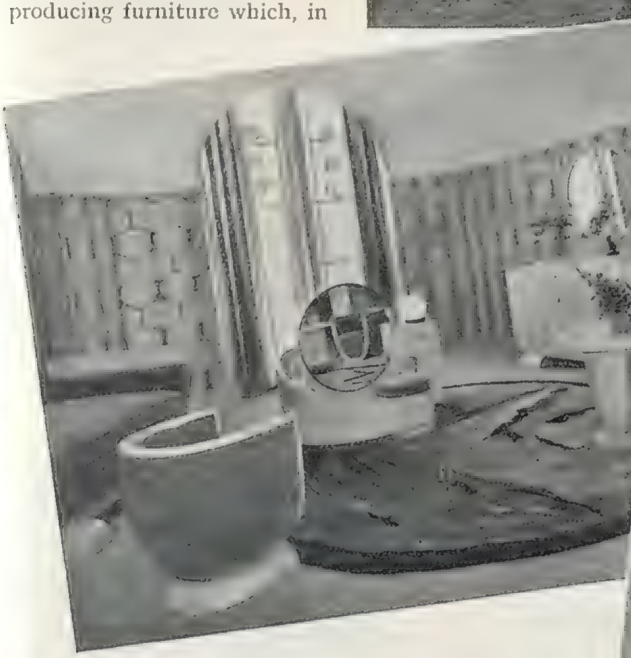
Only consider what infinite thought and ingenuity have been lavished on my lady's dressing table alone. Study the unique examples of modern furniture to be seen in the illustrations. How arresting and how graceful the curving lines! And how delightfully convenient! And notice how this present-day furniture fulfils the modern necessity for making the best use of limited space. Quite frequently, the furniture of to-day is "built-in," or fitted to the structure as an immovable part of the home.

The new furniture may be as different in appearance as one could possibly imagine from the old, it may fulfil totally different needs, it may show new ideals of line, mass and proportion, and may be decorated with an idiom that is quite unique, yet it is wise not to exalt the new by condemning the old, but to love each equally when they are really excellent examples of their kind.

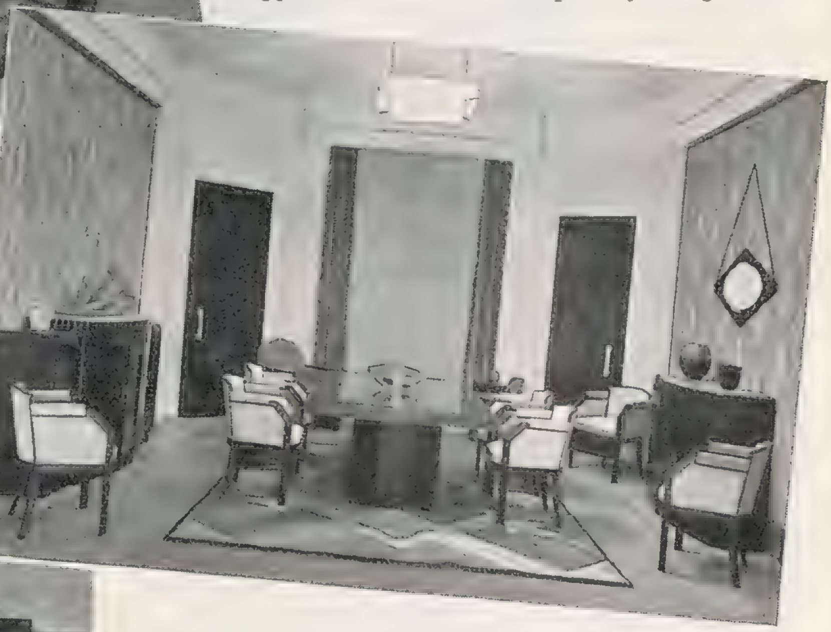


Here is a Queen Anne parlour with the quiet, old-world gracefulness of William and Mary and Queen Anne furniture

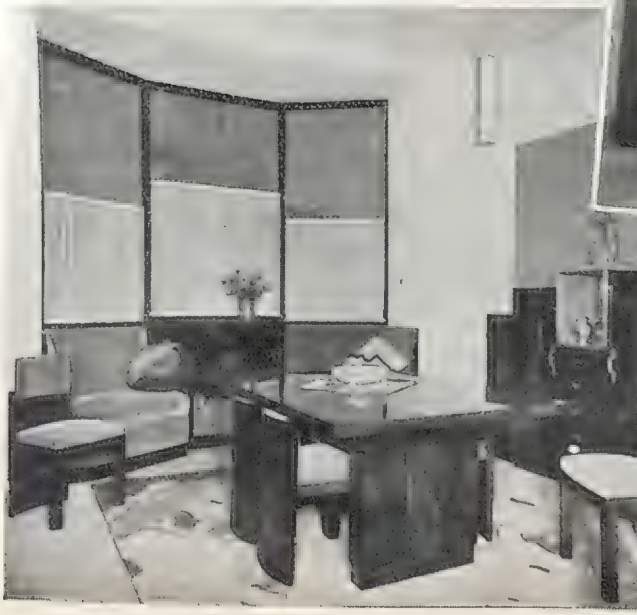
Photo: Waring & Gillow, Ltd.



And here is my lady's very modern bedroom. The dressing table is unique. The furniture is of sycamore, and the upholsteries create a harmony in rose



What could be more completely modern than this dining room, with its furniture in palissander and walnut?



The modern woman's living room — austerely beautiful, with a colour scheme in beige and havana

Photo: F. & G. Saddier.

Gaiety *and* *in*

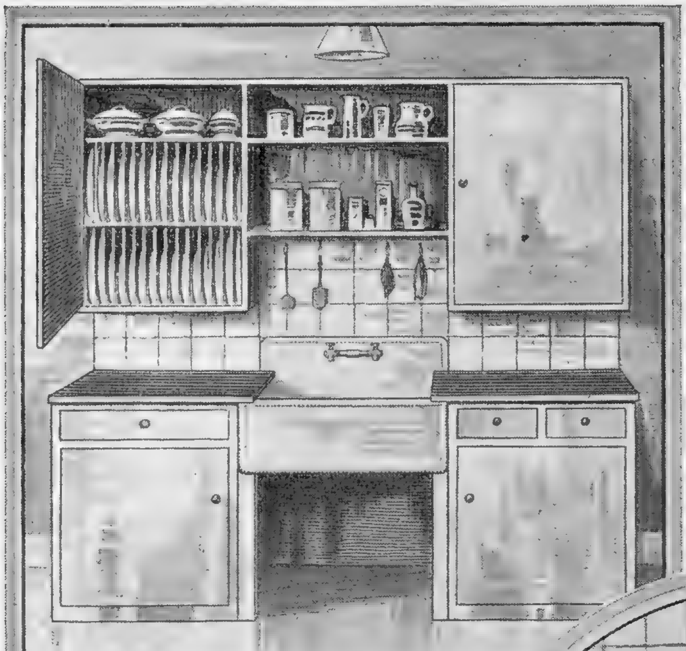
Convenient arrangements are the first consideration of the modern housewife and architect, not forgetting that the kitchen calls for happy colour schemes too

By

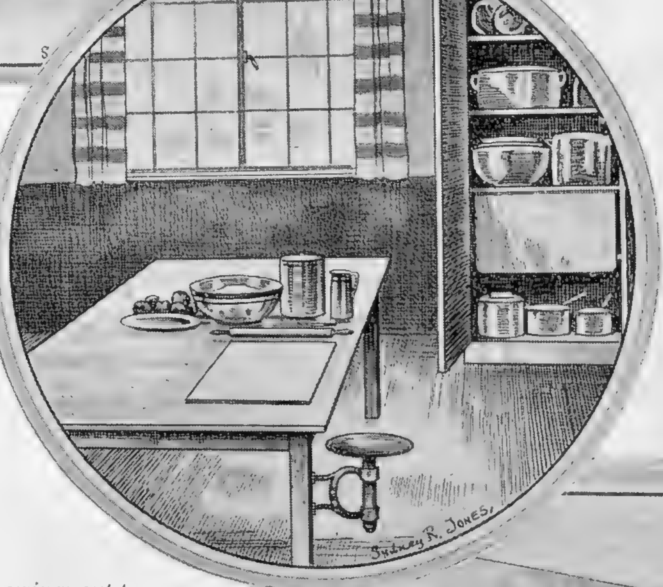
Elizabeth Ashley

Illustrations by

Sydney R. Jones



Particularly useful for the small house or flat, this sink, flanked by two china cupboards, helps to minimise the labour of washing



A stool that swings out from under the table gives a great deal of rest to the cook and takes up no extra space in the kitchen

TO the average householder the choice of living-room and bedroom colour schemes, furniture, curtains and covers is far more alluring than the equipment and arrangement of the kitchen. This is perfectly understandable; indeed, the kind of housekeeper who has no interest in anything outside the kitchen is usually a rather unsatisfactory person, and most certainly not a companionable one.

The arrangement of the kitchen and working premises of the house, however, has a very great deal to do with the well-being of the household in general. This applies to the fair-sized household where four or five maids are kept; and much more to the small house or flat where there is one or none.

It is impossible in the course of a short article to deal with all the different types of kitchen suited to houses of different sizes. I will confine myself therefore to the principal essentials.

Gay kitchens are immeasurably better than dismal ones. They form the background of many distinctly dull tasks, and cheerful surroundings are of no small assistance to the worker.

All kitchens should be easy to keep tidy and to keep clean, well lit, freely ventilated, and so arranged that everything needed for cooking, washing up and cleaning is within comfortable reach.

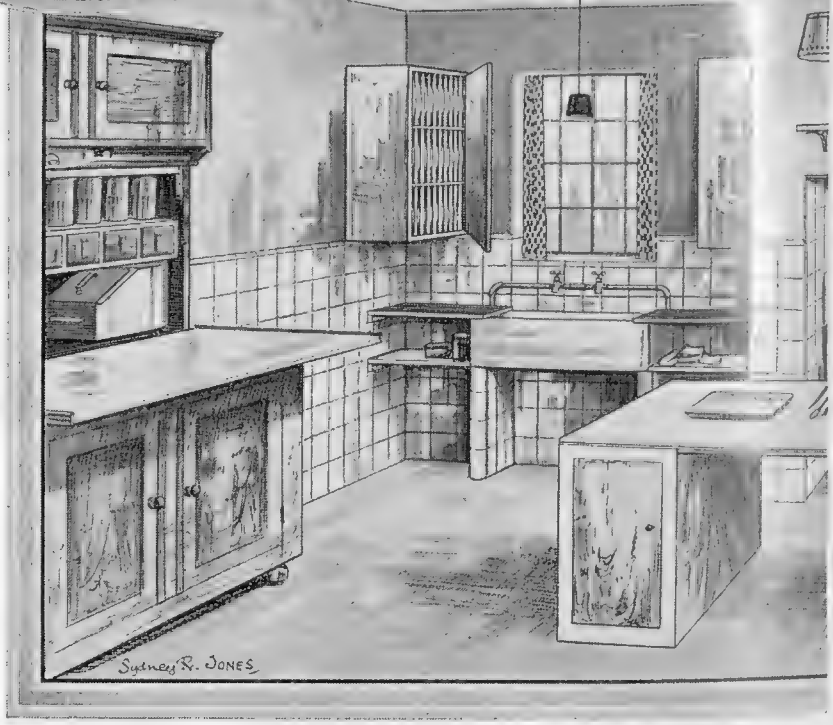
The kitchen which has washable walls scores heavily over the kitchen which has not, especially in a town. Washable paper, washable distemper, washable paint, and tiles are the four best known alternatives.

TILES are obviously the best and most enduring, but by no means the least costly. It is frequently possible to make a satisfactory and good-looking compromise by having tiles where they matter most (round the range or stove, on window sills, and behind the sink), and washable paper, distemper or paint elsewhere.

For the floor one may use one of the modern jointless floorings, or linoleum, and in some kitchens it is a very sound plan to carry the linoleum up the wall to make a dado three or four feet high. If this method is chosen it is naturally essential to have the linoleum very carefully fitted.

The ceiling should be painted.

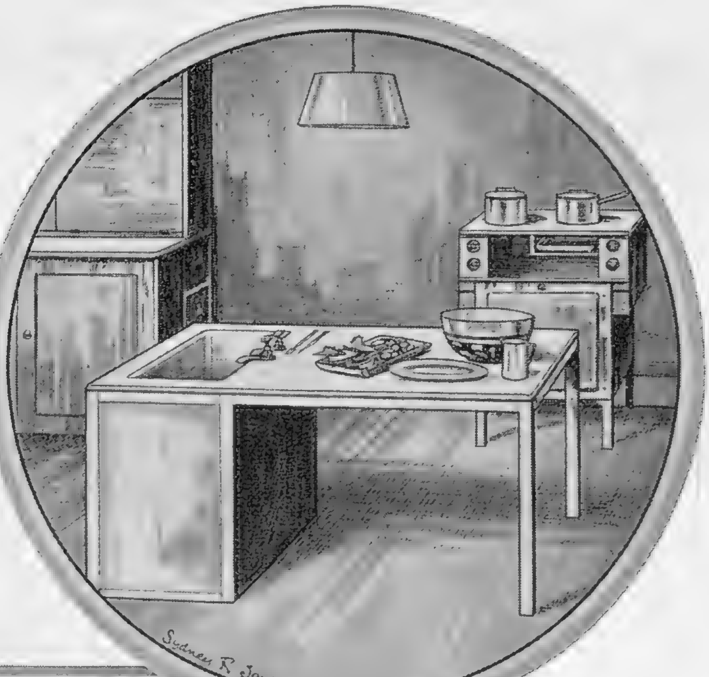
Except when one is building one's own house, the position of the kitchen window or windows is usually fixed and unalterable; but the placing of artificial lights in a kitchen is nearly always capable of improvement. The usual habit of having one light hanging from the middle of the ceiling very often means that the worker is standing in her own light for most of the time.



This kitchen has all the essentials conveniently
work, the stove, boiler, sink and cabinet all being
table, which has cupboards and drawers fitted be-

Convenience the KITCHEN

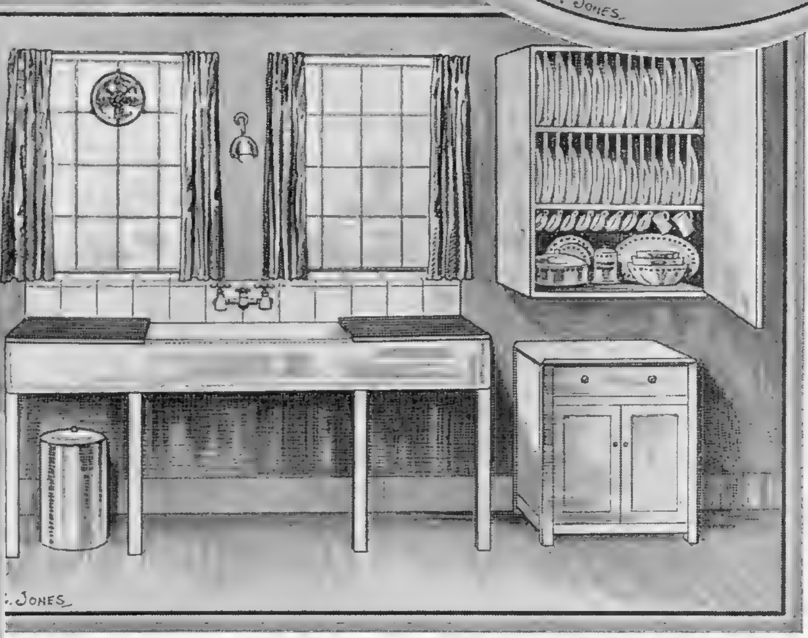
The sink, the stove or range, the kitchen cabinet or dresser and the table all need ample lighting if the work of the kitchen is to run smoothly and quickly; and although a high ceiling may allow for a centre light whose rays reach to every corner of the room, a low ceilinged kitchen is better served by separate units of light.



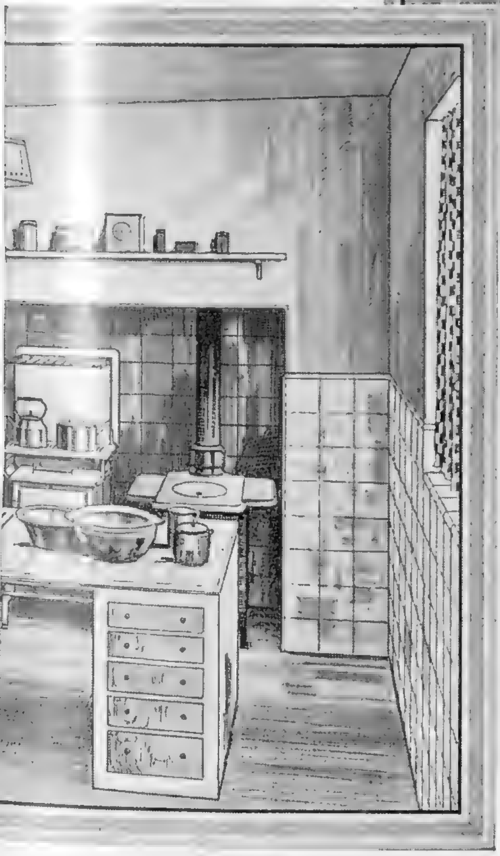
One end of the kitchen table converted into a sink is a practical idea which many modern housewives are adopting

ONE of the greatest bugbears of the average house or flat is the odour of cooking food.

A well ventilated cowl placed above the cooking stove or range has been the only sound means of obviating this disagreeable state of affairs hitherto; but where electricity is available it is now possible to instal a new type of electric fan which is amazingly effective. This fan can be inserted in an outside wall, or in the window, and it has a reversible motor so that it can be used to draw fresh air into the room or to disperse stale air and all the grease-laden fumes of cooking.



Good lighting is one of the first essentials, and here the sink is conveniently placed beneath two windows. Note the position of the electric light above



arranged for modern
within easy reach of the
neath its enamelled tops

In all cases where more than one maid is employed, the provision of a second sink expedites the labours of washing up. Even in the one maid or maidless establishment this extra sink, in pantry or scullery, will prove a boon. The ideal place for a kitchen sink is at one end of the central working table, so that the cook can prepare vegetables and wash cooking utensils, etc., without moving from her cooking stool, and within easy reach of her cooking stove. Glass, cutlery and china will be dealt with after meals by the other maid, at the other sink.

Another excellent position for a sink is against a long wall, and flanked by two china cupboards, so that everything can be put away in its proper place as soon as it has been washed and dried. An arrangement of this order is particularly useful in the house or flat without a pantry.

THE modern kitchen is far more insistent upon decoration than its predecessor but prefers to rely upon gay colour and good lines than upon rows of china, copper and brass which make unnecessary and endless work.

It is possible to create excellent effects by careful contrast between walls and floors, and colourful curtains; but now that kitchen cabinets and porcelain enamelled tables are available in so many good colours it is easier than ever.

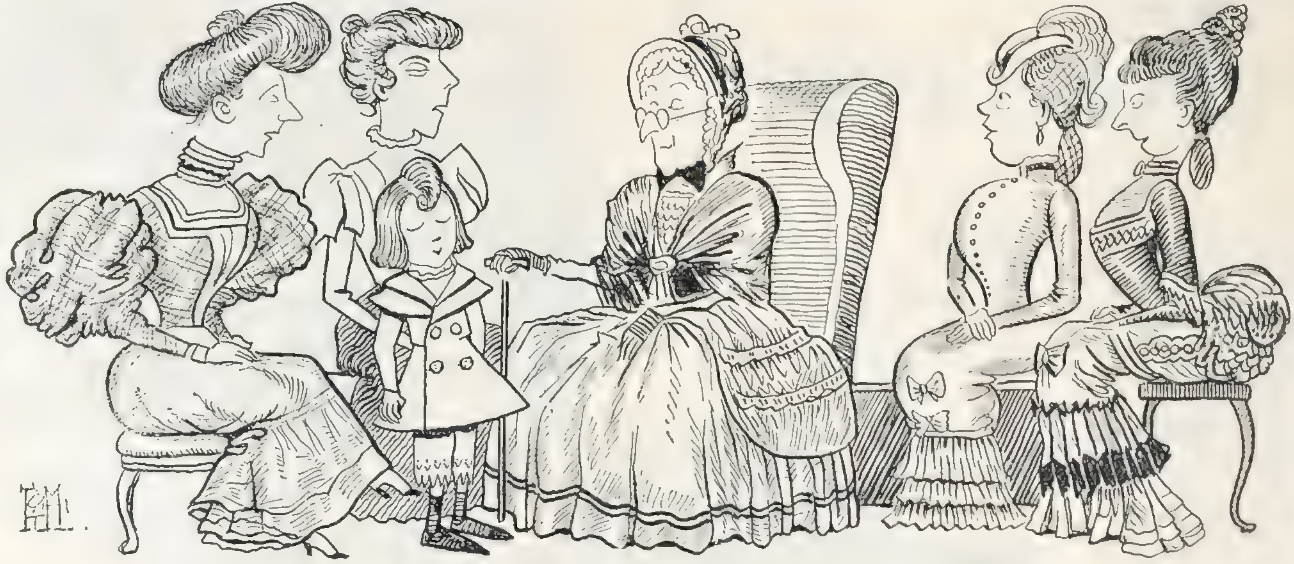
Pale primrose walls with an even paler ceiling make an enchanting background for a kitchen cabinet and table in turquoise blue, and curtains of American cloth in the same colour, or in cotton with stripes or checks of primrose, turquoise and rose.

A dark kitchen with a cold aspect might do better with maize coloured walls (the ceiling lighter), a black and white linoleum on the floor, and deep maize cabinet and tables.

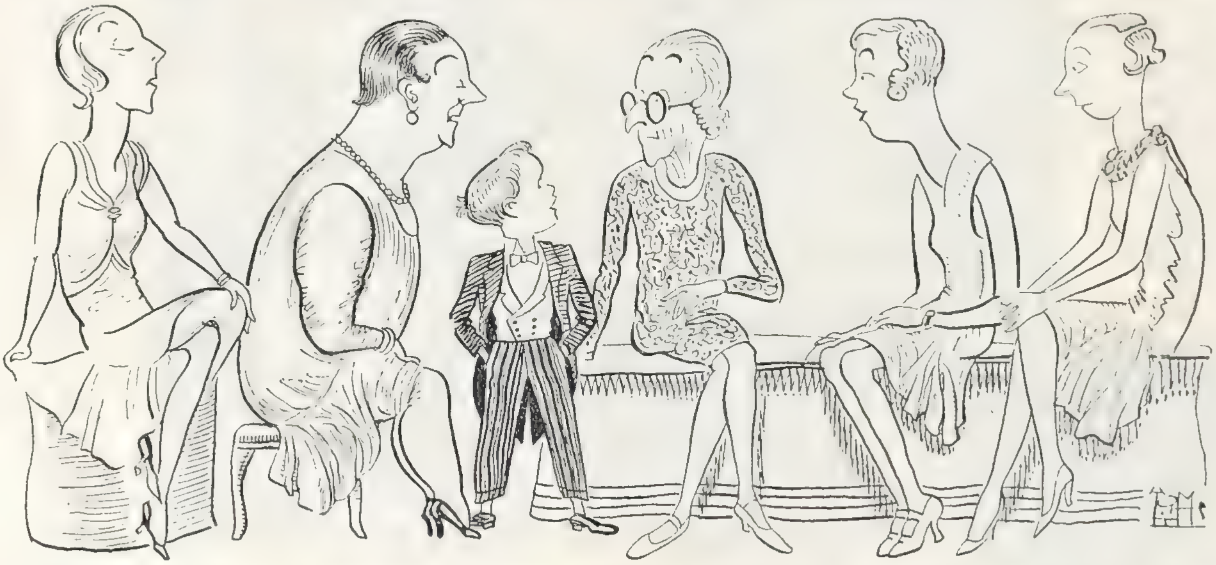
In a sunnier room the background could be duck-egg green with deep blue, amber and burnt rose introduced in furniture, curtains and fittings.

The best kitchens face north; so that although these are places where there is usually a good deal of heat, there will be many days with very little sun. The colours chosen should therefore aim at simulating its presence.

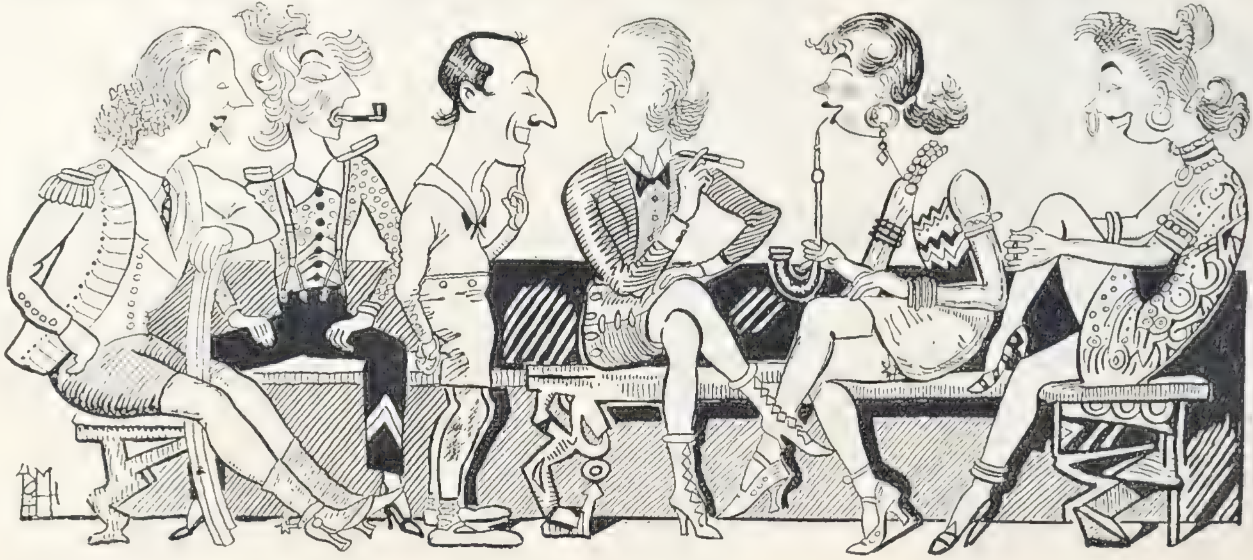
Yes, *Sir*, Dress certainly *does* make a difference!



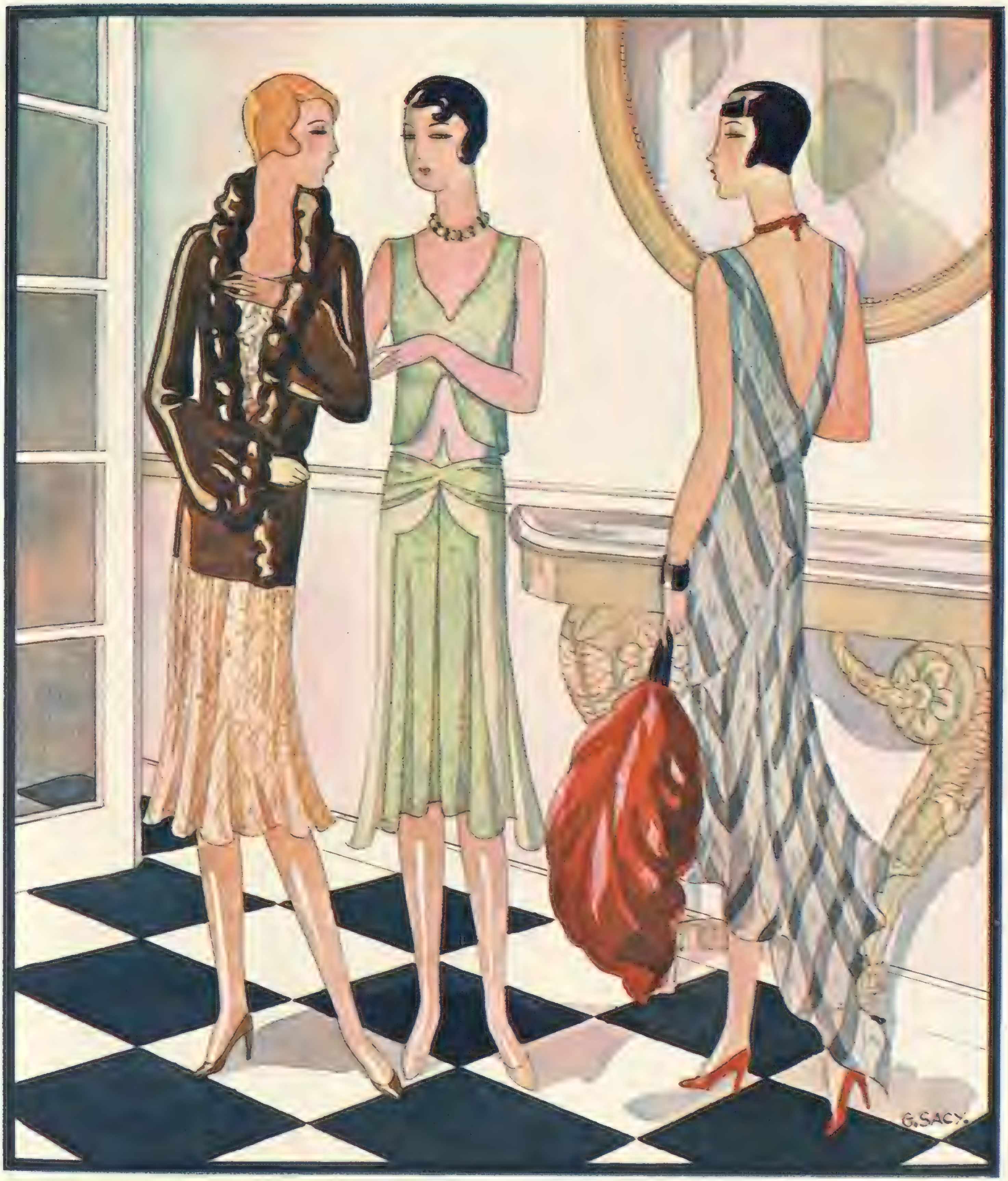
YESTERDAY.—Curves, waists, frills and flounces made everybody look like nobody on earth



TO-DAY.—Short hair and shorter skirts make everybody look like everybody else on earth



TO-MORROW.—Dress reform for men and barbaric splendour for woman ? Who knows ?

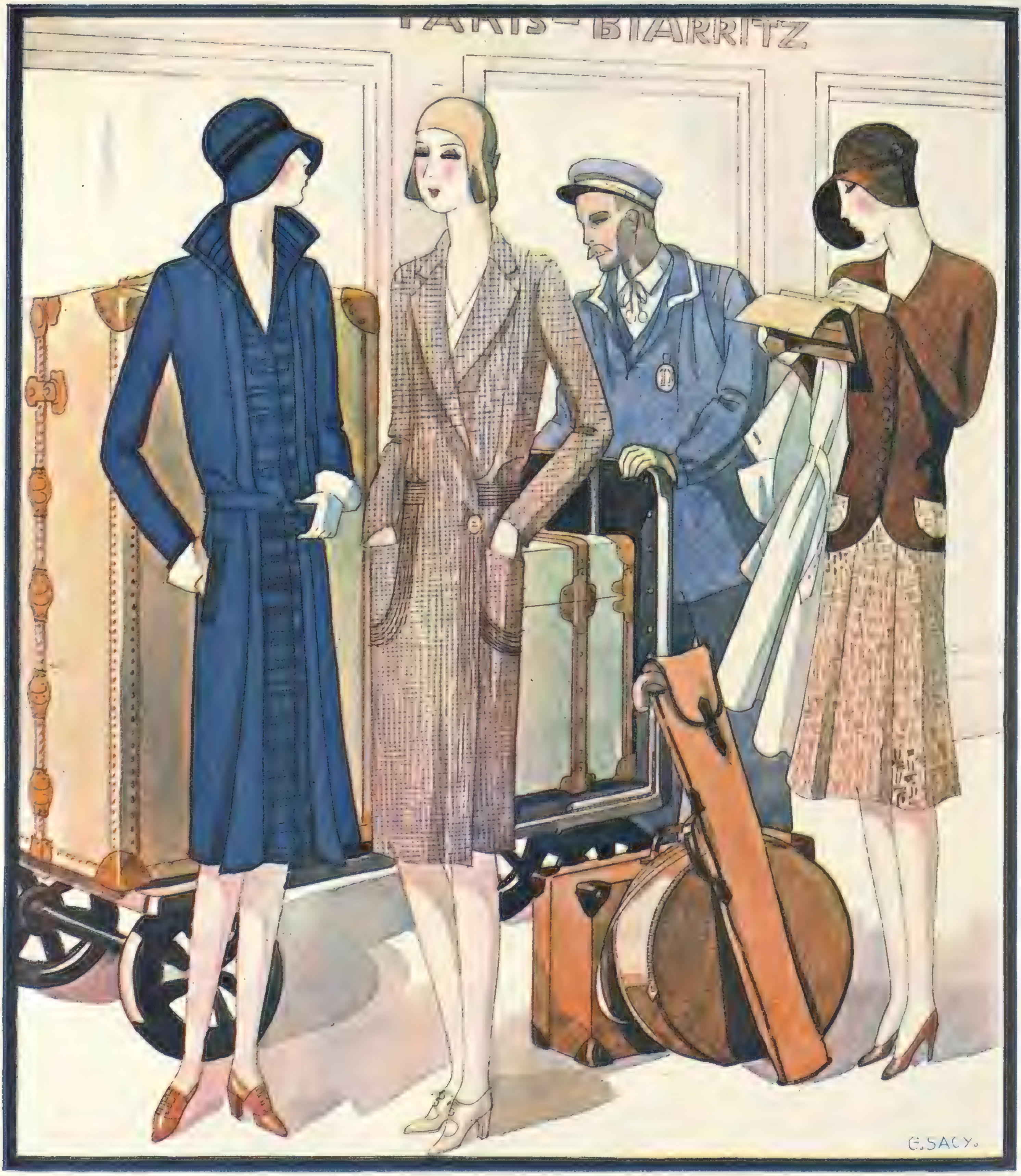


The Long *and the* Short *of the* Evening Mode

Autumn is Bridge Time! So La Mode is turning her attention towards something chic in Bridge-coats, and suggests a charming little affair carried out in moss-coloured velvet, with a ruffle finish at collar and sleeves, worn over a gown of cream-coloured lace. (MAGGY ROUFF.)

An evening frock of lotus-leaf green chiffon, with two shades of the same colour going to the making of the flared skirt, has the new double bolero effect, for the shaped corsage is scalloped over a second one of pink chiffon. (CHANTAL.)

A becoming Princess-shaped gown of moiré-panne, striped light and dark grey. Grey is one of the fashionable colours this Autumn, and looks particularly charming with a touch of red. Note specially the length of the skirt. (MADEMOISELLES DE SAINT CLAIRE.)

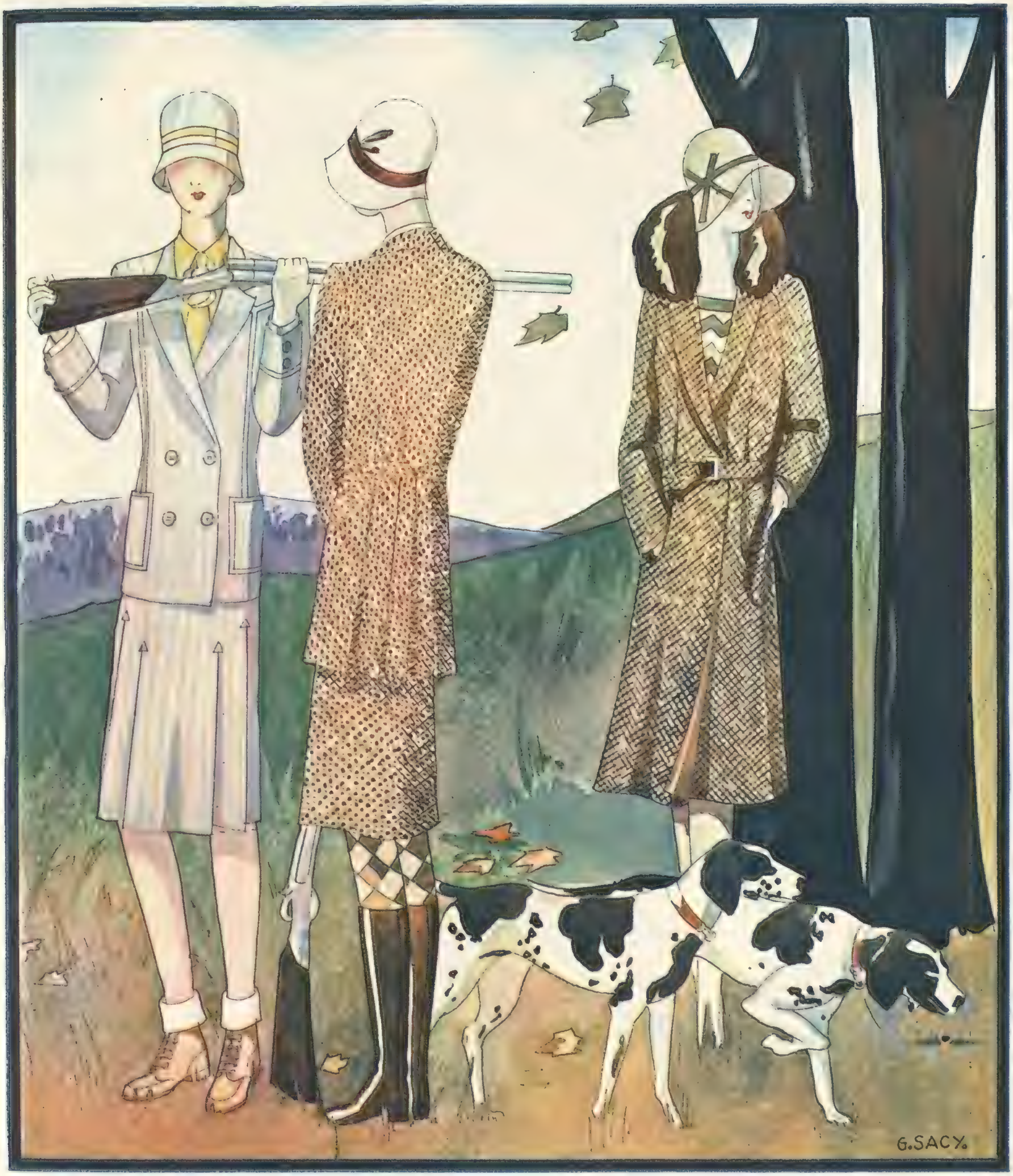


Journeys *begin* and *end* with Something New *in* Travelling Coats

Here is a travelling coat, carried out in navy flannel, that speaks the last word in trim smartness, the effective decoration taking the form of horizontal lines of stitching. The two pockets—one on the hip and the other just above the belt—give an unusually chic effect.
(BRUYÈRE.)

Beige and blue have formed one of the latest colour alliances, and blend most effectively in the tweed coat in the centre. This, you will observe, hangs perfectly straight, though beige stitching at the waist, also used for outlining the pockets, gives all the effect of a belt.
(JOSEPH PAQUIN.)

Here is another type of travelling outfit that will be warmly approved by the woman who seeks something new in costumes. The closely buttoned little jacket, moulded to the lines of the figure, is carried out in a plain brown woollen fabric and the skirt in a tweed mixture.
(MARY NOWITZKY.)

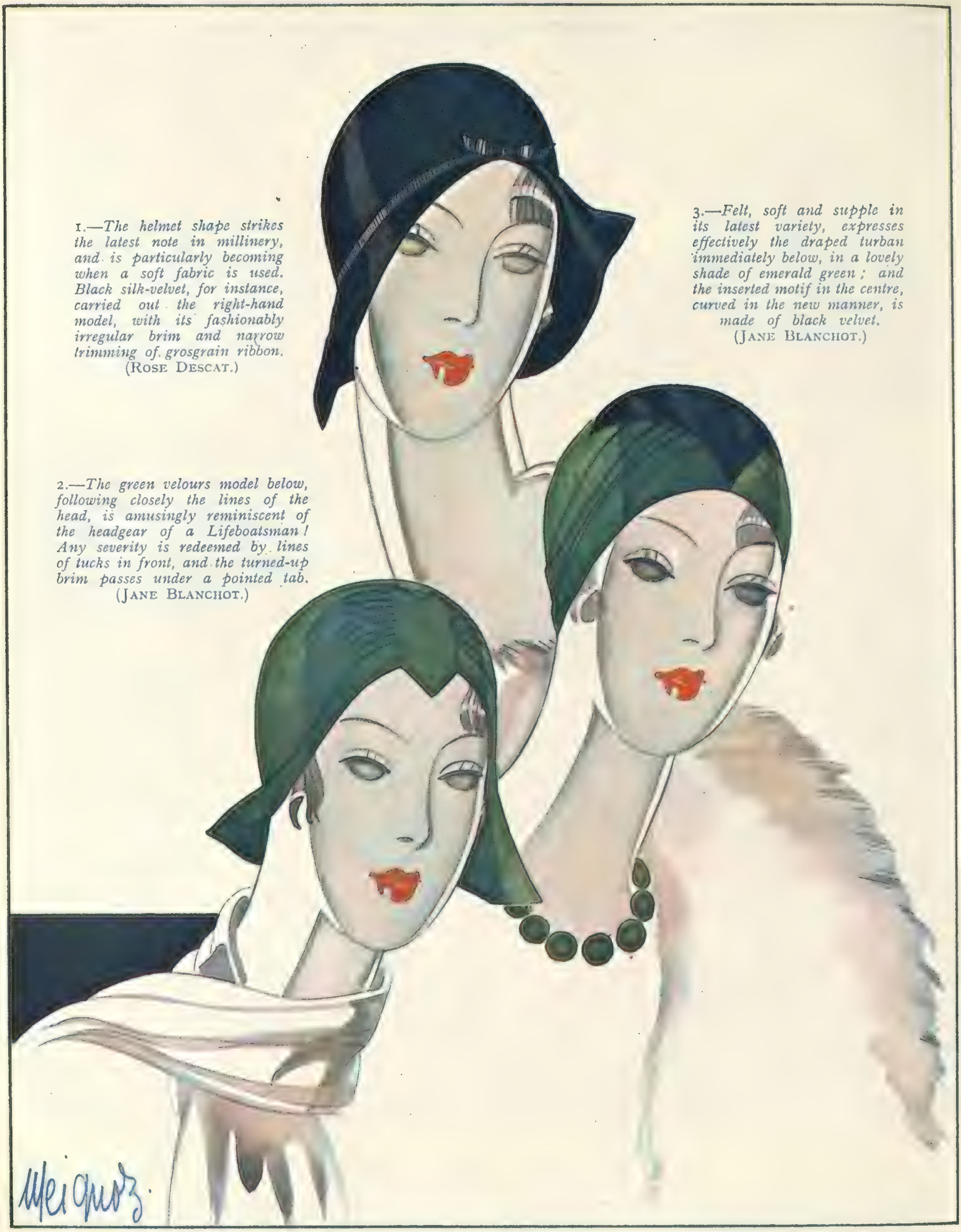


Soft Neutral Shades *blend* attractively *with the* Autumn Landscape

The tailored costume, that is destined for wear in September, must, with sport in view, be designed on practical lines. The model above is carried out in a light-weight woollen material, light grey in colour, with fine pin stripes of white and yellow, with which a workmanlike yellow silk shirt tones. (MAGGY ROUFF.)

Dress Designers, both in Paris and London, are vying with one another to design tweed suits for the Moors that are as practical as they are smart. The coat (shown in the centre), with its pleated back, gives perfect freedom of movement; and the colourings, beige and brown, blend with the landscape. (REDFERN.)

Brown, with variations, is the favourite colour theme for snug motoring coats. Tan is the predominating shade of the effective affair above; easy fitting, but very smart in cut. Brown fox is used for the becoming collar, and the lining, in beige kasha, strikes an original note. (MESDEMOISELLES DE SAINT CLAIRE.)



1.—*The helmet shape strikes the latest note in millinery, and is particularly becoming when a soft fabric is used. Black silk-velvet, for instance, carried out the right-hand model, with its fashionably irregular brim and narrow trimming of grosgrain ribbon.*
(ROSE DESCAT.)

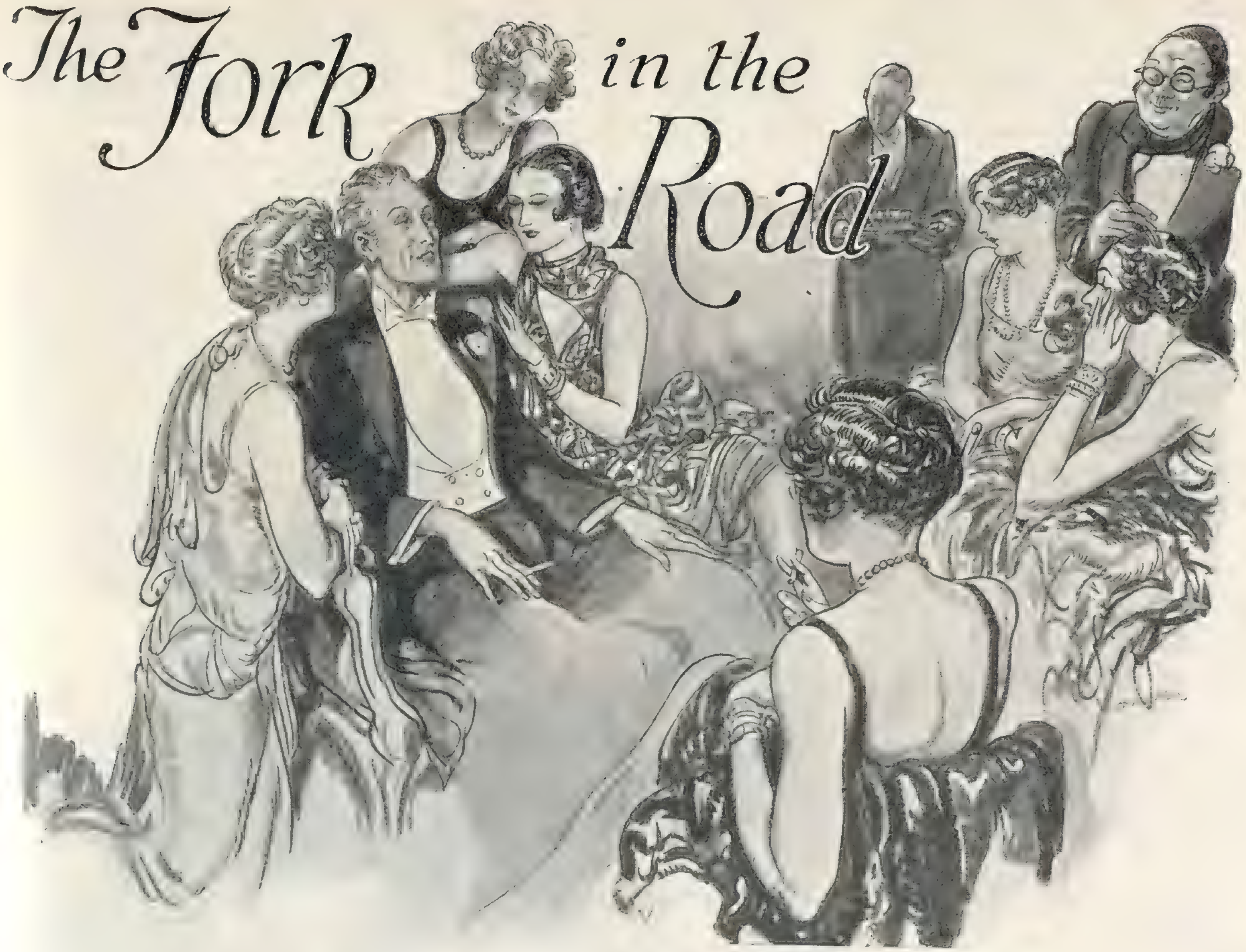
2.—*The green velours model below, following closely the lines of the head, is amusingly reminiscent of the headgear of a Lifeboatsman! Any severity is redeemed by lines of tucks in front, and the turned-up brim passes under a pointed tab.*
(JANE BLANCHOT.)

3.—*Felt, soft and supple in its latest variety, expresses effectively the draped turban immediately below, in a lovely shade of emerald green; and the inserted motif in the centre, curved in the new manner, is made of black velvet.*
(JANE BLANCHOT.)

Helmets *for* Halcyon Days

Early Autumn Millinery, carried out in soft, supple fabrics, follows closely the lines of the head

The Fork in the Road



"Women of a kind adored him and told him so . . . Philandering and the more sultry forms of night-life were his forte"

The darling of many fair hearts was Tony Carteret, and life for him meant little beyond the lights of Piccadilly Circus. But India, the relentless, brought him face to face with grim reality

By Allan Swinton

Any story of wild places finds Allan Swinton at home. He has penetrated every corner of the globe, cattle punching, tea planting, prospecting for oil and searching for gold; but for the past four years he has turned author, finding more gold in the written word than he did in mines and oil wells

"BLOOD will tell," the world says. Yet sages do not agree as to whether heredity or the chancy influences of environment and circumstance go most to the making of a man.

Which powers, for instance, most swayed young Tony Carteret, through his Gethsemane in the grim Rajputana desert: his father's blood, that of his mother, chance, or the fierce souls of Dhuleep Singh and his son, Shabu? Certain it is that, but for a little sandstorm whirling up on a scorched night in Mewanir, he would have been to-day a mere Piccadilly coxcomb, the knavish squire of lights-o'-love unending, instead of a swaggering colonel of the finest cavalry on earth.

He knew his father merely as a nebulous legend, incidental to his mother's affectation. "Tony's going to the Mewanirri Lancers, of course," she always told strangers. "His great-grandfather started them, and his grandfather and my husband were colonels. Tony will be, one day, won't you, darling?"

Tony was the last Carteret. Three generations of soldiering in India had wiped them out—his father was killed by a horse there, soon after marrying Leila, whose knowledge of the regiment was limited to that gleaned from observation of its junketings at State celebrations. The fact that three Carterets had commanded it meant nothing, important only the comforting item that India was so far distant that when Tony grew old enough to be inconvenient to her chosen way of living, he could be disposed of safely there.

He had bred straight to his mother's strain, lacking both the wolfish physique and the fearless and swashbuckling arrogance characteristic of the Carterets. Truly, he was beautiful. Six feet one, and built like a deer, with silky yellow hair and a Grecian profile women dreamed about.

Philandering and the more sultry forms of night-life were his forte. He was willing enough to go to India. He had always found life easy and delightful, and the thought that it might ever cease to be so had not crossed his mind. The regiment, he knew, was brilliant, its officers

Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER

wealthy, and its uniform simply gorgeous. "Yerss," he would drawl to rapt admirers, "I'm going to India when I'm through. All the Carterets do—though I'm the last, they tell me."

THE trip was a six weeks' crescendo of dancing, drinking and love-making, and the strong delights of Oriental ports. Then came Bombay—more "life" —whence in high spirits he entrained for Moonch, capital of the old Rajput State of Mewanir.

It was nine o'clock at night when he awoke, to find the train stopped and a babu's greasy face at the carriage door. "Moonch, sar. Gentilman asking, sar!" As Tony knuckled his eyes, a friendly voice below said, "Hullo, there! You Carteret?'

"Yes."

"I'm Hatton Came down to meet you."

Tony did not thank him—it was no more than fitting that someone should be there to wait on him.

They drove down a dark road, where dust muffled the pony's hoofs and rose in choking billows, past shadowy groups of men and beasts huddled by wayside fires. The night was clear and very hot, with a dryness in the air that parched the skin.

Tony started as a ringing bass voice challenged, like the strong stroke of a bell, "Koon?"

"Hatton, sahib!"

"Accha, huzoor," the sentry answered, and as they turned beneath the arch the light showed for a lurid moment a tall, rigid, figure with gleaming eye-whites, and the straight shaft of a lance. Clattering across a court, drenched with the scent of roses, they stopped before a building whose squat domes and slender spires stood black against the myriad stars. "Here we are," Hatton said.

HE led to a low and dim-lit chamber, floored with blue tiles. The walls were cedar, carved and black with age, the ceiling an exquisite mosaic of ancient hunting scenes in vivid colours. Men in short scarlet jackets, with tight gold-striped trousers and spurred heels, lay around reading by hooded lamps.

A tall, grey badger of a man with cropped moustache and a deep scar down one cheek came toward them. He was lame, with a curious stoop

' . . colonel," Hatton murmured deferentially, and effaced himself.

'Good God! What a pup!" the scarred soldier thought. "If he's a Carteret I'm a mule!" But his eyes were kind as he said cordially, "How d'you do, Carteret. Good trip down, I hope?"

Oh, all right, I suppose, sir. Frightful bore though, don't you think?'

Hugh Trope's eyebrows climbed—the colonel of the Mewanirris was not commonly addressed with nonchalance by subalterns. "Good Lord, deliver us!'

Other men came up, grave, tall, thin-legged men with big knees and wide hock-bottle shoulders, uttering lame words of welcome.

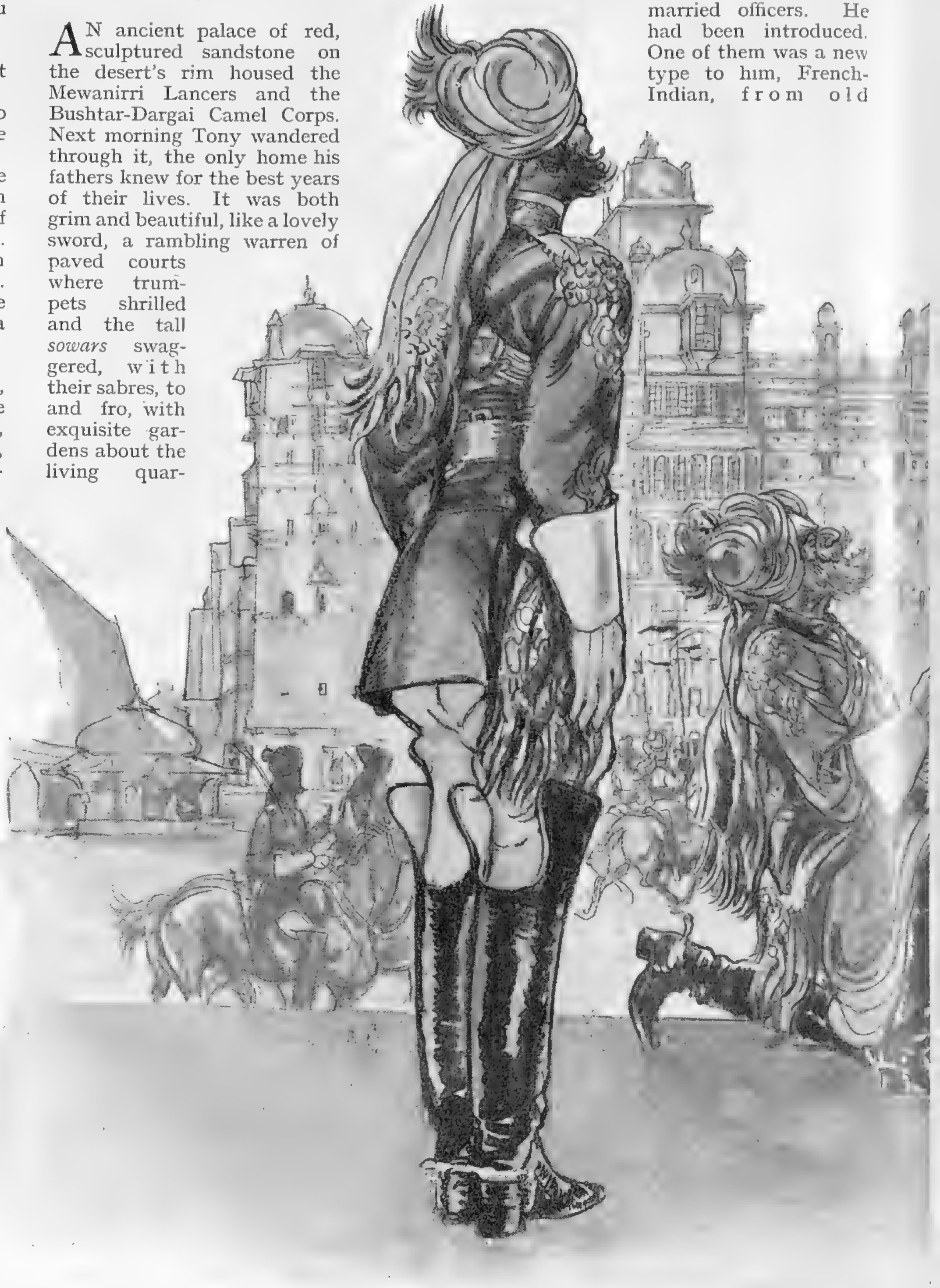
Though each man's thoughts at sight of him were similar, they gave no sign of them, and each in his own fashion strove to welcome the last son of Carteret, founder of their regiment, and Tony accepted their homage with appropriate aloofness.

They sent for sandwiches and coffee to refresh him. After, he sat with whisky and cheroot, and the colonel chatted with him

Far off, outside, a drum beat. Within, deep voices rose and fell, seeming but to accentuate the hush of that exotic chamber; the lamps were quite inadequate for its size, making but yellow pools in the encroaching dusk. Tony did not like it. There was a queer spell over it. A most uncanny sense of unreality held him. He wished there were a woman present.

AN ancient palace of red, sculptured sandstone on the desert's rim housed the Mewanirri Lancers and the Bushtar-Dargai Camel Corps. Next morning Tony wandered through it, the only home his fathers knew for the best years of their lives. It was both grim and beautiful, like a lovely sword, a rambling warren of paved courts where trumpets shrilled and the tall *sowars* swaggered, with their sabres, to and fro, with exquisite gardens about the living quarters. Wherever Tony went, grim, bearded men with glowing eyes stood rigid and saluted, when he had gone, joining in groups and rumbling that there went the son of the great Bagh Sahib, who had sired their regiment, the greatest cavalry in Asia.

Tony saw the regiment on parade—a sight for gods. Standing at the sculptured door-post of one of the great stables, watching, Tony approved of it, and had a most gratifying sense of proprietorship. The entire parade was for his benefit, just as his many worshippers in London had decked themselves and posed for him. Also, on the way across from the mess, they had met three ladies riding, wives of married officers. He had been introduced. One of them was a new type to him, French-Indian, from old



"'My life is done. Death waits just a little down the road. I shall not to see thy house and mine ride once again together with the lances. Thus to see its light.' And Dhuleep Singh, the greatest Rajput of his the exquisite, the faithless squire of many dames, who stood so pink

Chandernagore. She had acknowledged his swift glance in a way he recognised.

After parade the colonel took him round the echoing great stables where the *sowars* groomed their chargers. By and by an enormous native officer clanked up to them. He was the biggest man Tony had ever seen, towering over his own fine stature as a wolfhound over a whippet. Under the raking pugaree of buff and scarlet, his piercing eyes looked out with a curious and eerie light. His face was butter-coloured, and his great hooked nose, of an ascetic fineness of modelling, jutted down fiercely over a lustrous black beard.

"Huzoor, the father of our house is come. Is it thy pleasure that he speak with *Him* ?"

The colonel nodded, smiling, and the Rajput stalked away to meet a little cavalcade that came into the square led by a man in a scarlet *kaftan*.

"How's your Hindustani ?" Trope asked.

"I got an extra first, sir."

"Good."

The native officer returned, with an ancient man in the scarlet full-dress of the regiment, a fierce-eyed eagle of an old man, whose spirit had plainly long survived the decay of his body. Three rows of medals sagged on his sunken chest. His eyes, unwavering on Tony's, were fierce and very bright.

"Carteret," Trope said, "these are Dhuleep Singh Khan Bahadur and his son, Ressaldar-Major Shabu Singh. Dhuleep Singh has come from his house especially to see you !"

The old man addressed Tony in an eager and resonant bass voice, startling in its virility from a man so senile. "Huzoor, I crave thy pardon that I could not rest till I had seen thy father's son. I rode at thy grandsire's stirrup. Thy grandsire's head was on my knee when he died at Kabul gate. Thy sire and I led the regiment past the colours the day before the mad Balhki stallion killed him. But now I am old. Death waits just a little down the road. I shall not see the regiment charge again. But I have prayed that I might live to see thy house and mine ride once again together with the lances. Thus am I greatly blessed to-day, and I praise God that I have lived to see its light !" And Dhuleep Singh, the greatest Rajput of his time, half drew his sword and bent the knee to Tony Carteret, the exquisite, the faithless squire of many dames, who stood so pink and white and dainty-looking beside those seasoned warriors.

THE colonel's face was grim, and his eyes protested, to see the untried boy stand in the sun against the fountain, looking down on the grand old man with his superior faint smile.

"Touch the hilt, man," he muttered. "Touch the hilt and say something !"

Tony bent and touched. The old man rose, staggering as he found his feet, and slammed home his Tonkhi blade. "*Shabash*, sahib !" he hailed the son of Tony's father. "Thus it was always in this regiment ! And the service that in mine age I may not give thee, this my child shall provide !"

Ressaldar-Major Shabu Singh half-bared his blade and knelt before the off-bred whelp of a strain he had been taught to worship as the greatest fighting breed in India. "My life for thine, Sahib !" he rumbled. "But there shall be many fine fights ere the drums beat for thou or me !"

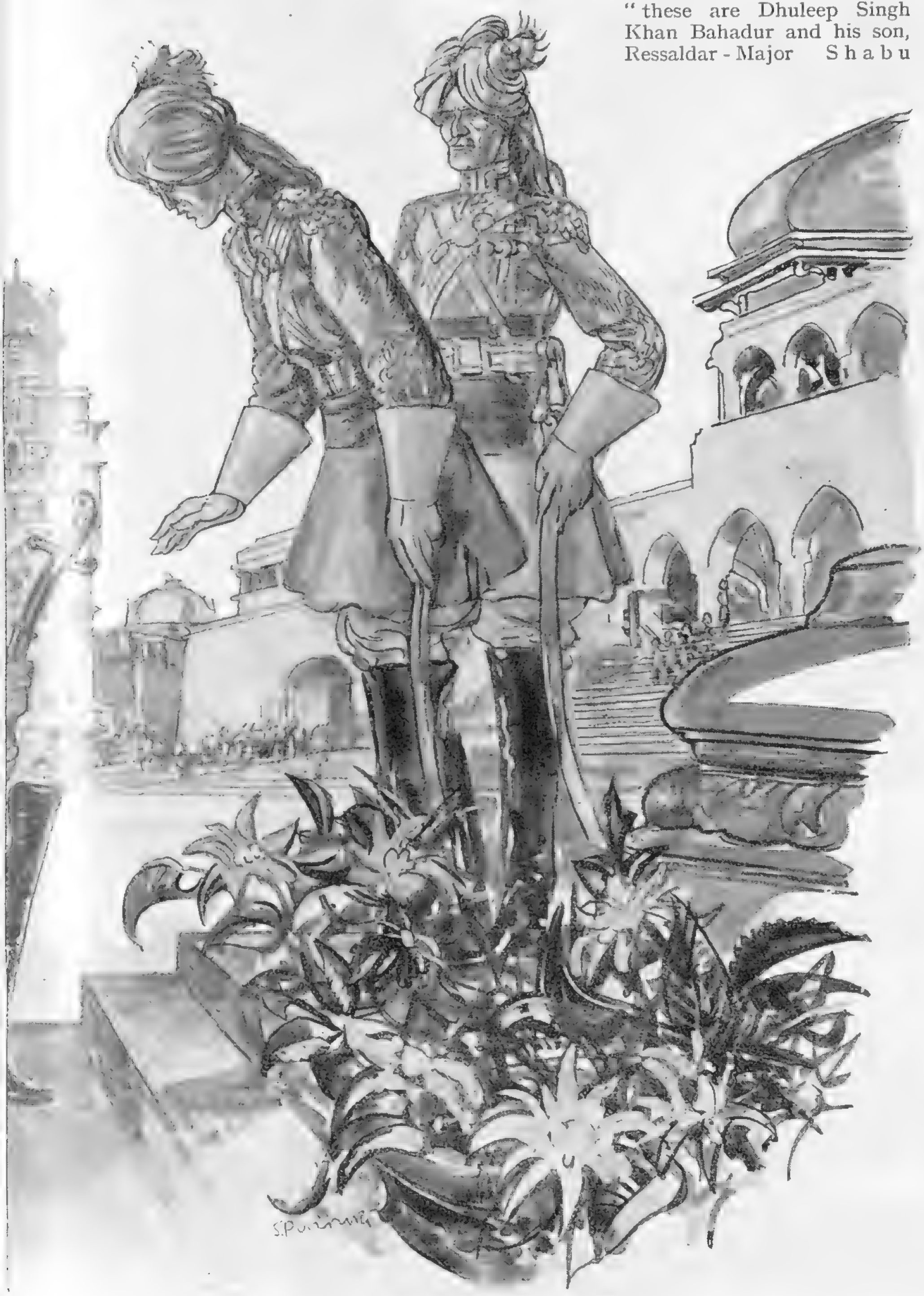
Tony reached down and touched the hilt of ivory and gold and turquoise.

That afternoon Hatton took him to call on the general's wife. There he met Julie Masterman, the languorous dark girl from Chandernagore. Her husband was major of the supply column, fat, red-faced and sleepy. Tony looked deep into her eyes, as he knew how, and found there what he wished to see. Life was his oyster still, as it had always been. He was a being apart, superior to other men. Such was his conceit, he recognised no difference between the homage paid his father's son by the fierce warriors of Rajputana and the favours accorded him by easy women.

But that evening, in mess, again his sang-froid left him. He wished the strange, half-breathless feeling would not seize him in the quiet there.

The ante-room had the same eerie atmosphere, that gripped his nerves with a sure sense of happenings impending.

The colonel sat with a glass of brandy, watching him, watching the son of those whose spirit permeated every cranny of the old citadel of Moonch. By and by he rose and went across. "We've an escort job to do to-morrow, Carteret. I'm sending you with Hatton—just a two days' ride across the desert. Give you a chance to see the country and get close to your men. Nothing like that for a good start, y'know." He tailed off



see the regiment charge again. But I have prayed that I might live am I greatly blessed to-day, and I praise God that I have lived time, half drew his sword and bent the knee to Tony Carteret, and white and dainty-looking beside those seasoned warriors."

lamely, groping for words to express the fullness of his heart. " Er—have a drink ? Cheroot then ? " They smoked awhile. Trope stood up. " A minute, will you ? "

TONY followed the warped, limping figure in the scarlet jacket to the fireplace. Above it, from a big oil painting, gazed an arrogant beak-nosed giant in semi-native dress, a jewelled plume in the puggaree and a curved sword in his fist. " Know him, of course ? "

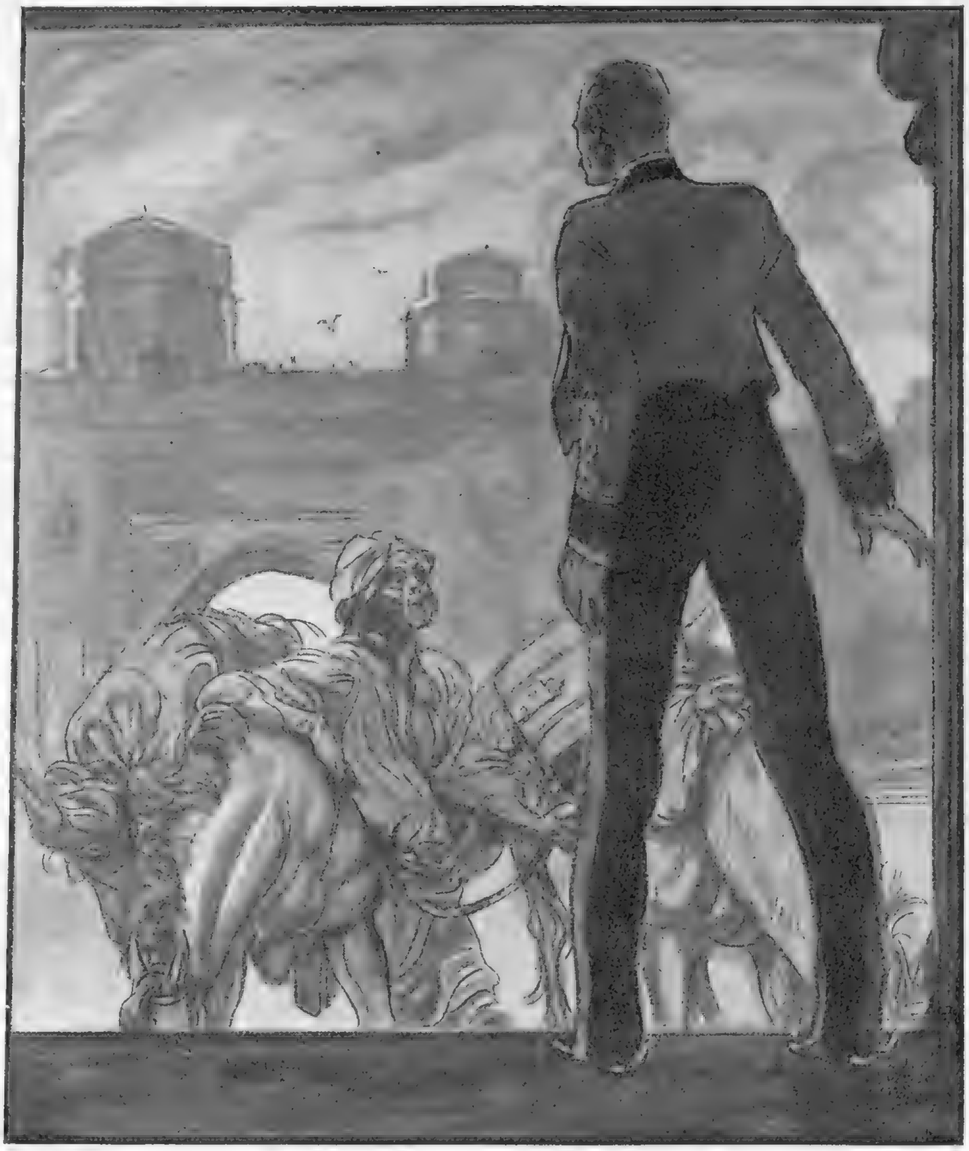
Tony didn't, but he guessed.

" Man, that," Trope said. " Name to conjure with here, boy ! Great thing for the regiment having it on the rolls again. We know you'll live up to it, and we hope you'll be happy."

To his annoyance, Tony found himself fascinated by the eyes of his great grandsire, glaring on him with the arrogant challenge with which his fathers had confronted men and life, and would have done gods or devils had they encountered them. He positively did not like those eyes. He had the uncomfortable sensation that they were alive, knowing, seeing into his very heart.

Damn the thing, it was affecting him uncannily. It was all weird, fantastic, finitely disturbing.

He was conscious of Trope's gaze on him. Something glittered in the corners of the colonel's eyes, which he knuckled away hurriedly. Trope laid his hand on Tony's shoulder with a heavy grip. He patted it once or twice, seemed about to speak then swung round and led back to a knot of fellows who were gathered for poker.



" He turned to see two thin and weary camels file through the ancient arch. The first bore a huge man's body slung across the saddle. The second, two ancient coffers. The dolorous train was led by a slim tall man afoot, in the blood-stained garments of a desert thakur "

TONY and Nick Hatton rode at the head of their small column. Behind jogged a troop of lancers, followed by a native cart drawn by four ewe-necked Cutcheri stallions, the entire equippage gaily and barbarically caparisoned. After came again a troop of lancers superbly mounted, very arrogant, and slim and hawkish.

All round them heaved the dusty plains rimming the sands of Thar, the Great Indian Desert, in the heart of Rajputana.

There was to be a gathering of native kings, and His Highness of Mewanir was bringing his regalia across the desert from Lihani, to ship by rail from Moonch. Conversation had languished between Tony and Hatton, that debonair, blonde soldier having at last grown angry at the intolerable condescension Tony affected. Tony was very bored, and striving to divert himself by contemplating pleasant days to come to be devoted to the subjugation of the ravishing Julie Masterman.

The dusty miles clacked by, the vultures wheeled. Suddenly the chargers shied as a squat, black-faced native rose vociferating in their path. " Huzoor. Protector of the pitiful ! Mercy ! Succour ! My wives and all my house ! Our water failed. But five *kotalies* from thy path, huzoor . . ."

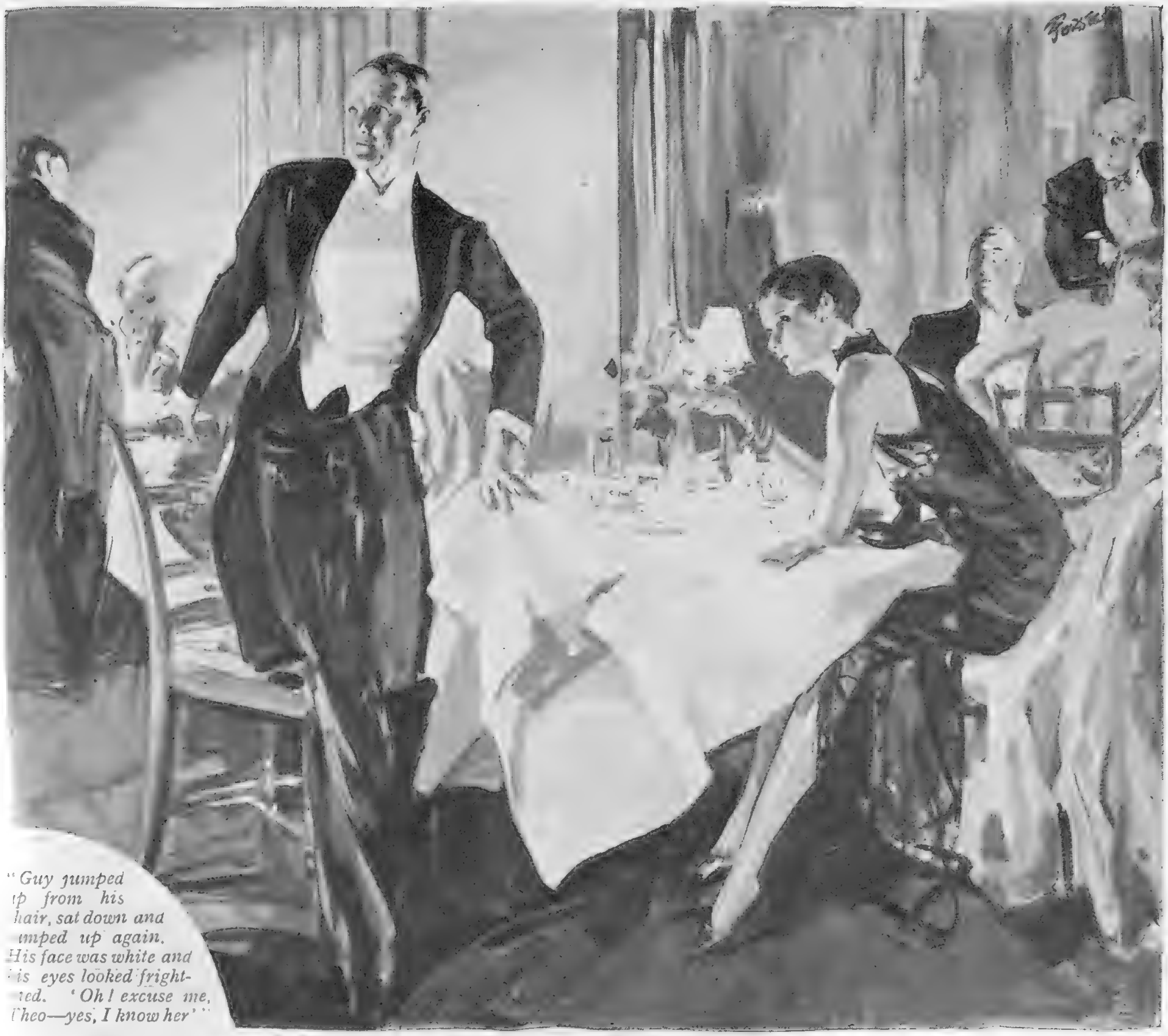
Hatton grunted, " Rohillas. Hillmen, y'know. Always dam' fools in the desert. All right. Carteret, will you take the rear troop and bring 'em in. Chuck the women on the cart."

With the fellow jabbering beside him and the troop behind, Tony topped the rise, descended, rose and crossed the next. Suddenly from their rear burst a rattle of rifle fire. The shooting stopped, and they distinctly heard a storm of yells, and the wild drum of hoofs. The eyes of the havildar at his stirrup rolled ominously. " Huzoor, let us—*Wallah !* See the swine ! " He yelled, hurled his horse forward, and his sword in a shimmering arc swept out as he dashed after the Rohilla, who was in the act of taking cover in a patch of scrub. The man ducked and doubled, to no avail, screamed, as the backhand stroke cut him down. The havildar circled magnificently and reined in his plunging horse by Tony, his red blade at the carry. Tony stared, shocked, slack-jawed and white with horror. " It is a trap, huzoor ! Let us return swiftly ! "

Without volition Tony found himself galloping beside the Rajput, the troop behind them. Down the slope, up, down, and up the next, on whose crest an icy hand clutched Tony's heart. Below, a yelling, hacking mass of horsemen surged about the treasure cart, as Hatton and his forlorn troop fought grimly with a hundred squat and hairy ruffians from the no-man's land of the Rohilla mountains. A fierce yell burst from Tony's men, avid and piercing. *" Yahhhhhh ! Yi-hi ! Lu lu lu lu lu lu ! "* the ancient Rajput battle shout, and with levelled lances in a thundering avalanche they charged down, smashed into the whirling mob, and were engulfed.

But Tony was not with them. The mare reared and circled on the slope, fighting the iron grip that fear lent Tony's hands. An involuntary and irresistible force controlled them as he watched that vortex of brown arms that hacked with flickerin blades. He saw Hatton, hatless and grimy, eyes glaring on the rim of the fight. Hatton, hi white teeth gleaming, saw Tony, too and Tony remembers to this day the contempt in his proud, doomed eyes. He cut at a man, who fell forward and clasped him round the waist. Before he could tear free, a sword licked down on his bare head. He sagged. Next instant a blade stood out six inches from his back. The four Rohillas yelled triumphantly, saw Tony, charged. For one appalled instant he awaited the rush of swords and wide-mouthed faces lusting for him ; then, with the strength of utter panic, wheeled, jammed home the spurs, and rode like a madman for his life.

(*Continued on page* 165)



"Guy jumped up from his hair, sat down and umped up again. His face was white and his eyes looked frightened. 'Oh! excuse me, Theo—yes, I know her'"

The BERKELEY—*at* Eight

Seven years after Patricia had divorced him, Guy Larrington still believed himself to be in love with her. Then Theo came into his life, and . . . .

By Barbara Hedworth

"WHENEVER I want to celebrate," Guy Larrington said dreamily, "I always dine at the Berkeley."

He sipped his liqueur brandy, half closing his eyes to show his appreciation. He went on, lowering his voice as he warmed to his subject.

"All my life I've celebrated here. The first occasion was, I remember, when my father backed a hundred to one winner of the Derby; that time I came to luncheon in an Eton suit, and whenever I sell a picture my friends take it for granted that we dine here, and then . . ."

He finished his brandy, and decided that he could not tell Theo about the other times. Not that he cared about Patricia any more, and it was only the brandy and the sense of home-coming, after seven years world roaming, which made him sentimentalise inwardly over that first dinner with Patricia. He remembered ringing her up in the morning to remind her. "The Berkeley—at eight." And they had dined at the very same table the day they were married. He remembered, too, all at once, that he could not have been inside the place since Patricia divorced him seven years ago.

Moved emotionally by the strains of music which filtered through the voices of the packed restaurant, he could think without bitterness of the day when she had come to him and announced in that oddly detached voice of hers, "You know, Guy—it's no good going on any longer. We shall never make anything of our marriage." And even while he wallowed in self-pitying misery when he provided the necessary evidence, Guy had known that Patricia was right, and although he derived a certain amount of pleasure from considering himself the worst used man in town, his predominant sensation was one of extreme relief. For instance, you had to admit the joy of scattering ash on your bedroom floor without the fear of Patricia's quiet but relentless, "Guy, dear, I've given you *four* ash-trays." And then it was pleasant to be able to hobnob with the less fortunate members of your profession without Patricia's endless, "Guy, dear, d'you think he's quite the sort of person to ask to dine? You might remember you're married now, and one has one's social obligations."

THAT, thought Guy, ordering another brandy, is where Patricia and I differed. She only saw me as my father's son and heir, backed up with Etonian and university traditions, whereas, I liked myself best as the chap who got drunk on cheap Chianti in Doggo Fry's attic in Chelsea. Nevertheless, the break with Patricia had been sufficiently painful for Guy to have left England and his Chelsea parties for seven years, during which he had visited every country in Europe, and a bit of Asia and Africa. He had come back as suddenly as he disappeared, with a portfolio of reasonably good pictures and complete resignation so far as Patricia was concerned.

He had met Theo at Doggo's place. A slender silhouette of a girl with pale gold hair fitting closely to her head like a skullcap. She had a masterful mouth and vague impersonal eyes which reminded him of the Caribbean Sea. He had danced with her once or twice at Doggo's party and was faintly stirred by her sense of rhythm. Her dancing, he thought, was as impersonal as her eyes, conscientiously perfect like that of a gigolo. In fact, as he got to know her better during the course of the evening, he found that there was quite a lot of a charming boy in her make-up She talked frankly but without ulterior meaning, and used occasional blasphemies without self-consciousness, and by the time he had reached his hotel he knew definitely that he wanted to see her again. So he got her telephone number from Doggo and suggested, from force of habit, "Will you dine with me at the Berkeley—at eight?"

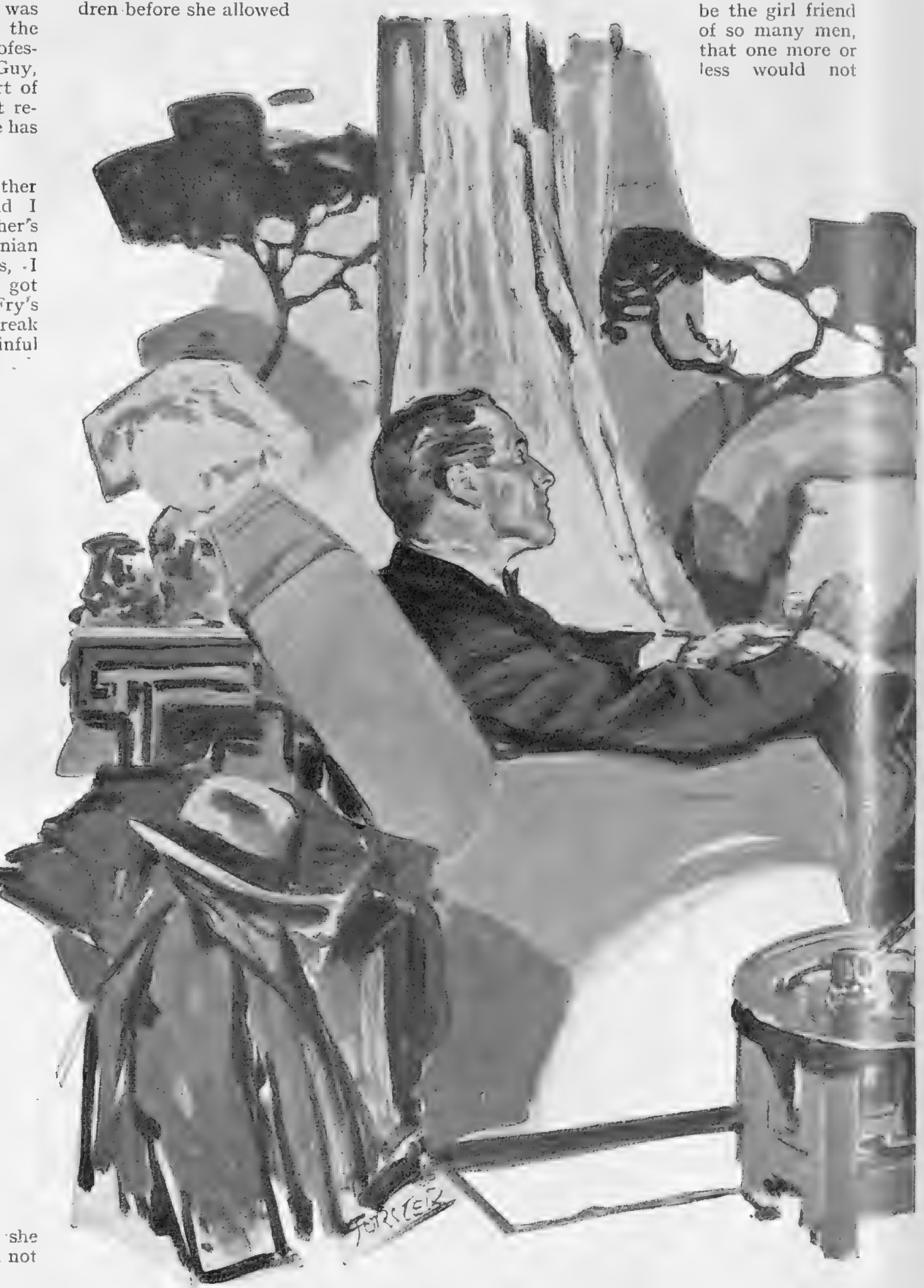
She crashed into his sentimental musings, "What are we celebrating to-night?"

And you sensed from the unaffected sincerity of her voice that she was merely courteously anxious, and not fishing for the obvious compliment.

He told her, equally sincerely, "My return to the land of my birth—and you."

"But why me?"

SHE looked faintly amused as she helped herself to a *petit four*. And rather glad. Just like a young boy who had gone down with his elders and doesn't know the reason. Guy, remembering the amorous embraces of the swarthy-skinned voluptuous-eyed women of the south, and the practical minds of the girls he had dined in Paris, was moved at this non-committal attitude of camaraderie. After all, he decided, patriotically, no girl in the world comes up to the English girl, and shuddered as he recalled the flaxen-haired Fräulein who wanted to know his family tree and if he desired children before she allowed him to kiss her.



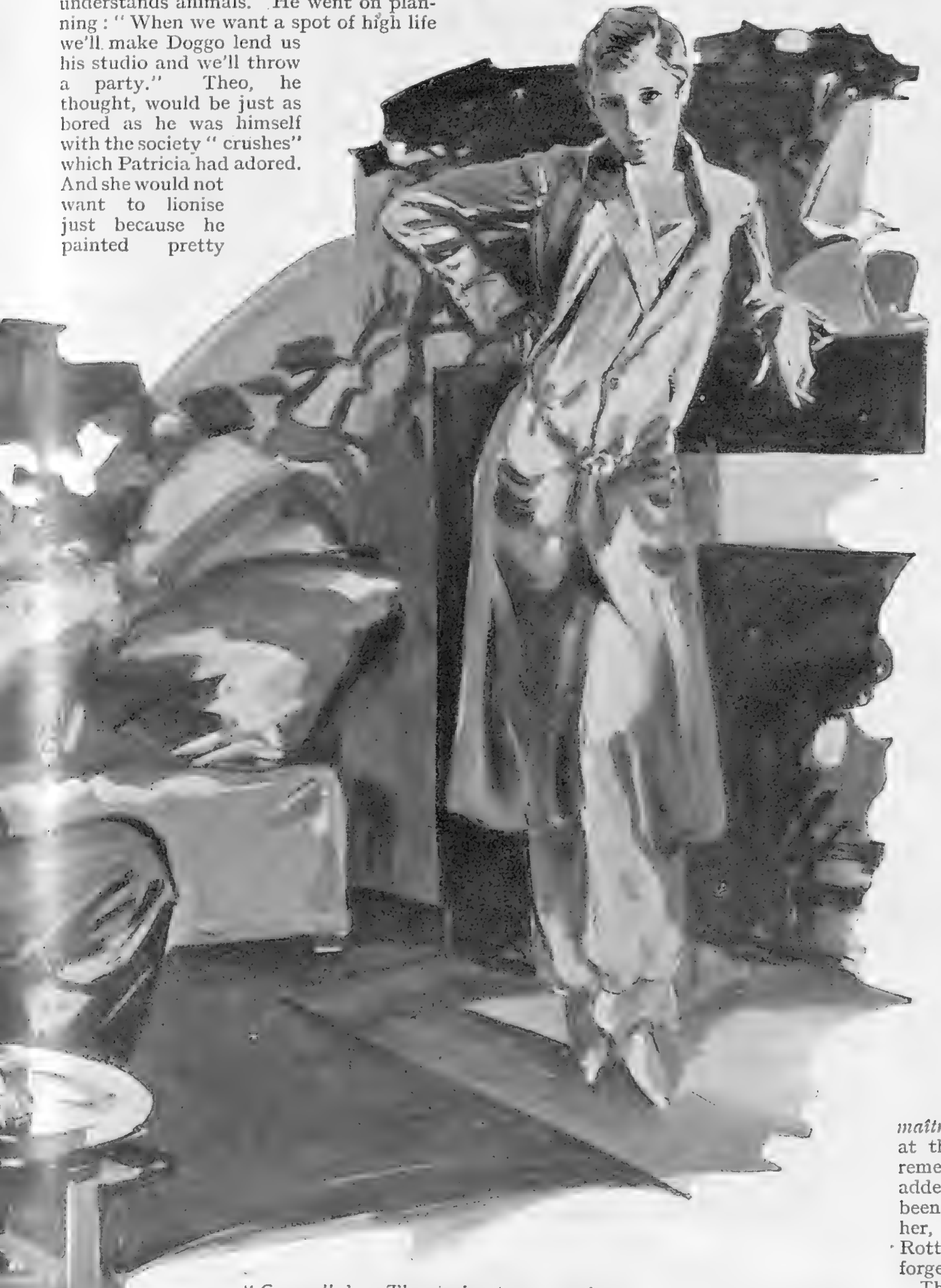
He attempted to explain to Theo. "It is such a joy to be able to treat a girl as just a girl friend. You can't in other countries. Take it from me, Theo, if a man takes a girl out without a chaperone in Italy, he can consider himself compromised. Awful, isn't it?"

She nodded sympathetically and he asked, "Can I consider you as my girl friend, Theo?"

"Oh! yes—if you like."

The nonchalant boyishness of her voice, which conveyed that the matter was of small importance to her. But then, Guy thought with an unaccountable twinge of jealousy, she was bound to be the girl friend of so many men, that one more or less would not bother her unduly. He decided, suddenly, to book up lots of evenings with her. He wanted to dance with her again, and take her to theatres. Then perhaps they could have a day's loafing in the country, or go to the Zoo. He remembered how supercilious Patricia had been when he had produced Sunday tickets and suggested tins of treacle for the bears. But Theo, he felt, would adore feeding bears on treacle. She would have the kind of mind which understands animals. He went on planning: “When we want a spot of high life we'll make Doggo lend us his studio and we'll throw a party.” Theo, he thought, would be just as bored as he was himself with the society “crushes” which Patricia had adored. And she would not want to lionise just because he painted pretty decent pictures. You could not imagine Theo telling her friends, “Guy is simply inundated with commissions, but he won't commit himself; he's so *temperamental*.” Oh! no, Theo would be frank about it. “Guy can paint all right, but he's too darned lazy to get anywhere. The trouble is, he has too many shares paying fat dividends.”

BY the time Guy had finished his third brandy he was playing with the idea of asking Theo to marry him, and again she interrupted his thoughts.



“Guy called on Theo in her two-roomed flat overlooking Hampstead Heath. He found her dressed in a boyish dressing-gown and mauve silk pyjamas”

“That woman over there is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. Do look. D'you know who she is, by any chance?”

Guy glanced lazily round the room, silently wondering at Theo's frank admiration of another member of her sex. He asked disinterestedly, “Over where?”

“There—in the corner. Oh! she's just going—look, by the door.” She indicated with a thin white hand a tall woman in a gold *lamé* cloak.

Guy jumped up from his chair, sat down and jumped up again. His face was white and his eyes looked frightened.

“Oh! excuse me, Theo—yes, I know her.”

He bumped into three waiters and got tangled up in the doorway, arriving on the steps of the restaurant just in time to see Patricia's taxi driving towards Piccadilly. He smoothed his hair mechanically and stared at the passers-by. The commissionaire looked worried, wondering if the gentleman were sufficiently drunk to be asked to leave. It was always a difficult problem, especially as there was no telling who the offender might be. You were pretty safe with casual diners who were merely having a fling, but it became awkward if you made a nuisance of yourself to the son of one of the restaurant's most respected and remunerative clients. And while the commissionaire meditated upon his duty, Guy, who had never felt more sober in all his life, was wondering how he was going to find Patricia. Seeing her like that, after seven years, showed him how deeply he wanted her. No other woman could ever seriously matter. Theo was a little darling, but you could not compare her attractive boyishness to the subtle loveliness of Patricia. He recalled the fastidious reserve of her kisses, given so sparingly and yet with such perfect discrimination. She had been so patient with him really, and her little complaints, he thought now, had only been made for his own good. A young hoyden, that's what he had been when he married Patricia, but he was older now, and therefore had more experience and a sounder judgment of life. He would tell her that when he found her. She might have married again, although he felt this to be improbable. Patricia was not the kind of person to fall in and out of marriage. That passionate fastidiousness of her.

HE went slowly back to the restaurant and found the *maître d'hôtel*. “Who was the lady sitting at that corner table?” he asked, and remembering that he was at the Berkeley, added, “I am just back from abroad, been away seven years. I used to know her, but can't remember her name. Rotten memory for names, but I never forget a face.”

The *maître d'hôtel* smiled understandingly, and said he could find out for monsieur. He disappeared behind a screen, returning a few minutes later full of regrets, but madame had not booked her table, and none of the waiters remembered seeing her before to-night.

Guy shrugged his shoulders and said, “Ah, well, a pity, but it didn't really matter, and went back to Theo, who was smoking a gold flake cigarette through a long black holder.

He apologised: “I'm awfully sorry to have behaved like that. But, you see, I used to know her rather well.”

Theo smiled in a nice friendly man-to-man way. "I could forgive any male thing behaving anyhow over a woman with those eyes."

"She's very lovely," Guy agreed.

"More than that; she's beautiful."

And because of her frank enthusiasm, Guy broke through his natural reserve, which was partly inherited and partly the result of Eton and Oxford, telling her curtly, "She was my wife until seven years ago. She divorced me and I thought I'd got over it, but find I haven't. Will you mind awfully if we break up this party?"

Theo put out her half-finished cigarette and said, "Of course not," in that boyish non-committal voice of hers.

* * *

FOR three weeks Guy combed fashionable London for Patricia. He went to all the first nights, and even buried his pride to the extent of calling on her brother whom he had always detested. The brother, who was a captain in the Black Watch, and took his regiment and life in general extremely seriously, was coldly polite to Guy.

"I haven't seen Patricia for ages, but I have an idea she is going to Lady Wane's at home next Thursday." His attitude clearly denoting that he wondered how it was that Guy didn't see the lack of *savoir faire* in pursuing a woman who had divorced him for infidelity, but that he himself had the good taste not to make indiscreet inquiries as to his motives. And also Patricia's brother had a secret passion for awkward situations, provided that he was not personally involved, so, having decided to attend Lady Wane's at home himself, gave away the information that Patricia would be there. Suggesting patronisingly, "You used to know Lady Wane, didn't you?"

His polite iciness prevented Guy asking further particulars about Patricia: "Was she married? Where did she live?" So he said thank you politely and rang up Lady Wane, who gushed, of course, she would be delighted to see him, and he must tell her all about his naughty wanderings. She had completely forgotten at the time that she had sent Patricia a card, but when he arrived she told him, "I remembered directly after you 'phoned. And as I did not know where you were staying, I just suggested to Patricia . . ."

Guy nearly upset his tea-cup on one of her rarest praying rugs. "Then Patricia isn't coming?" he stammered.

His hostess looked severe for a second, then remembering that he had been in the wilds (anywhere further afield than Cannes was "the wilds" to Lady Wane) she soothed him. "Well, Guy dear, it might have been awkward. Patricia quite understood."

And he thought miserably, fighting his way politely through to the hall, "She would."

AFTER that he attended every social function which he thought might be honoured by Patricia's presence. He even risked being evicted as a "gate-crasher" at the Lawley Davises' dance, but carried it off by reminding his bewildered host that they had shot together in Scotland. And Patricia remained elusive.

At one dance he found a handkerchief with a P. embroidered on it which closely resembled some he had bought her. It gave him a kind of hurt consolation to go to sleep with it under his pillow and to think that she still used his handkerchiefs. He would not admit for a moment that someone else whose name also began with a "P" might have purchased handkerchiefs of the same pattern. One evening when there was no first night and no one giving the kind of party Patricia went to, Guy called on Theo in her two-roomed flat overlooking Hampstead Heath. He found her dressed in a boyish dressing gown and mauve silk pyjamas. She was reading a novel by Mary Webb, and seemed quite unconscious of her unorthodox attire.

"If you wait patiently for ten minutes," she told him, "I'll make you some coffee." Not a word or gesture of surprise at his visit, not even a look of reproach at his unexpected neglect of her after that rather intimate dinner at the Berkeley.

While he drank coffee in thirsty gulps, he told her, "I can't find Patricia anywhere, Theo. What am I going to do about it? Can you advise?" Clinging suddenly to that impersonal wisdom of Theo's.

She frowned slightly. "You love her awfully, even though she divorced you?"

"That was my fault. I wouldn't behave properly—got on her nerves with my messy habits. The actual divorce was just a matter of form. Patricia wanted to get rid of me and that was the only decent way out." He rushed on, incoherent almost in his humility, "I didn't understand Patricia's point of view then, but I'm different now. Living shoddily, that's what she used to call it. There's no need to live shoddily just because you happen to be an artist, is there, Theo?"

Theo put down her cup. "It all depends what you call 'living shoddily,'" she temporised. "And, in the meantime, why not try unlikely places? I've heard that one always meets everyone at the Lyons Corner Houses."

GUY did not go quite as far as that, but he started to frequent restaurants in Soho, and stood for hours outside picture palaces eagerly scrutinising the people as they yawned themselves into the streets. Then at last he found her quite by accident in the foyer of a theatre which was running a "failure." A play of the East which Guy had rather wanted to see, and which he went to with no idea of running into Patricia, who used not to like that kind of play. Waiting idly in the unorganised queue for hats and coats, he found himself standing next to her, pushed against her by an ill-mannered person who wanted his hat in a hurry.

She went rather white, but otherwise showed no sign of surprise or awkwardness. "I thought you were still abroad, Guy." Her voice was mildly friendly, as if she were speaking to a chance acquaintance.

Guy clutched her hand, then, realising that Patricia disapproved of such demonstrations of affection in public, dropped it. He whispered tensely, "I must talk to you—where?"

She smiled tolerantly, "You can come back to the flat. Will you get a taxi."

They talked awkwardly about the play and the weather during the drive to the flat near Shepherd's Market. Guy had the sensation of having suddenly been thrust back into the past, when it had so often happened that he and Patricia drove back from the theatre, making polite conversation. And now, as then, he felt the same lazy intoxication at the proximity of her. Those slender white hands, which always smelt faintly of Gloire de Roses; the arrogant poise of her head, and the maddening sweep of her eyelashes against her pale cheeks. And he supposed, that he would have to propose to her all over again. It seemed somehow silly and unreal to be sitting intimately in a taxi with Patricia who was no longer your wife. And, still rather dazed, he followed her into the lift, hovering uncertainly behind her while she found her latchkey. "Come into the drawing room and have a drink."

PATRICIA speaking to him with hospitable courtesy, inviting him to the flat he had planned for her, and paid for. He noticed, with sentimental relief, that nothing had been altered, and he sat down in the chair which he had chosen "For my special comfort." Patricia poured out a whisky and soda and held it towards him. Guy took it gratefully, remembering all those other times when she had performed this small service for him. But who, he thought savagely, buys her whisky now.

He drank thirstily, then asked, "Did you by any chance marry again, Patricia?"

"Oh! no, of course not."

He sensed a subtle reproach in the finality of her tone, and told her, "But you should have done. Beautiful women were not made to live alone."

She raised her eyebrows and tightened her lips, which was Patricia's way of showing her displeasure, and Guy recalled that she had always disliked flippancy. He attempted to raise the conversation to a more serious note.

"I've missed you, Patricia dear."

"I'm sorry about that."

She sat down opposite him, with her hands clasped loosely on her lap. "Your pictures are getting good notices," she remarked irrelevantly.

"Yes. People have been kind." He thought, "How like Patricia to bring an ex-husband back to her flat after the theatre, and then to talk pretties about his pictures."

"You ought, you know," she advised him, "to get publicity, meet the right people. Lady Wane could help you a lot. You were at her 'at home' the other day, weren't you?"

"Oh! yes, just dropped in. It was very boring." Guy stifled a yawn and refused to remember all those other times when he and Patricia had sat in the cream and gold drawing room while she advised him to cultivate the kind of people who might be useful. And because he had been younger then and consequently more intolerant, he had snapped back, "I hate people who might be useful to me. I paint for fun and not for honour, glory and fat commissions." He was trying now to see Patricia's point of view. She was, he reflected, the kind of woman who enjoys being the wife of a celebrity. A born publicist, this Patricia, with her fine subtleties, her relentless efforts to get her own way. You could not fight her. It was when he found that out that he had agreed to the divorce business. But if she would take him back now, he'd try to be amenable. Play the part of the fashionable artist and let his hair grow just a little longer.

(*Continued on page* 183.)

Jack had very good taste—

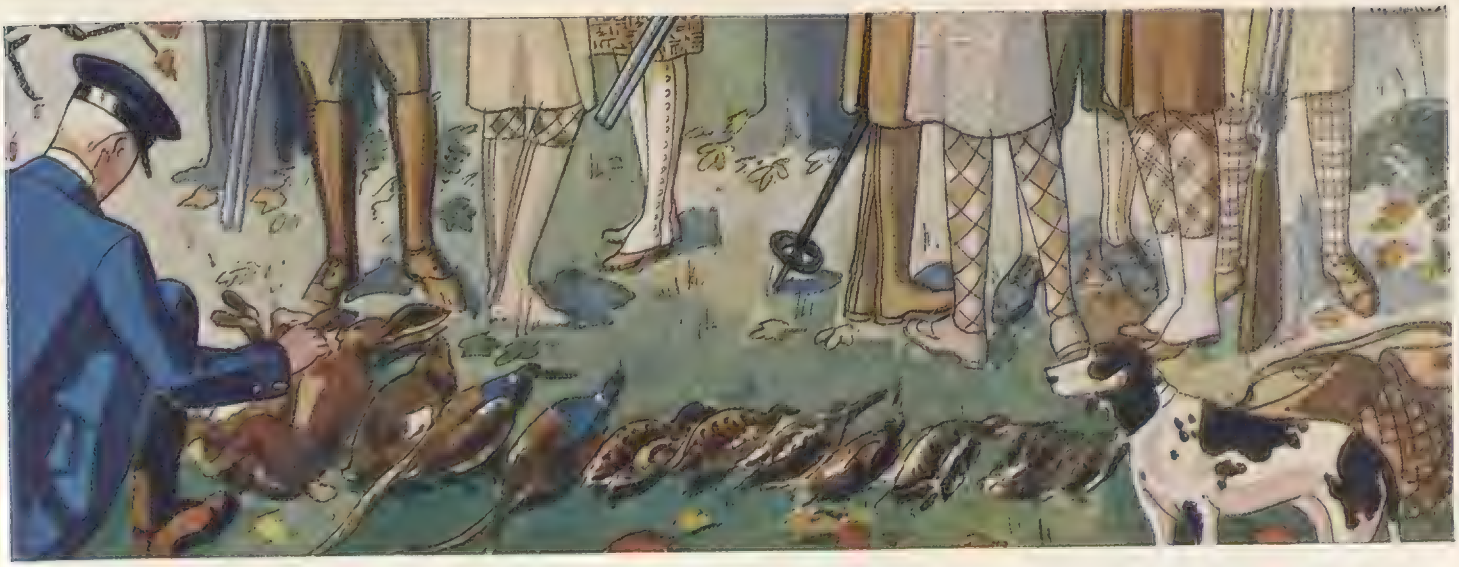
ASSORTMENT

when he gave Joan a box of

Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons ½-lb. 2/-, ¼-lb. 1/-

THE "HEAPED" FIRE
FOR DISTINCTIVE TREATMENTS
BRATT COLBRAN
STUDIO No 5089
BRATT COLBRAN & CO
& THE HEAPED FIRE COMPANY LTD.
FIREPLACE SPECIALISTS
10 MORTIMER STREET LONDON W.



GROUSE, PARTRIDGE and TROUT

Hunting is a sport that has been invented by wise women, to give a little outlet to their husband's vanity

By GERMAINE BEAUMONT

IT is a well-known fact that the less the husband is successful with his hunting, the louder he boasts when he gets home.

But if a good housewife wishes to get from her husband something besides loud boasting, she either has to send him to the nearest shop for game or lead him to the right kind of hunting.

Big-game hunting is no good for housewives, because there are very few recipes to prepare a lion. In fact, the bigger the game, the smaller the fare. One can cook to a turn the merest wren, but there is little to be done with an elephant, except twist his hair for luck or turn his tusks into salt-spoons.

With Three
FRENCH DISHES
-
specially created for this issue of "Britannia & Eve" by
MADAME RAMILLON

Decorative hunting is not profitable either. Foxes are of no nutritive value, though slain in grand style. As for electrified hares, who would wish to eat them, except, of course, robots !

That is why a good husband should concentrate on partridge and grouse shooting. Grouse and partridges are small game, which cost little money when they are bought directly from the shop, but which cost a fortune when they are killed by the housewife's husband.

THE price of grouse and partridges, in shops, is fixed by the shopkeeper. But the price of live grouse and partridges is fixed by fate.

Sometimes it does not go any further than the cost of buying a gun, a licence, a complete outfit, a railway ticket and a beautiful, pensive, sensitive, and useless cocker spaniel.

But sometimes it costs as much as a whole full-grown cow in full possession of her wits and, what is more, expecting a dear little calf. By the way, it has never been discovered how cows can be mistaken for partridges, unless both animals have something very much alike in the shape of their noses.

It also happens that one has to pay an annuity for life to the gamekeeper's widow.

Since we deal with the serious side of hunting, we must remark that if hunting does little, after all, to provide one's dinner table, it does a lot to provide the novelist with thrilling descriptions and hair-raising plots.

In life the man who likes hunting is a very harmless kind of fellow with plenty of money and leisure. In novels he is either a victim or a villain. He is a victim when he is killed by the villain who wants his wife. And he is a villain when he kills the victim to have his wife.

Neither villains nor victims are comestible, and so they have no place in an article about cooking.

Besides, the preparation of grouse and partridge is of more vital interest than novelistic dreams. Nobody has ever decided for good whether game should be eaten just after it has been killed, or if one should wait till one's eldest daughter is married.

SOME people like to eat game when it drops on the floor in a swooning condition, but other people drop on the floor in a swooning condition when they see in what state the former people eat game.

Another resource for varying menus is based on fishing.

There are two sorts of fishing. Low fishing, as one might call it, belongs by right to poets—that is to say, to people with an eye for nature and contempt for rheumatism. Poets do not mind sitting on the river's side for hours, gazing at a floating cork. It reminds them of the incertitude of human destinies. They come home at night with a cold in the head and one or two tadpoles or sonnets.

High fishing provides elderly gentlemen with an opportunity for ballet dancing in the open ; and no possible blame attached to the performance, because elderly gentlemen usually fish trout. Trout is a musical fish. Many musicians have composed music to celebrate the trout. None so far has written music to celebrate elderly gentlemen.

Three FRENCH *Dishes*

By Madame RAMILLON

Stuffed Tomatoes

STUFFED TOMATOES

(To fill 6 big tomatoes)

4½ oz. of sausage meat.

7 oz. of remains of cold meat.

1 egg.

1⅔ oz. of bread-crumbs.

1 glass of milk.

1 good sprig of parsley.

1 slice of garlic.

1 oz. of butter or [illegible].

Salt, pepper to taste.

1. Wash and dry the tomatoes. Cut a thin slice from the stalk-end. Use afterwards as a cover. Scoop out part of the tomato leaving a certain amount of the interior.

2. Mince meat finely.

3. Then take a baking pan, and with the breadcrumbs and the milk make a paste, warming it over the fire. When it is soft and creamy add pepper and salt to taste.

4. Chop the parsley and garlic finely and mix with the paste. Add the sausage meat, minced meat and the egg. Mix well with salt and pepper. (The stuffing should be very fine and soft.)

5. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Place the round slice, that was removed at the beginning, on top as a covering, and put the tomatoes in a well-buttered earthware baking dish. Put a nob of butter on each tomato. Place in a hot oven for about 1½ hours, taking care during the cooking to baste the tomatoes with their juice. Then take the dish from the oven, and place over quick flame to boil, in order to reduce the juice. Serve immediately.

LAMB CUTLETS with BREADCRUMBS and MUSHROOMS (For 4 people)

4 good lamb cutlets, well trimmed (do not remove bone). 7 or 8 dessert-spoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs.

The yolk of one egg.

½ the white, well beaten.

Fine salt and pepper.

1⅓ oz. of butter.

1 sprig of parsley and two slices of garlic, chopped very fine.

½ glass of oil.

1 lb. of girolles or other mushrooms.

2 dessert-spoonfuls of cooking salt.

Lamb Cutlets with breadcrumbs and mushrooms

1. Skin the mushrooms, wash and drain them and put them in a saucepan over a quick flame. Add the cooking salt and stir for about 5 minutes to draw out the water that they hold. Throw away the water.

2. Fry the mushrooms in the oil, in the same saucepan, and with a pinch of pepper, for about 10 minutes. Then sprinkle with the chopped parsley and garlic. Let simmer over low flame for some minutes.

3. Then take a plate, mix the ½ white of egg (well beaten to a snow) with the yolk. Add salt and pepper. Tip in the cutlets, covering both sides.

4. Then tip the cutlets in the breadcrumbs. 5. Brown them on both sides in a pan, with the butter, turning them carefully (about 5 minutes to each side). 6. Salt and pepper them. Place in the middle of a hot plate and surround them with mushrooms. Decorate with sprigs of parsley and serve.

PEACH IMPERIAL (Iced Sweet)

4½ oz. of fine rice. 1 pint of milk. 2½ oz. of butter. 2½ oz. of finely crushed Huntley Palmer wafers. 7 oz. of powdered sugar. 10 ripe peaches. The inside of ½ lemon, finely chopped. 1 pint of whipped cream. 3 dessert-spoonfuls of raspberry jelly. A few currants.

1. Wash the rice. Cook in boiling milk until soft and thick. Add the butter and ⅙ of an oz. of sugar. Mix well and pour into a bowl.

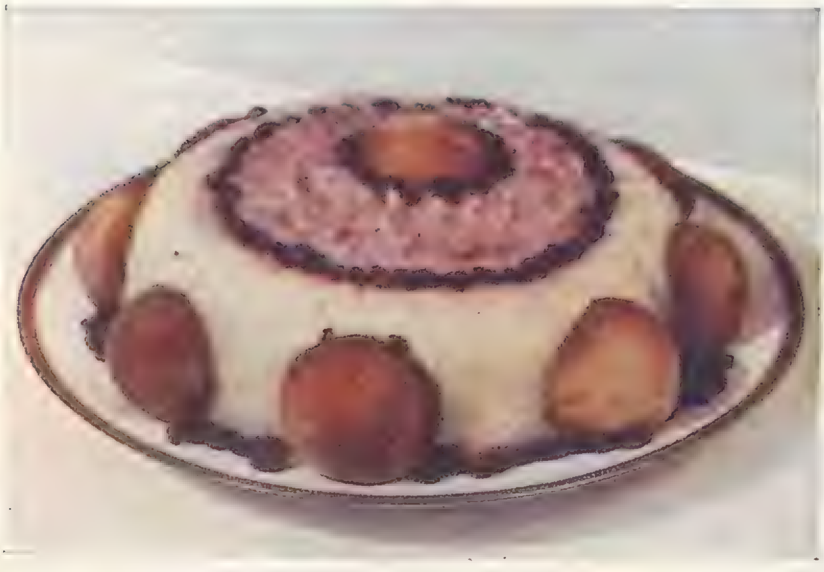
2. Skin 6 peaches. Cut into quarters. Cook with ½ a glass of water, 5 oz. of sugar, to make a compote. The pieces should remain whole. Drain them and keep the juice.

3. Mix the rice, the mashed biscuits, the stewed peaches and the chopped lemon. Taste, and add the rest of the sugar, if necessary. If the mixture seems too thick, add one or two spoonfuls of the peach syrup.

4. Butter a charlotte russe mould. Pour in the mixture, press well and stand for 4 or 5 hours in a cool place; or place in ice box.

5. Turn out just before serving. Garnish with the remainder of the peaches (cut in halves) and with the currants.

6. Fill the middle with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla, and with a little of the peach syrup or raspberry jelly mixed in.



Peach Imperial

BOTTLES and POTS

Preserving the fruits of early autumn means increasing the charms of winter menus

By CATHERINE IVES

APPLES, apricots, blackberries and damsons; Morella cherries, mulberries, nectarines and plums.

Really, in September, the cook who is far-sighted as well as intelligent, and has garden and orchard produce within reach, can stock the larder and store cupboard with an immense variety of good things which will make autumn, winter and spring catering far more varied and much less costly than they would have been otherwise.

The bottling of fruit is a very simple process and can be quite successfully done without any special utensils beyond the necessary bottles and their covers, a large pan, and some hay or straw to prevent the bottles from touching while they are being boiled.

Personally, I prefer to use a proper steriliser and vacuum-top bottles rather than makeshift methods and screw tops; but many people are quite successful without this assistance.

Apart from the bottling of many fruits which will be used later for tarts, pies and other sweet dishes, people with a garden have a great deal of scope for making out-of-the-ordinary preserves, chutneys and fruit cheeses.

Tomatoes can be made into jam or jelly.

Apples can be made into a delicious marmalade, with a little lemon and some sweet almonds; and into very good chutney.

Morella cherries can be bottled with Marsala and sugar and appear as an extra special winter sweet in wide-mouthed glasses with white caps of cream.

Both blackberries and damsons make better jelly than jam, and both are very good in the form of cheese.

Apricots, peaches and nectarines are all extremely useful when they have been bottled, and left ready for a final transformation as a compôte or served with Melba sauce: in the open tarts usually called flans; or as one of the ingredients in an interesting fruit salad.

The number of fruits which will bottle successfully is legion. When they are properly done their flavour remains unimpaired, and they need very little extra preparation for the table

Tomatoes make a subtle and unusual jam, though people who dislike very sweet things should add a little more lemon and a little less sugar than the recipe demands

APPLE MARMALADE

INGREDIENTS.

Enough apples to make 4 lb. when peeled and cored. 3 lemons. Sugar to equal the quantity of apple when cooked. 1½ cupfuls blanched almonds. 1 quart of water.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Peel, core and cut up the apples. Scrub the lemons, slice them thinly and add them to the apples. Put the apples, lemons and water into the preserving pan and cook till soft. Press them through the colander. Measure and add an equal amount of sugar. Blanch the almonds by immersing them in very hot water for a few minutes and rubbing off the skins. Cut them into strips. Add these and the sugar to the apple and lemon purée. Cook until thick like a jelly, stirring constantly. Pour into pots or glasses and seal when cold.

UTENSILS.—Knife, preserving pan, measure, wooden spoon small basin, colander.

TOMATO JAM

INGREDIENTS.

6 lb. tomatoes. Sugar. Vanilla pod. Lemon juice.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Plunge the tomatoes into boiling water so that the skins can be easily removed. Remove as many of the seeds as possible and then weigh the tomatoes. Take the same weight of sugar, put it in the preserving pan with just enough water to help it to dissolve without burning. Boil for a few minutes, stirring all the time. Put in the tomatoes and a little lemon juice. Cook for about two hours, stirring at intervals. Put in the vanilla pod at the end of an hour and a half, and remove it when the two hours are up. Fill the pots and seal when cold.

UTENSILS.—Saucepan or basin, knife, wooden spoon, preserving pan, jam pots.

APPLE and ONION CHUTNEY

INGREDIENTS.

2 lb. apples. 1 lb. Spanish onions. 1 lb. Demerara sugar. ¼ lb. sultanas. ¼ lb. mustard seeds. ¼ oz. chillies. 1 quart vinegar. 1 tablespoonful salt.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Choose sour apples. Peel, core and chop them. Peel and chop the onions. Mix well, put them in a large enamel pan with the vinegar and cook for a quarter of an hour. Add the other ingredients. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Simmer for at least an hour. Keep it in a warm place for from twelve to twenty-four hours before bottling, as this helps the mustard seed to swell.

UTENSILS.—Wooden spoon, knife, enamel saucepan, apple corer.

BLACKBERRIES and MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms are capable of enhancing every item of the menu except the sweet and dessert courses. Blackberries are excellent in pies, fools, jellies and jams

By CATHERINE IVES

A round blackberry pie with two layers of pastry makes a change from the ordinary fruit pie and is very good indeed when carefully made. Blackberry fool is simple to prepare and pleasant to taste

SEPTEMBER'S two best known delicacies have the additional merit of cheapness added to their intrinsic charms for people who live in districts where they grow, and have the energy to go out and gather them.

Both these things lend themselves to the fabrication of several excellent dishes, and both may be preserved for future use; the blackberries as jam or jelly, cheese, vinegar or wine; the mushrooms as ketchup or pickle.

Every cook knows how to make a blackberry pie, but every cook does not know how to make one in which the fruit remains juicy and the pastry stays crisp.

It is always best to cook the fruit for pies and tarts first, because this eliminates the danger of overdoing the pastry in order to cook the fruit sufficiently.

In the case of blackberry tart or pie, stew the fruit with sugar and a very little water and let it get cold. If you want to make one of those delicious round pies at which our American cousins excel, line a round dish with thin short pastry and brush it over with white of egg. This hardens as soon as the pie goes into the oven and so prevents the fruit juice from soaking into the pastry.

Put in the fruit, put on the pastry, make a little paper funnel and stick its point through the centre of the crust. The juice will be drawn up into the funnel while the pie is cooking and will fall back into the pie when it cools.

Blackberry fool is simple to make, and easy to serve in attractive manner.

BLACKBERRY FOOL

INGREDIENTS.

2 lb. blackberries
¾ lb. of apples
½ lb. loaf sugar

½ pt. boiled custard
Juice of one lemon

INSTRUCTIONS.—Look the blackberries over carefully. Peel and cut up the apples. Put the fruit, sugar and lemon juice in the saucepan or casserole, adding two tablespoonfuls of water to prevent burning at first. Cook gently till done. Rub through the sieve into the basin. Let it get cold. Make the custard. When it is cold, whisk it into the blackberry purée. Serve very cold in attractive glasses, and decorate, if you like, with whipped or clotted cream.

UTENSILS.—Saucepan or casserole, double saucepan, 2 wooden spoons, sieve, basin, whisk, glasses.

A very sound precaution against the dangers of encountering mushrooms which are not edible is to place a silver coin in the cooking receptacle. If any mushrooms are poisonous the coin turns black

The best way I know of doing good fresh mushrooms to serve by themselves or as an accompaniment to chicken, meat or fish is under the domes that are made in fireproof glass; but they also bake very well in an ordinary covered dish of fireproof glass or china. Whether you are using the glass domes or not, you prepare the mushrooms as follows:

Peel them, toast some bread. Cut it into rounds, butter the dishes and put a round of toast in each one. Arrange the mushrooms on the toast, sprinkle them with salt and pepper (more pepper than salt), add small pieces of butter and about a dessertspoonful of cream.

Put on the glass cover or covers, bake in the oven for twenty minutes and send to the table without removing the cover.

A mushroom purée is really excellent with grilled steak or chops.

MUSHROOM PUREE

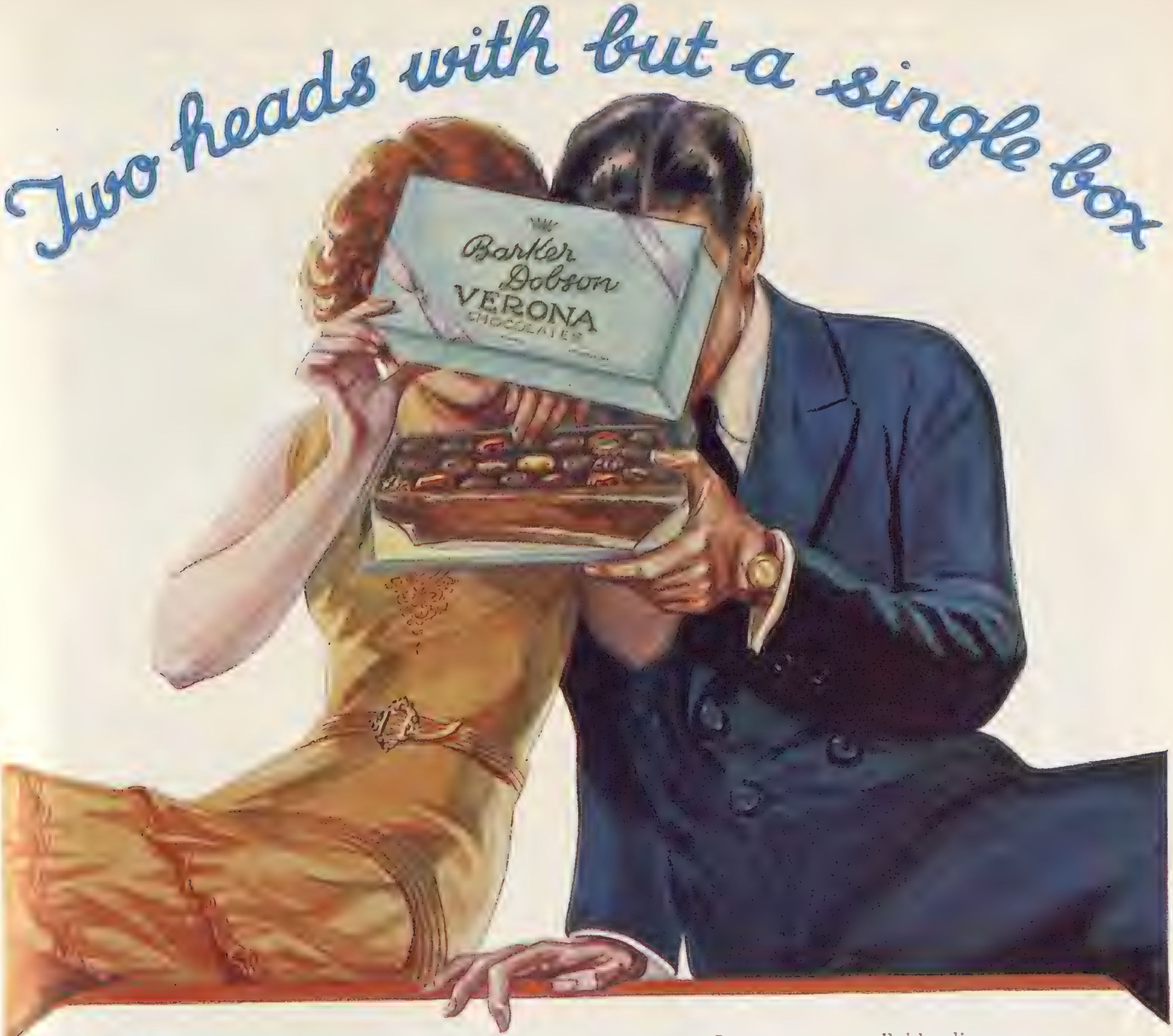
INGREDIENTS.

½ lb. mushrooms
1 tablespoon of fresh breadcrumbs
½ gill of cream
3 tablespoons of milk

2 oz. of butter
Juice of one lemon
Pepper
Salt

INSTRUCTIONS.—Peel the mushrooms and chop them finely. Squeeze and strain the lemon juice. Make the breadcrumbs and soak them in the cream. Melt the butter, add the mushrooms and the silver coin for safety (if the mushrooms are not edible it will turn black). Add the lemon juice, salt, pepper, cream, breadcrumbs and milk and boil for ten minutes. Rub through a sieve and reheat.

UTENSILS.—Enamel or fireproof saucepan, sieve, wooden spoon silver coin, knife, lemon squeezer and strainer, basin.


Two heads with but a single box
Barker Dobson
VERONA
CHOCOLATES

BUT WHAT A BOX!—A daintily ribboned box of Barker & Dobson Verona Chocolates—the Chocolates blended by experts for your gratification, containing centres of Fruits, Almonds, Fruit Creams, Pralines, Liqueurs, etc., all blending most delightfully with the delicious, smooth Verona chocolate.

She is pleased with them and with his choice of what he knows she likes best.

BARKER & DOBSON LTD., Makers since 1834, LIVERPOOL

In attractive ribboned boxes

Barker Dobson

1 lb. box 5/- 2 lb. box 10
Also 3 lb. and 4 lb. boxes.

VERONA
CHOCOLATES

MR. DEREK OLDHAM AND MISS WINNIE MELVILLE

ask for nothing better than a quiet afternoon in their beautiful garden with a Selector Screened Grid Portable for company. "It is very fascinating to flit from country to country picking out the items that please us most" said Miss Melville . . . . "And getting the programmes you want is as simple as A.B.C," chimed in Mr. Oldham, "there's no searching to do. I turn the controls to the station I want—Paris. Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, anywhere—and in comes the music."

The Selector Screened Grid Portable is the considered choice of all who desire "quality" above all else. The Attaché Case Model in blue Morocco leather costs 32 guineas, and the Cabinet Model in mahogany sells for the same price. A waterproof cover costs 12/6 extra. If desired the Selector may be purchased for £7 down and 10 monthly payments of £3. An illustrated Catalogue giving full details will be sent on request.

Selector

The Quality Portable

SELECTORS LTD., 1 DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. Telephone REGENT 4771

Growing Up

Charming "Hostages to Fortune"

Lenare

Above: Michael, Mrs. Carl Bendix's little boy, is a godson of the Duke of Richmond

Lenare

Lorna and Esmée, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's little girls, are granddaughters of Lord Rothermere

Douglas

"Looking at you"

Marcus Adams

Above: Patrick, the third son of the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton

Lenare

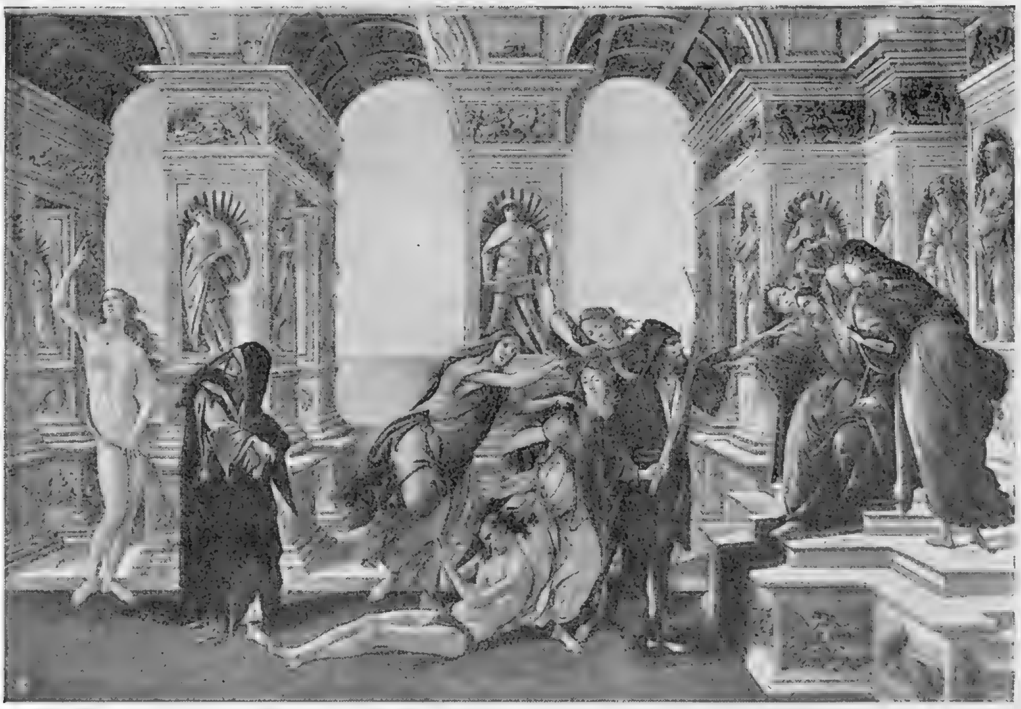
Right: June Shires looked very nice as "Jill" of Nursery Rhyme fame at a recent charity matinée

Great

The exhibition of Italian "Old
will surpass even the Flemish and
museums and private collectors in
Wilenski, the well-known art critic,

By R. H. Wilenski

the well-known Art Critic



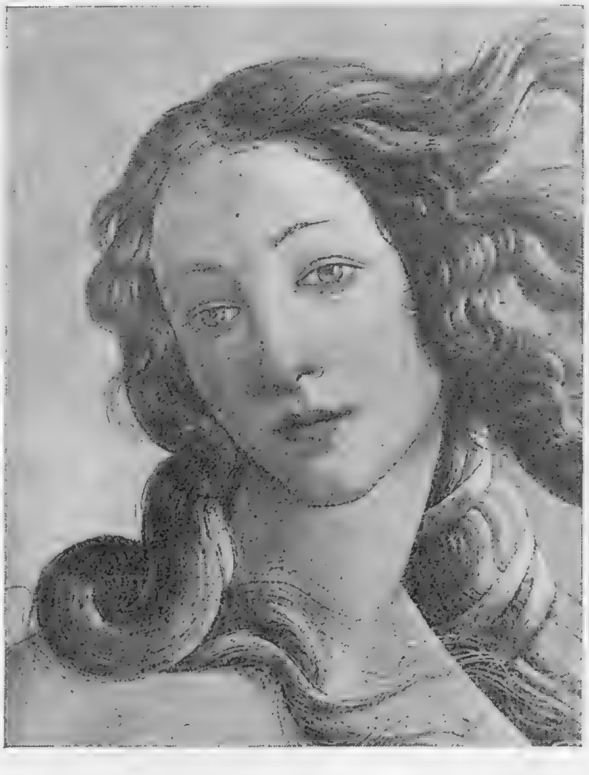
CALUMNY, by Botticelli. This picture was painted as an allegory of the artist's faith in the teaching of the religious revivalist, Savonarola

BOTTICELLI'S most glorious pictures—his " Birth of Venus," a vision of ivory, aquamarine and gold, his " Spring," with its immortal dancing group, and his " Madonna of the Magnificat "—are all in Florence; and it was in Florence that he lived and died.

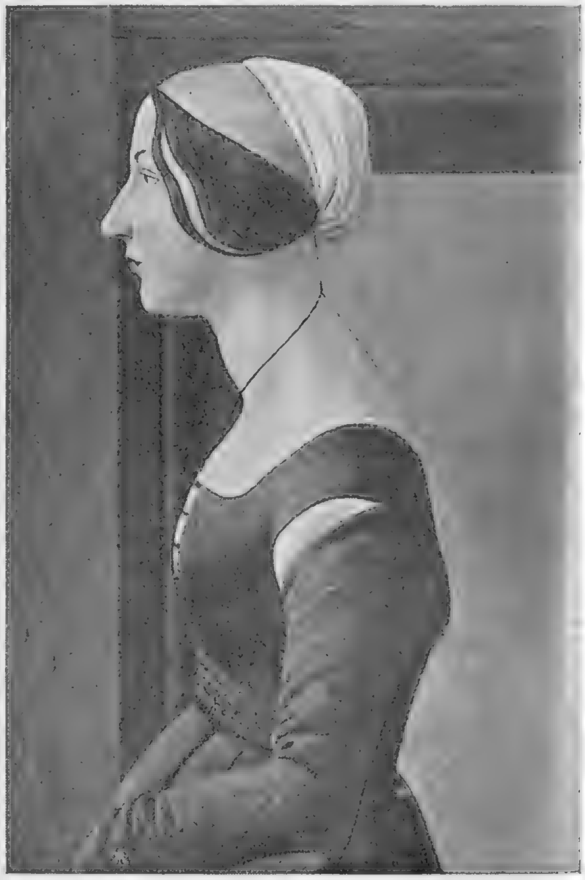
Like most great artists, Botticelli came from the middle classes. His father was a successful tanner. The boy's gift for drawing was obvious and he was apprenticed to a goldsmith. Later he worked under two celebrated Florentine painters; and he was established as an independent artist about 1470, when he was about twenty-three years old.

We know what he looked like at that age, because he painted his own portrait in a group of the King's attendants in an " Adoration of the Magi " which was one of his first pictures. He had an oval face with a rather long nose and a long chin; he had fair hair and light eyes, and his upper lip was full and finely chiselled; his cheeks were full, and I fancy he was rather fat. He lived to the age of sixty-three, was unmarried, and he was all his life so closely connected with sensational happenings in Florence that we cannot understand his paintings without some reference to those events.

When Botticelli started "on his own " the famous Lorenzo dei Medici (Lorenzo the Magnificent) was chief magistrate in Florence and the Medici family was supreme in the city. As is well known, the Medicis were liberal patrons of the arts, and they were great organisers of pageants, which were designed by artists and from which in turn the artists drew inspiration for their allegorical compositions. For the first twenty years of Botticelli's career the Medicis maintained their supremacy in Florence. Then Savonarola arrived and created a religious revival that swept the Florentines off their feet.



Head of Venus from Botticelli's "Venus rising from the Sea." The high lights in the hair are in gold leaf



La Bella Simonetta Vespucci, who was regarded as one of the most beautiful young women in Florence in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent

THIS religious revival took a sociological turn, and Savonarola was soon regarded not only as an apostle of pure religion, but also as a friend of the poor against the rich and a defender of the weak against the strong. By the end of three years he was virtually ruler of Florence, and was so powerful that he refused absolution to Lorenzo the Magnificent on his deathbed because Lorenzo would not make a pronouncement of a democratic kind which he had made a condition of the absolution.

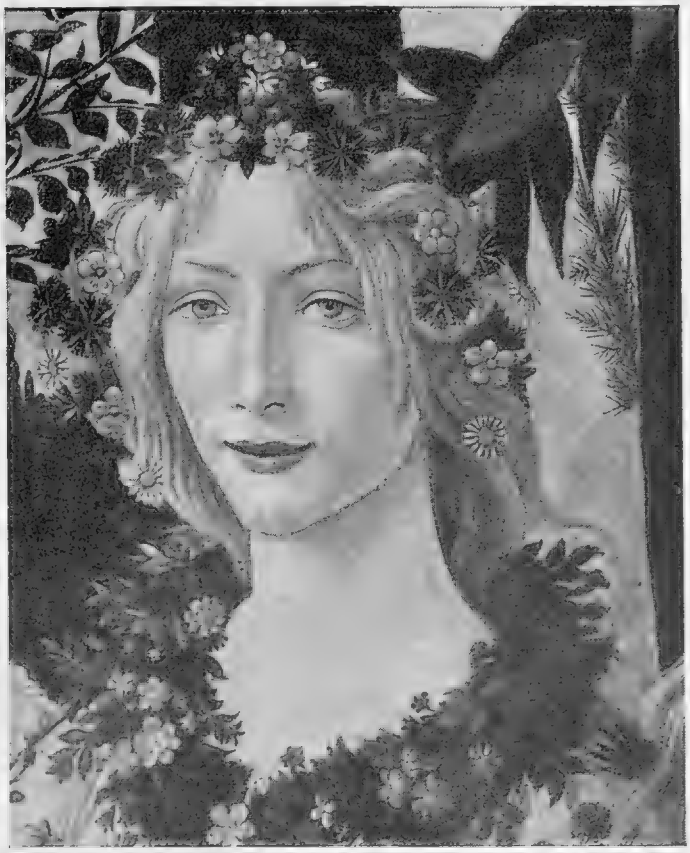
Lorenzo the Magnificent's successor, Piero dei Medici, had to fly from Florence during Savonarola's rule. But Lorenzo di Pier Francesco, who was head of

Italian Masters

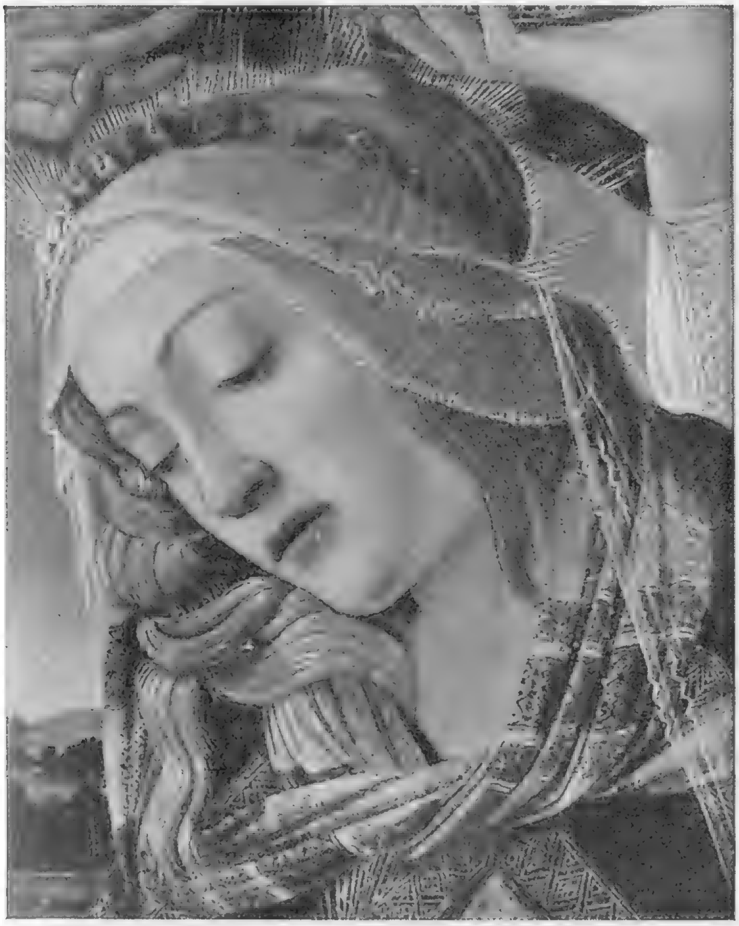
Masters" at Burlington House which is to open in January
Dutch Exhibitions in the splendour and value of the works lent by
England, Italy, and other countries. In a series of articles Mr. R. H.
will write of outstanding artists who will be represented in the show

No. 1. SANDRO BOTTICELLI

Painter of the Queen of Heaven and the Queen of Love



Head of "Spring" from Botticelli's "Primavera"



Head of the Madonna from Botticelli's "Madonna of the Magnificat" in Florence

the younger branch of the Medici family, joined Savonarola's party, and he remained in Florence all through the Savonarola regime and after it.

By the end of six years Savonarola had turned pleasure-loving, Medici-patronised Florence into an austere democratic city, and in the Carnival of 1497 he made a great holocaust of objects of luxury, in which many pictures of pagan and secular subjects were burnt. But this was his last triumph. The next year he made a tactical blunder at the crucial moment in an ordeal by fire engineered by his enemies; the people turned against him; and he was burnt alive with two of his followers.

BOTTICELLI'S career was closely bound up with the fortunes of the Medici family and of Savonarola. One of his first commissions was the "Adoration of the Magi," in which he introduced portraits of the Medici family. Another was an order to design a banner for Giuliano dei Medici at a tournament. He also painted a portrait of "La Bella Simonetta," who was Giuliano's mistress, and he did a series of decorations for the country house of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

But it was with Lorenzo di Pier Francesco dei Medici (Savonarola's supporter), who was about his own age, that Botticelli had all his life the most affectionate relations. It was for this Lorenzo that he painted the "Birth of Venus" and the "Spring" in the days before Savonarola had arrived to turn everything in Florence upside down; and it was for this Lorenzo also that in his old age, when Savonarola was in his grave, he drew on parchment the wonderful series of illustrations to Dante that are now in Berlin.

It is known that he was a follower of Savonarola, and he is supposed to have thrown a number of his paintings of pagan subjects on the bonfire in the 1497 Carnival. But I doubt if he really contributed to that bonfire, because he had probably not painted any pagan subjects since Savonarola's arrival nine years before, but had devoted his time to designing and painting the lovely Madonnas that we associate with his name.

Botticelli's association with Savonarola is recorded in two curious pictures: the "Calumny" in the Uffizi in Florence, and the "Nativity" in the National Gallery here. Savonarola's enemies had made all kinds of accusations against him; but Botticelli was a firm believer in his innocence and painted the "Calumny" to proclaim his faith. In the picture we see the unjust judge on his throne; Ignorance and Suspicion whisper in his ears, and Envy grasps him by the arm; Calumny (supported by Fraud and Treachery) drag prostrate Innocence along the floor, while Truth appeals to Heaven, and Remorse stands halfway between Calumny and Truth.

The "Nativity" in the National Gallery was painted, like the "Calumny," after Savonarola's death. In this famous and lovely picture angels dance in joy in Heaven above the central group, while below it other angels embrace mortals on the earth, and devils abscond in terrified defeat. The three figures in the foreground, whom the angels embrace, are in Dominican habits, and they represent Savonarola and his two companions who perished with him. The picture thus proclaims Botticelli's faith in Savonarola's purity of purpose and his triumph after death.

THUS it happened that this fascinating artist, through his association with the Medicis, was encouraged to produce the exquisite figures (based on the classical nude sculpture that had then recently been discovered) which appear in the "Birth of Venus," the "Spring," and similar pictures; and that, encouraged by his association with Savonarola, he was able to reject the Queen of Love and paint only pictures of the Queen of Heaven; and his Madonnas are not more pure and holy than his pagan figures, because those figures are purity itself.

How to Buy the Dog

The price of a dog varies, according to the popularity of his breed at the moment, but his value to his owner should be—and usually is—"far above rubies"

A good dog trained to the gun can be obtained for £40

THE purchase of a dog is not a matter to be undertaken lightly. Indeed, to the real dog lover, it is of equal importance to the choice of a car, a house—maybe even a wife. It is a problem over the discussion of which many pipes will be smoked and many journeys taken.

To the regular doggy man, no difficulty presents itself; but where can the ordinary man in the street, the amateur, find the dog he wants, and how know it when he sees it? Smith, who lives opposite, was certainly had for a mug, and his spaniel—alleged—has proved a real "Heinz" dog (57 different varieties); and the terrier pup that Vera hoped to lead to victory in the show ring is a glaring advertisement for every fault a terrier can have.

What price do you intend to pay for a dog? Which sex is it to be? What age? and what breed? (—or do you fancy a mongrel?)

Here are four questions which must be decided before the search can be started profitably.

A "pedigree" dog can be bought from two guineas upwards; four to five guineas should procure a sound and typical specimen of almost any breed; twenty pounds will buy a really smart dog; double that and you can have a good show bench winner or dog trained to the gun; while for a super-specimen you must be prepared to pay anything from £100 to £1,800.

Prices vary with the breeds, and, roughly speaking, size, fashion, and popularity govern them. The bloodhound, costly to raise, is more expensive than a small terrier, and fashion sets an equal price on the tiny papillon and that charming fellow the elk-hound. The wire haired fox terrier, the most popular dog of all, if we can judge by Kennel Club statistics (the seven thousand odd registered last year possibly represent one twentieth of those bred), fetches prices that read like fairy-tales; yet, curiously enough, typical specimens of this breed are to be had quite cheaply.

Thos. Fall

"Take a chance and have him younger"

BITCHES of any breed can usually be obtained for appreciably less than dogs, and many people prefer them, as they are on the whole more intelligent and affectionate than dogs, and easier to train.

The dog you buy should not be over a year old. He may own all the virtues in the world, and all the looks too, at eighteen months, but, in the majority of cases, his doggy allegiance, which is what you most want, will, by that age, have been given to someone else.

Take a chance and have him younger! He has no business to leave his mother until he is two months old: this gives her two or three weeks in which to show him his way about after he is weaned. At this age you can train him to your own ways and take him to your heart before he reaches the inevitable, destructive, unspeakably mischievous five months.

Six months or so? Yes, if he *must* be already house trained—but what a lot of fun you will miss! And he will come to you just when he is looking for trouble all day long, and all your tact and ingenuity must be exercised if you are not to appear to him as a "spanking" personified.

I HOLD no brief for the mongrel myself, although I am sure you will find one quite as intelligent, affectionate and faithful as a pure-bred dog; the licence and the keep for either will reach the same total, and you need not worry about its points as it will almost inevitably be an eye-sore. If you want a puppy, the village policeman can probably tell you where there is a litter due for drowning; for an adult, visit the

Hedges

The wire-haired fox terrier, the most popular dog of all. For a super-specimen you must be prepared to pay up to £1,800

# of your Dreams

By Violet Small

(“Troytown”)

Thos. Fall

Looking for trouble all day long

nearest Dogs Home and take your choice.

But do not have a mongrel because it costs “next to nothing and so it doesn't matter if it *is* run over,” for before it has been in your possession a month it will be as dearly loved as if it had cost a king's ransom.

Thos. Fall

Thos. Fall

Fashion sets an equal price on the tiny papillon and that charming fellow the elk-hound

There are eighty breeds of pedigree dogs to choose from, and out of all these there is surely something to suit everybody. Have you considered what accommodation, what time and attention you can devote to a dog? Do you want one to live in London? To look smart in your car? To tuck under your arm and go everywhere with you? A playmate for your child? A companion to share a day's ratting? A house guard? A dog to shoot over?

Don't buy a sealyham and beat him for gardening too assiduously, or a fox terrier and complain that the beggar *will* hunt! Don't expect a chow to submit to handling by all-comers; don't ask a pomeranian to be silent; don't take a pekingese long country walks.

THESE dogs of ours are accommodating little people. The merry cocker will nose after a mole if no better game is forthcoming; the terrier will rid the kitchen cupboard of mice though he dreams of rickyards and rats. But, since there is a breed for every purpose, it is little short of crime to set a dog to live a life to which he is by nature unsuited.

Four satisfactory methods of buying the dog recommend themselves. The first and obvious one is to go to a reputable dog shop, the second is to buy “Our Dogs,” or “The Dog World,” and follow up the advertisements, the third is to advertise yourself and the fourth, to get into touch with the actual breeders.

Every breed has a “specialist club,” the name and address of the secretary of which can be ascertained from the Kennel Club. He can furnish a list of breeder-members, whose very membership acts in some sense as a credential; he can also give you a “standard of points” and general description of the breed as laid down by the club, and if you go to one or two of the dog shows that are held all over the country—they are always advertised in the canine papers—and watch the judging, you will learn for yourself what is considered a good specimen. Breeders are present at every show, and it is easy to make their acquaintance. Arrange to visit several kennels and see the dogs, and learn under what conditions they thrive, and how they are housed and fed.

IT should be fairly obvious which is the well-raised, soundly cared for dog. His temperament you will almost certainly have to chance, although now and again a breeder is frank enough to say, “That pup needs a man's firm hand,” or “This little cuddle-bug is only fit to be a lady's pet.”

I am convinced that an elaborate list of a dog's points, whether appertaining to health or appearance, proves more confusing than helpful to the amateur buyer. It requires very considerable experience to sum up a dog correctly, and this is why I urge the desirability of buying direct from the breeder. He is anxious to please, not only for the sake of his own good name, but because one satisfactory sale makes for another, and times are very hard. If he thinks that some of his geese will grow into swans, what of it? Stranger things happen every day!

THE breeder will give a *bona-fide* three to five generation pedigree with the dog, and a signed “transfer” form. This should be completed and sent with a half-crown postal order to the Kennel Club, where the change of ownership is recorded and a certificate to that effect forwarded to the new owner. If the dog is not already registered, in exchange for the same fee the Kennel Club will put his name and markings on record for life. Surely no owner will shirk this tiny responsibility after having spent so much time and trouble to find the Dog of his Dreams!

Stage Photo Co

The Co-Optimists, with a greatly strengthened company, have staged a successful West End return

Plays *and* PLAYERS

The Infection of Success

By Diana Bourbon

ONE bad play is enough to make most of us look askance at the theatre for, say, a week. A crop of them will keep the theatre-going public at the movies for months. . . . (You have there the one and only reason why theatrical managers are so seldom seen gloating over each other's worst failures.)

Conversely, and happily, a really good theatrical entertainment is so exhilarating an experience that it sends us all eagerly panting around for more. Every success is notoriously good for business—for business all over the place. (Even the flops don't come down quite so hard in a "good" season.)

And this summer has been an awfully good one.

If only for two landmarks :—

St. John Ervine has written a sophisticated drawing-room comedy of the kind that once made the English theatre something worth talking about, and that we thought—wrongly, thank goodness—had died out under the pressure of cocktail small talk.

And Noel Coward, discovering an entirely new streak of gentleness, even sentimentality, in his artistic make-up, has produced a musical entertainment at least 300 per cent. better than anything of the kind London has seen for *years*.

All the great playwrights have been—first and foremost—*entertainers:* and proud of the craft. We seem to be getting back to that idea of it.

The First Mrs. Fraser, of course, has an additional sentimental interest in the return of Henry Ainley, richly delightful in the kind of part no one can play better—if as well. All thanks are due to Mr. Ervine (who seems to have been rather overlooked in the bouquet-throwing contest between speech-making management and stars on the first night) for writing him the opportunity.

CRITICISM of Marie Tempest is, I know, for some reason considered a species of *lèse majesté*. Nevertheless, I shall put it on record that she struck me as unsympathetic in a part *made* for Irene Vanbrugh. But then—every time I see Miss Tempest I find myself wondering why they characterise the modern girl as hard.

Sasha

The First Mrs. Fraser to the rescue. Marie Tempest and Henry Ainley at the Haymarket

Herbert Marshall and Edna Best as the tragic father and daughter in the revival of "A Bill of Divorcement"

Bitter Sweet, satisfactorily, is also home-grown (apart from an American leading lady who sings well and is otherwise one of the least effective members of the cast). It has a banal story that has been repeated till it seems drivelling. It has been pronounced by the pundits to be "a remarkable achievement for a young man." Its music has been duly recognised by the wiseacres as "reminiscent." . . . Perhaps it is. I only pretend to have been *thrilled* by it—as most theatregoers will be thrilled by it for a long time to come.

Noel Coward has "found himself." Here he is—tunefully, gracefully, surveying his generation, to find it cheap and rather tawdry. . . . Stepping back over the years, to discover something lovely under the Victorian bric-à-brac and tinsel.

The whole entertainment flawlessly presented, in settings and costumes to make the mouth water; distinguished in secondary rôles by any number of fine performances!

One last hot-weather joy has been the successful revival of the Co-Optimists—another typically English form of entertainment—pierhead as it ought to be, and never is!

One is glad to find them confounding the "knockers" with good business—because the success of old favourites is always a consoling thing. It is no use serving up second-rate goods and second-rate performers and hoping to make money by them because they're cheap. The best is economy in the long run. The Co-Optimists having learned that, I wish a few more of our theatrical managers would take note, and a leaf from Mr. Cochran's book, and let us have it!

POND'S
Cleansing Tissues
FOR REMOVING COLD CREAM
POND'S
Skin Freshener
& TONIC
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
POND'S
EXTRACT COMPANY'S
COLD CREAM
POND'S
EXTRACT COMPANY'S
VANISHING CREAM

How to ensure a beautiful complexion

It is easy and simple in these enlightened days to keep the skin fine and clear and the complexion fresh and colourful. All that is necessary is the complete cleansing of the skin as often as convenient, and its protection against the roughening and coarsening effects of the weather. A clean skin is healthy, and a healthy skin is beautiful. That is why Pond's recommend the use of their Cold Cream last thing at night and as often as necessary during the day. Patted liberally on the skin, it dissolves and eases to the surface all the impurities which gather deep in the pores beyond the reach of soap and water and spoil the clearness of the skin. These impurities, with the surplus cream, are best removed by wiping with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*, soft and absorbent as old linen, and kinder than towels to the sensitive skin. After wiping away every trace of cream, invigorate the skin and close the pores with *Pond's Skin Freshener*, a tonic and mild astringent, and finish off each daytime cleansing with *Pond's Vanishing Cream.* This greaseless cream quickly vanishes, leaving the skin with a beautiful bloom to which powder clings evenly and lastingly. Pond's Vanishing Cream also gives a valuable protection against the weather. If you have never tried these preparations, the simplest way is to send 1/- to Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 523 103 St. John St., London, E.C.1, for a dainty box containing samples of all four and instructions.

POND'S

Cold Cream.	*Cleansing Tissues.*	*Skin Freshener.*	*Vanishing Cream.*
Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 & 1/3. Tubes 2/6, 1/- & 6d.	*Per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.*	*Per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-*	*Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3 Tubes - 1/- and 6d.*

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND HIGH-CLASS HAIRDRESSERS

Heather Thatcher

says

"we women do not pay enough attention to the fitting of our shoes"

"Why on earth should we pinch our toes, or suffer agonies from wrongly fitting shoes generally, when we are so sensible about everything else?

Babers have convinced me that there is not the slightest need. All their very beautiful models can be fitted perfectly, by their wonderful method, to practically any foot. They tell me that they have over 100 special fittings.

Every woman who feels her shoes have not been fitted by experienced people should investigate. It's worth it!"

Heather Thatcher

Write for Babers' new catalogue, stating style of shoes required. Also ask for "New Light on Foot Comfort" actual photographic demonstrations of Babers' methods of shoe-fitting.

Only Address:

309, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Babers of Oxford St.

Only Address **309 OXFORD ST. LONDON W.**

Babers Ltd., Jersey.

"The Movie Finger *writes . . .*"

A monthly review of current Film Topics

By Sydney Tremayne

THERE is a tendency, not only among critics but also among people in the film industry to decry all English productions. But when one comes to consider the facts this pervasive pessimism is not justified.

America, with its indisputable dominance as the mushroom bed, rich in alluvial manure, of the film industry, with all its talent, drawn from every country in Europe, with its vastly rich film corporations, its ruthless business methods and tremendous output, sends over, and, by unflagging publicity, manages very often to "put over" hundreds of films which are unmitigated trash, while England, with its poverty-stricken, panicky and, if one is to believe all one hears, apathetic and mentally moribund film organisations, has, apparently by accident, quite a number of really excellent pictures to pit against the American super-super-ultra-all-everything collations.

IMMEDIATELY before we were gagged and bound by the great barbarian hordes of sound films, "Piccadilly," the picture Dupont made at Elstree with Arnold Bennett's story and titles, was shown at the Carlton. It was a film at least as brilliant technically as anything that has come out of Hollywood, and had an infinitely more sane and acceptable plot. True, the producers and the cast were cosmopolitan, but read the names on the program of any American production! They cannot be said to be those of true blooded New Englanders! The orientation of talent is a desirable achievement.

Betty Balfour in "Paradise"—the missing word in Sir Philip Gibbs's novel, "The Crossword." "Paradise" is a silent, British International picture excellently directed by Denison Clift

Marguerite Allan, who is playing in the all-talkie picture, "Under the Greenwood Tree," an adaptation of Thomas Hardy's novel. Produced by Harry Lachman for British International Pictures at Elstree

And already England has shown that she can beat even America at her own game. Since it has been ordained by the Gods with the German suffixes to their names that the public *shall*, whether they want them or not, have "talkies," the British studios, with something less than the Britannic spirit perhaps, are making "talkies," and anyone who wishes to revive their flagging faith in the possibilities of British films, should see "Blackmail."

WITH this production Alfred Hitchcock has proved that the reputation he made with pictures like "The Ring" and "The Farmer's Wife," has a firm foundation. He is not only a sound and progressive director but one with imagination and the power of inspiring the artists working for him. He also has the talent of choosing the right material. "Blackmail" is almost perfectly cast, and so, admirably acted. The only criticism to be made of the casting is about Anny Ondra, the Czecho-Slovakian heroine who had to be doubled for in the dialogue. She is a young actress with charm, talent and emotional potentialities. One recognises the difficulty of putting her aside when the talking difficulty could be overcome, but it was an artistic error to give the part to an actress who could not speak it. Vocal and motional expression should emanate from the same personality. Anny Ondra was handicapped by not speaking her words.

THE acting and speaking honours are easily lifted and carried away by Donald Calthrop, as the old lag who, in the course of his professional and nocturnal wanderings, happens to see the girl coming away from the rooms of the man she has stabbed to death in self-defence. The indication of his imminence merely by a shadow is a clever piece of direction and photography. Pictorially "Blackmail" is perfect throughout, for which due credit should be given to Jack Cox, the photographer.

The Scotland Yard and London street scenes are well done and interesting. The over-organised and not too convincing happy ending comes as an anti-climax after the chase of Tracy along the curiously sinister aisles of the British Museum and his sensational fall through the glass dome.

SILENT films released this month include "Paradise," with Betty Balfour in the chief rôle and a new attraction in the form of a young and good-looking man who can act, Alexandre D'Arcy, who plays the part of a gigolo with sentiments. A London suburb and the Riviera provide well contrasted and well photographed settings. The story is taken from Sir Philip Gibbs's novel, "The Crossword."

Jameson Thomas, the most reticently effective of English film actors, and Maria Corda, are the attractive stars in "Tesha," another eternal triangle story of doubtful morality; but the tense-to-intense love interest and the charm of the protagonists are likely to make it acceptable.

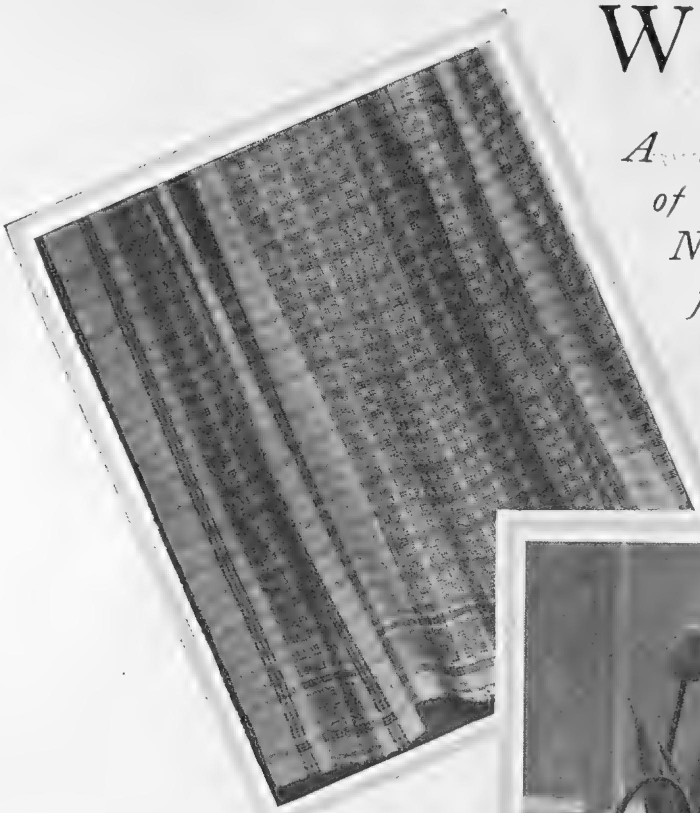
"The Infamous Lady" is not a very good film, but Ruby Millar gives a practical imitation of the theoretical adventuress, wears some provocative clothes of her own design and gets throttled to death with suavity and dispatch by Arthur Wontner, the most actory of our real actors. Walter Tennyson is sincere and convincing as a young man quite incredibly found guilty of the murder which he did not commit.

AN outstanding British success, "You'd be Surprised," a full length comedy which Walter Forde produced and in which he plays the chief comic rôle, had a record run of many weeks at the Tivoli. Forde is now making another comedy, "Would You Believe It?" for Archibald Nettlefold's Productions.

Window Shopping

A selection of the latest Novelties from the London Shops

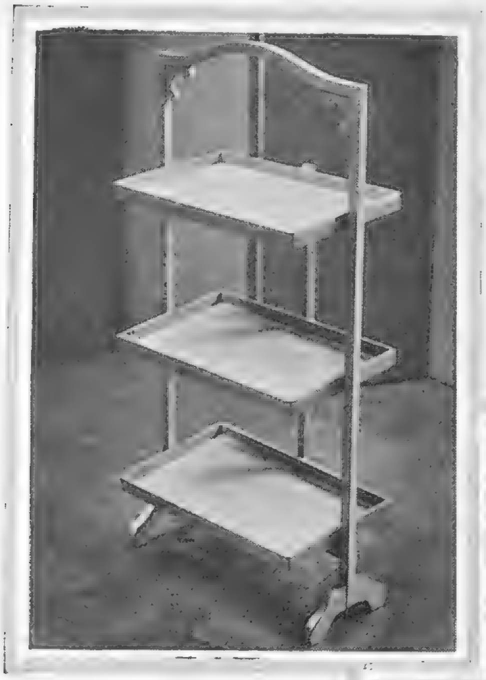
Photographed by E. J. Mason



A bedspread of Egyptian cotton with a white ground and yellow, blue, red and black decoration, is unusually good value at 12/6. It is two yards and fourteen inches long and two yards wide, and washes perfectly

Autumn and spring foliage usually looks its best in tall, straight vases. This pottery example is in black and Indian red, is fifteen inches high, and costs 42/-

Bowls and dishes of delightfully coloured pottery can be filled with realistic glass tulips like the ones in the photograph, or used for bulbs planted in fibre. The bowl shown here is of creamy grey pottery, with soft red and blue round the edges. Bowl, with tulips, 15/6



A cake stand which folds up, so that it takes up the minimum amount of space, is very useful in flats and small houses. This one is thirty-five inches high, sixteen inches wide, and costs 35/-. The original of the photograph is painted grey, but it can be supplied in any colour desired

A well-proportioned salt box which decorates the kitchen and assists the busy cook is made of varnished white wood with black bands and an attachment which enables it to hang on a nail on on the wall. It is seven inches deep, about six inches in diameter, and costs 2/4

A pot which looks pleasant upon the breakfast table and serves to protect the honey is made of pale yellow pottery with a bee on top. It is sold complete with honeycomb for 10/6

Restful Sleep

can be enjoyed every night by drinking 'Ovaltine' before retiring

BECAUSE it induces sleep in a perfectly natural way "Ovaltine" is the recognised best 'night-cap' all over the world. It contains no drugs or narcotics, but is a delicious combination of Nature's supreme restorative foods — creamy milk, malt extract from the best home-grown barley, specially selected eggs and the purest cocoa.

The principal causes of sleeplessness are nervous strain and digestive unrest. The rich nutriment supplied by "Ovaltine" soothes the nerves and allays all digestive disquiet. Sound, refreshing sleep quickly follows.

Sleep is Nature's opportunity to restore spent energies, to build up brain and body, and to recharge the nerves with vitality. Nature needs material with which to rebuild and restore. From no other source can that material be obtained so abundantly as from delicious "Ovaltine."

While you sleep "Ovaltine" builds up your system with new stores of energy and vitality. You wake refreshed and invigorated for the work of the coming day. The regular use of "Ovaltine" ensures a high standard of physical fitness.

For the next few nights take delicious "Ovaltine" just before you go to bed and notice how quickly sleep comes to you, and how refreshed you feel in the morning. You will prove — as many thousands have done—that "Ovaltine" is Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.552

WHY IS
THIS WHISKY
SO POPULAR ?

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
"BLACK & WHITE"
JAS. BUCHANAN & Co.
GLASGOW & LONDON
By Appointment Distillers to H.M. the King & H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BLACK & WHITE"
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
SPECIAL BLEND OF
OICE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
WHISKY DISTILLERS
W & LONDON

BECAUSE there is that subtle difference in its flavour and quality which distinguishes it from all other whiskies.

• • • • •

It has been said that there is no difference to-day between one well-known brand and another, but convincing proof to the contrary is to be found in "BLACK & WHITE."

• • • • •

Distilled from the finest home-grown materials at the best-equipped distilleries in the Highlands of Scotland, "BLACK & WHITE" steadily maintains the superb quality for which it has become world-famous.

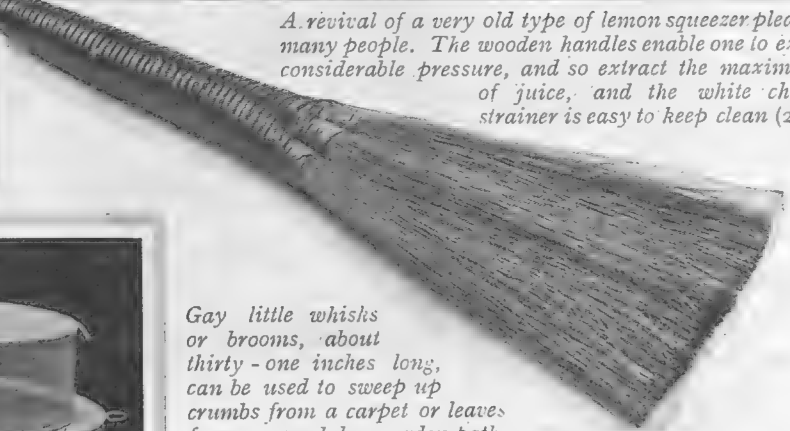
BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

803A

Window Shopping

Many people dislike the ppearance of an unconceal-d telephone in a bedroom or tting-room. This three-ded screen is mounted on a vivel stand, so that it can be wung round to any angle. The outside is lacquered in lues, reds, and green (55/6).

A revival of a very old type of lemon squeezer pleases many people. The wooden handles enable one to exert considerable pressure, and so extract the maximum of juice, and the white china strainer is easy to keep clean (2/6)



Gay little whisks or brooms, about thirty-one inches long, can be used to sweep up crumbs from a carpet or leaves from a verandah or garden path. This one has a black handle and bright green bristles, and costs 8/6

Aluminium food covers with olid tops form by far the best protection for using in larders nd pantries. The cover with n open mesh top gives no dequate protection against lies. These are strong and eminently satisfactory. 17½ x 12 x 7 *is* 2/11½, 14 x 10½ x 6 *is* 2/6 *and* 12 x 9 x 4 *is* 1/11½

The traveller who likes to travel light will welcome this compact little week-end case containing face powder, talcum powder, liquid powder, lotion, astringent cream and perfumes, in a neat case measuring 5½ x 4½ (30/-). *The little compact for the handbag is in black and gold* (7/6)

Elegant bathrooms need elegant bottles and jars. The bath salt jar shown here is made in smoky topaz and in amethyst glass, is about nine inches high, and costs 5/6

Madam, did you Know...?

Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption

ABOUT the Window Telescope whose possession will enthral invalids, nature lovers, and indeed anyone who likes to see what goes on in the world from within four walls?

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of its capacities in a photograph, but the Window Telescope itself is really astonishing.

It is intended to hang from a balcony or inside a window.

The observer should be not less than six feet away from the telescope, and preferably ten; and will be enabled to see distant objects quite clearly and in a magnified form. You can recognise people three hundred yards away, identify yachts at sea, and have your favourite flower beds appearing as if they were in the room with you.

The world outside can be brought within the four walls of your room by means of a window telescope. It will enable you to recognise people three hundred yards away, identify yachts at sea, or enjoy a "close-up" of your favourite flower bed

HOW extremely useful a tin of Band Aid is for the minor accidents which befall the younger members of a household so frequently, and sometimes the grown-ups too?

This compact little tin, which is only three and a half inches square, holds four narrow strips and three wide strips of antiseptic adhesive bandage; each strip has a gauze pad in the centre, and both adhesive plaster and gauze pad are protected by a thin veil of gauze wax paper until they are needed.

When you have seen that the cut or grazed skin is perfectly clean you only have to remove the protective gauze from a piece of Band Aid of appropriate size, place the gauze pad over the wound and press down the adhesive plaster on each side.

This does away with all the fuss of finding lint and bandages (except, of course, for more serious wounds or sprains, etc.), and is naturally invaluable when travelling. Band Aid costs 1s. 3d., and is sold by all good chemists.

A compact little tin of Band Aid should always be included in the holiday equipment in case of minor accidents. It is a most useful substitute for bandages and lint

THAT household ammonia has many uses besides its well-known quality of increasing the refreshing qualities of a warm bath and assisting in the duties of washing up?

To wash brushes use a dessertspoonful to every quart of hot water.

To clean gold or silver jewellery (without precious stones) use a teaspoonful to half a pint of water.

To clean old brass use a strong solution of ammonia, scrub with a brush, rinse with clean water, and polish with a clean soft cloth.

To clean nickel saturate a piece of flannel with ammonia and polish with a soft cloth.

No home is complete without a bottle of household ammonia, for gold and silver, jewellery, nickel, old brass, and hair brushes are among the articles in everyday use that it will clean quickly and efficiently

THAT if you are in the habit of entertaining forgetful guests (most hospitable people are) it will save you a great deal of trouble and many interruptions while you are dressing if you see that the most usually forgotten things are provided for them?

FOR WOMEN.

Face Powder (natural and peach are the most popular).
Cleansing Tissues.
Talcum Powder.
Cold Cream.
Hand Lotion or Cream.
Emery Boards.
Listerine or Peroxide.

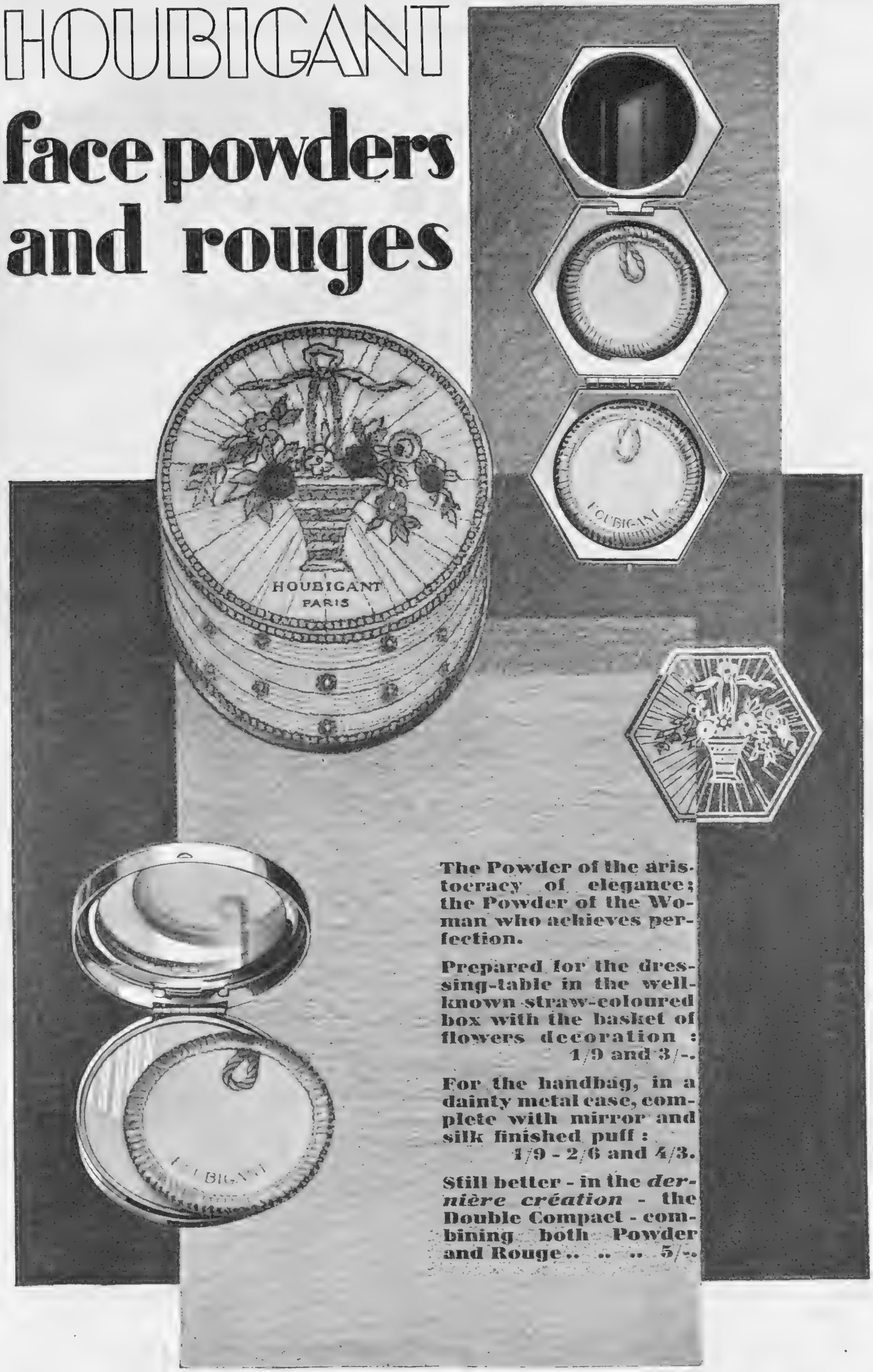
FOR MEN.

Collar Studs.
Dress Ties.
Razor Strop.
Clothes Brush.
Safety Razor Blades.

Tooth brushes and dressing gowns are also very frequently left behind. Bath salts or water softeners should be in every bathroom where the water is hard. Fine oatmeal tucked into small butter-muslin bags is inexpensive and quite effective.

HOUBIGANT

face powders and rouges



The Powder of the aristocracy of elegance; the Powder of the Woman who achieves perfection.

Prepared for the dressing-table in the well-known straw-coloured box with the basket of flowers decoration : 1/9 and 3/-.

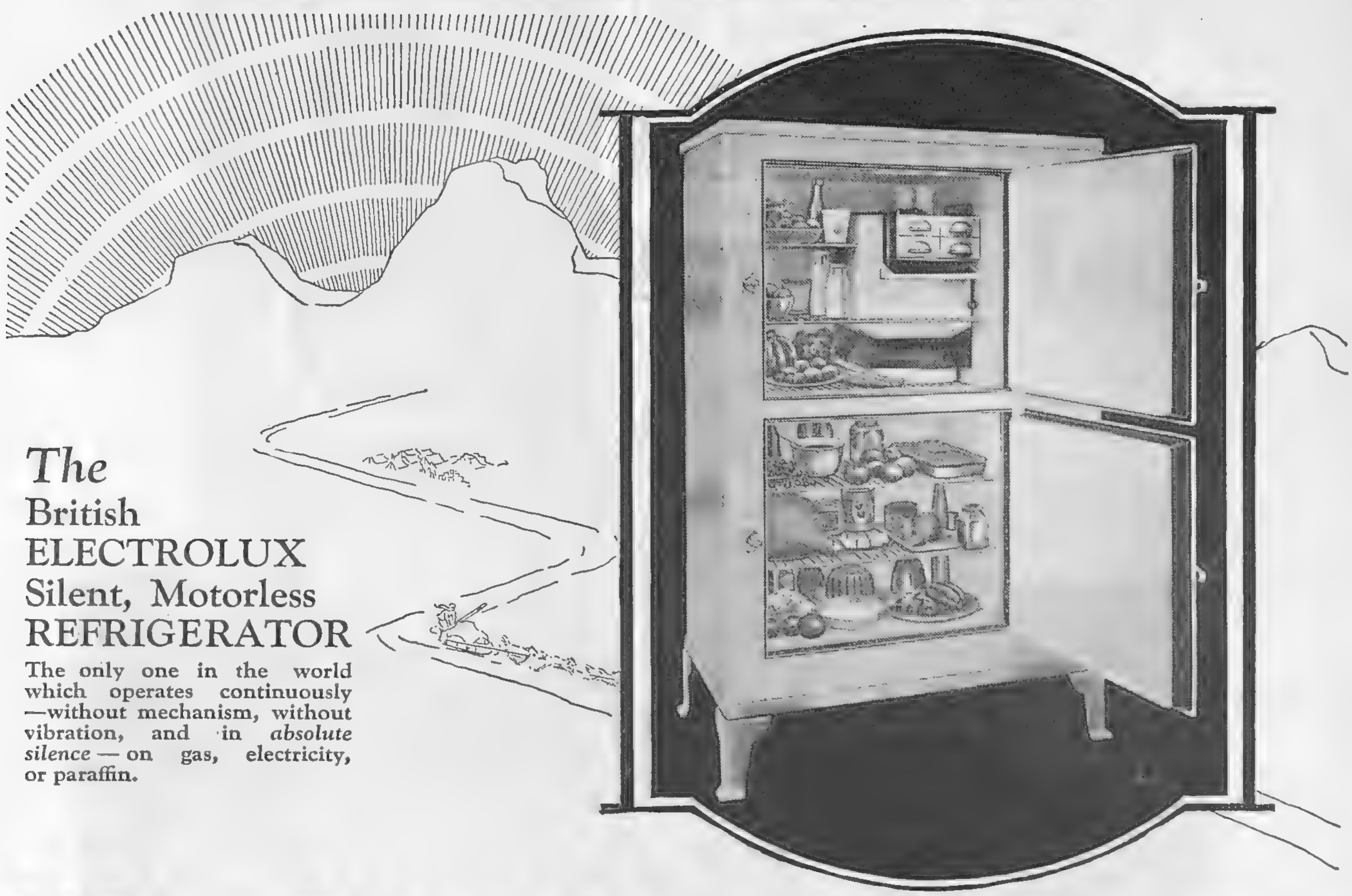
For the handbag, in a dainty metal case, complete with mirror and silk finished puff : 1/9 - 2/6 and 4/3.

Still better - in the *dernière création* - the Double Compact - combining both Powder and Rouge .. .. .. 5/-.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

"HEALTHY HOMES AND LENGTHENED LEISURE"



The
British
ELECTROLUX
Silent, Motorless
REFRIGERATOR

The only one in the world which operates continuously—without mechanism, without vibration, and in *absolute silence*—on gas, electricity, or paraffin.

When Summer *coolness* turns to Winter *heat*

Sounds absurd? But you keep the kitchen fire low in the summer don't you? And the windows wide open? And there's no central heating, of course!

Things are different in the winter. That's why *unseen* deterioration takes place in food—*unless* it is protected by refrigeration. In the winter, too, you probably do more entertaining, and—whatever the weather—you can save pounds in food which would otherwise be wasted. Above all, you will enjoy new freedom from labour and anxiety.

In Metropolitan
NEW YORK

the home of domestic refrigeration and its most highly competitive market, the Electrolux Refrigerator has been chosen as standard equipment in no less than 154 apartment buildings *during the last seven months only*—requiring a total of *eleven thousand five hundred and forty-two* refrigerators. These most modern buildings in the most modern city in the world chose Electrolux as a result of months of investigation by their technical advisers.

THE NEW ELECTROLUX "MANOR" MODEL

When you see the "Manor" you will marvel at the quality of its finish, the roominess of its shelves, and the utter simplicity of its operation. Like all Electrolux Refrigerators the "Manor" brings fresh delights to your table with economy and ease. It provides—constantly, cleanly, efficiently—the cool, dry atmosphere which keeps food pure and makes all the ice you need.
"Next year" will not be soon enough to choose your Electrolux Refrigerator. There is a model for every home and purse.

ELECTROLUX LTD.
MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY
DOMESTIC REFRIGERATORS, SUCTION CLEANERS,
WATER SOFTENERS AND FLOOR POLISHERS
HEAD OFFICE: 153-155 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
WORKS: LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
28 Branches and 421 Distributors throughout Great Britain.
Telephone: Gerrard 5571.

C.F.H.40

COOKING without Gas, Coal or Electricity

A reliable oil cooking stove will perform almost any culinary duty. It is clean. economical, easy to use, and helps to keep the kitchen cool in summer

GAS stoves and electric stoves are ousting the old-fashioned coal range from more and more urban and semi-rural dwelling places. But a large number of houses, cottages and bungalows are still beyond the reach of either; and when a tenant has only a comparatively short lease it is obviously not worth his or her while to instal the plant necessary for a private supply of gas; while home-made electricity is by no means economical for heating purposes.

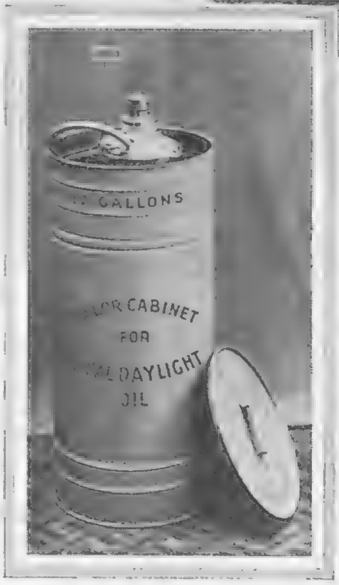
The oil cooking stove is, therefore, invaluable, not only in week-end cottages and bungalows, where no one wants to spend precious time cleaning, laying, lighting and stoking a fire, but also, during the warmer months, in the kitchens of many country houses.

It is quite impossible to keep a kitchen of moderate size at all cool during hot weather if there is a coal range in use, but it is quite possible to keep it at a reasonable temperature if the cooking is done by oil. This fuel, moreover, is easy to store, and economical to use.

MY own experiences of oil-stove cooking range from a two-burner model used in a week-end cottage, which was merely the base for sailing, to the four-burner type which cooked for a household of seven or eight during the whole of several summers. This last included the making of a great deal of jam and the bottling of vast quantities of fruit.

In the first case it was used principally for casserole dishes of the type that are appreciated after a long day on the water, and which would not be spoilt if the wind had dropped just when one put about for home, and got in two hours later than one had intended.

If you have a good oil stove and you have it treated with due respect, there is nothing in the way of cooking that it will not do for you except grill. And although there is admittedly nothing to touch the ancient art of grilling over a fierce flame for certain kinds of foods, it is possible to produce a similar effect by a different process.



Easy storage of fuel is another advantage of the oil cooking stove, and it is always worth while to use a reliable brand of oil

This question of treating an oil stove with due respect is extremely important.

It applies also to coal, gas and electric cooking stoves, as most of us know, though only the fortunate few can persuade their cooks to remember the fact. But if the simple attendance required by a good oil stove is neglected, the result becomes apparent at once; whereas gas and electric stoves and coal ranges do not proclaim their resulting inefficiency so obviously.

The well-known and popular Valor Perfection Stove is made in one, two, three or four-burner sizes. The portable oven will fit any of the stoves with more than one burner

THIS is because paraffin contains certain elements which cannot be consumed, and which deposit a carbon on wicks, on the edges of their containers, and in the tubes which feed them with oil.

If this is not removed it is obviously liable to cause clogging or hardening, either or both of which naturally diminish the heating capacity of the stove. This neglected carbon deposit incidentally makes cooking utensils harder to clean and foods slower to cook.

OVENS perform their duties much more efficiently if they are kept clean; and the unpleasant cooking odours which too often escape from the kitchen are often due to neglect in this direction. It is quite a simple matter to wipe out the inside of a gas, electric or oil stove oven each time it is used, as soon as it is cool enough; but if it is not attended to, then much more drastic treatment becomes necessary.

Both the best known types of oil cooking stoves are really very easy to look after. Both of them need to have their wicks or kindlers thoroughly cleaned once a week at least, according to the full and lucid instructions issued by their makers; and if any further information is needed it is always possible to arrange for a demonstration at any of the big stores which stock them.

THE portable ovens are very light in weight; a fact which makes it all the easier to clean them; and the height at which they are placed is a very convenient one for the busy cook.

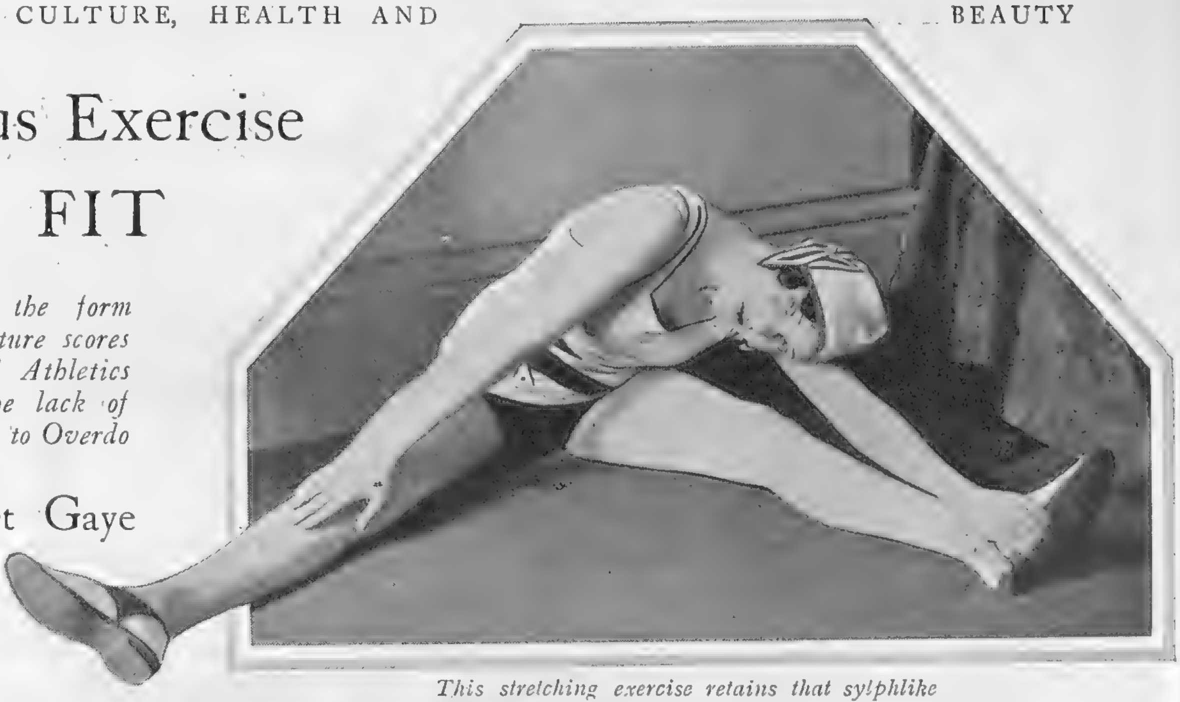
If, indeed, we would only take as much trouble over reading the instructions issued with all our mechanical heating and cleaning assistants as we do with a single pot of skin food or face lotion, life would run so much more smoothly that we should have more money to spend on personal beautification; and, paradoxically, less need for it.

Strenuous Exercise keeps you FIT

And taken in the form of Physical Culture scores over Games and Athletics by reason of the lack of a temptation to Overdo

By Margaret Gaye

Photographs posed by Miss Pat Paterson of Charlot's Cabaret Revue Co. Bathing Suit and Accessories from Debenham & Freebody's

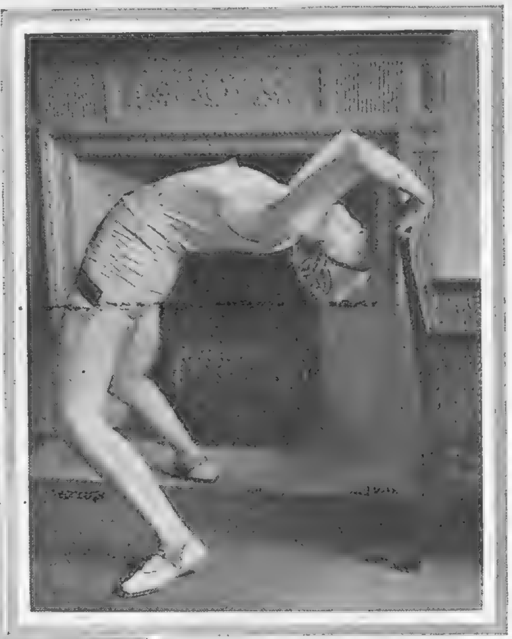


This stretching exercise retains that sylphlike figure so desired of the woman of to-day. (*Fig.* 1)

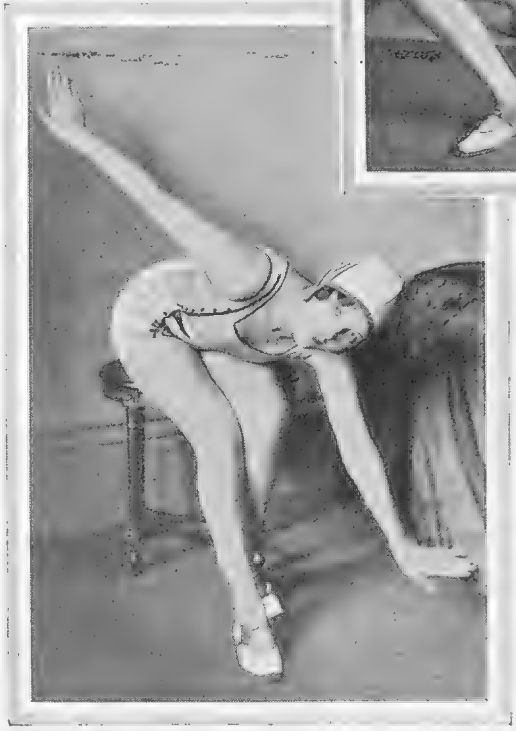
THE more strenuous the exercises one includes in the daily round, the greater flexibility one can command. And a perfectly flexible body is a fit, healthy, young-keeping body, provided only that the strenuousness is not overdone. The great danger of athletics and most games *is* this danger of overdoing them. In physical culture it is guarded against by scientific prescription. Never go on exercising when you are tired and strained.

On the other hand, never be afraid of an exercise because you think it "too hard for you." There isn't such a thing. Only certain contortions can be performed by the normal human body, and they ought to be able to be performed by every human body. It is quantity (too long effort) that harms; not quality (degree of effort).

MANY exercises definitely cannot be performed by the subject attempting them for the first time. Persistent effort for a minute or two a day will soon bring easy accomplishment. Remember that the hardest and most strenuous exercises forming part of the daily curriculum of the professional dancer, for instance, cannot be omitted from practice for even one morning without an immediate and perceptible stiffness, or loss of flexibility, resulting. It is regularity of practice that counts. Regularity, mind—not necessarily length. The first exercise this month is hard but simple. Sit on the floor, both legs extended wide apart, and with knees straight, as in Fig. 1. Bending the body to the left, grasp the left foot firmly in the left hand, and pull; at the same time extending the right arm as far as possible along the right leg. Reverse, and repeat five times in each direction.



Not only is this good for balance and flexibility—if you can do it, and keep on doing it, you need never fear nervous disorders and "jumpiness." (*Fig.* 2)



A non-drastic reducing exercise that can safely be practised even by the very fat. (*Fig.* 3)

This is excellent for the arm and back muscles, and will also prevent in men that abdominal abomination known as a "corporation."

Exercise 2 (Fig. 2) is extremely difficult, but all of us *ought* to be able to do it. Stand with your back to, and some feet away from, a very solid chair. Allowing the knees to give slightly, and setting the feet apart to maintain the balance, bend backward, the arms raised above the head—and grasp the back of the chair.

Hold this position for a second and desist. The exercise should not be done more than three times a day by the normal person. A dancer (like Miss Paterson, who posed the photographs) can bend much farther back, using the *seat* of the chair to steady herself instead of its back.

THE third exercise is easier, but is also a fine one for reducing. As it is less strenuous, too, it is to be recommended for those who are as yet too fat to risk straining themselves in the performance of the second.

Sit on a high stool or chair, and raise the arms to shoulder level, at the same time taking a deep breath. Keeping the arms fully extended, bend forward and sideways, first to the right, then to the left, almost touching the floor with one hand while the other is swung into the air. Breathe out as you bend, forcing every drop of air out of the lungs. Breathe in again as you raise the body before bending in the other direction. This exercise can be performed so quickly that the movement becomes almost a circular swing; and may be done at least twenty times in each direction.

Maison-Nicol

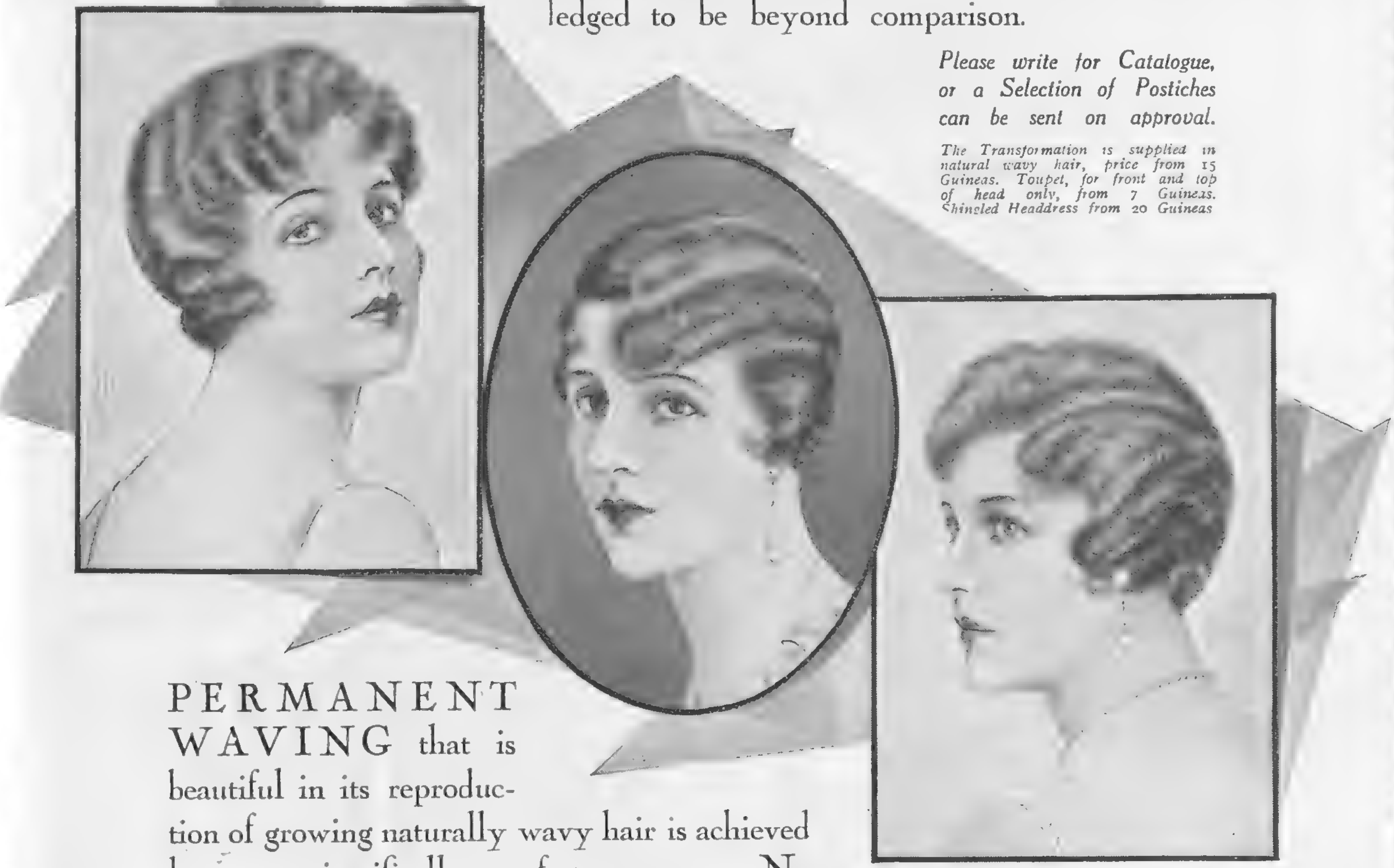
THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HAIR.

THE thinking woman of to-day appreciates the value of "appearance," and realizes the importance of her hair.

If a postiche is desirable, the choice of a Nicol Transformation will assure to the wearer a coiffure of absolute naturalness, refinement of style and real comfort unequalled by any other "make." For Quality, Workmanship and Design NICOL postiches are always acknowledged to be beyond comparison.

Please write for Catalogue, or a Selection of Postiches can be sent on approval.

The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Guineas. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Guineas. Shingled Headdress from 20 Guineas



PERMANENT WAVING that is beautiful in its reproduction of growing naturally wavy hair is achieved by our scientifically perfect process. No *electrical heaters* are employed. It permits hair of the most delicate shades—even white hair—to be waved and curled without discoloration or discomfort, and leaves the texture soft and glossy. The intensity of the wave can be varied to suit individual requirements.

Please write for an appointment.

MAISON NICOL, Ltd., 170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
TWO MINUTES' WALK FROM PICCADILLY END OF BOND STREET.
TELEPHONES: REGENT 6353 & 6359
TELEGRAMS: POSTICHEUR, LONDON

"Rejuvenating the Eyes, Face and Neck"

by Lady Maud Warrender

Authentic photograph of a lady's eyes, after she had the loose and wrinkled skin removed from under and above them. The result is guaranteed for life.

There is no greater tragedy for a woman, once beautiful, than losing the contour of her face and neck, and whose eyes are losing their natural expression, by the formation of loose and wrinkled skin. In the case of those who depend on their looks for their wage earning, these marks of age are fatal.

Innumerable systems of skin manipulation, appliances, and preparations, have been invented to remove such marks of age, but anyone who has tried them, sooner or later realizes how impossible the task is. I am, therefore, glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate the wrinkles and signs of old age, is totally unnecessary.

They can regain their lost looks. I have just investigated the latest scientific method, practised by Mr. C. H. Willi, Fellow of the College of Physiology (London), F.R.S.A., at his consulting room, 40, Baker Street, W.1, and am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands, and he introduced to me cases actually under treatment, and also others he had treated some considerable time ago. I found that deep-seated furrows between the eyes, crowsfeet under the eyes, wrinkles on the forehead, lines from nose to mouth, and loose skin on the neck, had all been banished, and the soft rounded contours of youth restored. What surprised me equally, was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured, it remains.

This treatment is so simple and so safe, that I can foresee the time coming soon, when a visit to Mr. Willi's consulting room will be as much a part of life, as going to the dentist, except that it is quite simple and pleasant.

The appearance of age on the face is purely a matter of loose skin on the face and neck.

As soon as the looseness of the skin is adjusted, the perfect facial contour is restored.

One thing should be noted, said the specialist: Although deep, age-old furrows are removed at any age, it is better for every woman to go at once for treatment, as soon as the skin shows the least crease or slackness. I am certain that she will be overjoyed at the result.

Maud Warrender

Cutlery Table

in

Mahogany or Oak

Height, - - - 2 ft. 6 in.
Length, - - - 2 ft. 5 in.
Breadth, - - - 1 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.

96 pieces of Stewart Quality Rat-tail pattern Spoonware and Rustless Cutlery, in Mahogany or Oak Table, - **£25**

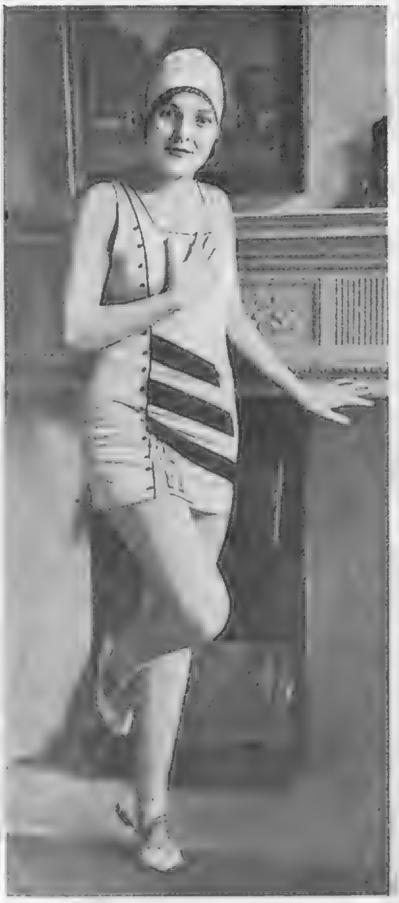
Carriage paid in Great Britain

Stewart Plate has been famous for its long-wear qualities for nearly a century.

R. STEWART LTD.
Founded 1832
(Incorporating James Weir Ltd.)
The Jewellers
64-66 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW
For over 70 years at the Corner of Buchanan Street and Argyle Street

Grace *and* Loveliness

More Lessons in Poise and Fitness from the Ballet



A few pirouettes executed on one toe will do wonders in strengthening and slimming ankles. (Fig. A)

ONE of the prettiest "steps," or dancing exercises, of all is the pirouette. Everyone should practise it. It is graceful and grace-creating. It strengthens the ankles, encourages a well-shaped arch, and cultivates the habit of dancing on the toes, instead of the flat of the foot, that distinguishes the superlatively good from the average ballroom dancer.

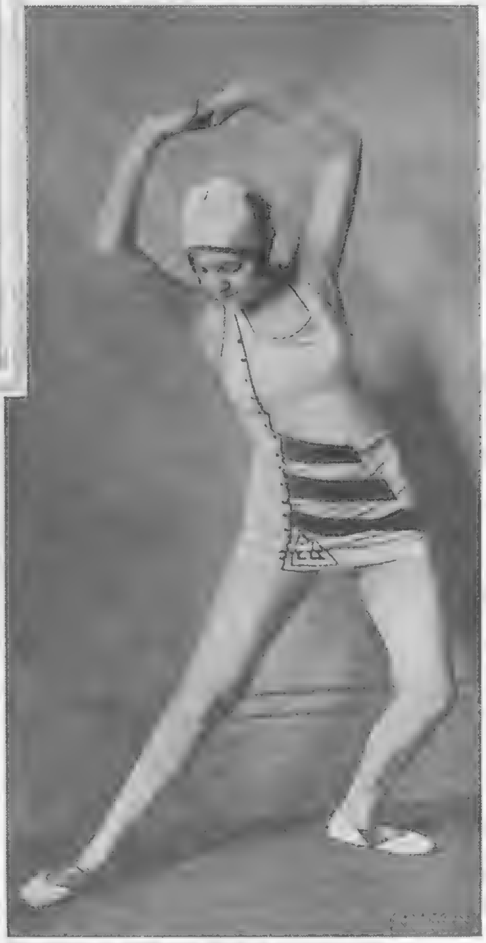
The pirouette is, of course, just a turn neatly executed on the points of the toes. For instance, one may start to pirouette by stepping on to the right foot, lifting the left into the air, turning on the right toe, and bringing the left down in front of it, to complete the turn. Or *vice versa*.

Pirouettes are properly practised in series, travelling right across or right round a room without stopping at all in between each turn. The great thing is to use the feet neatly. It should be practised in front of a long mirror.

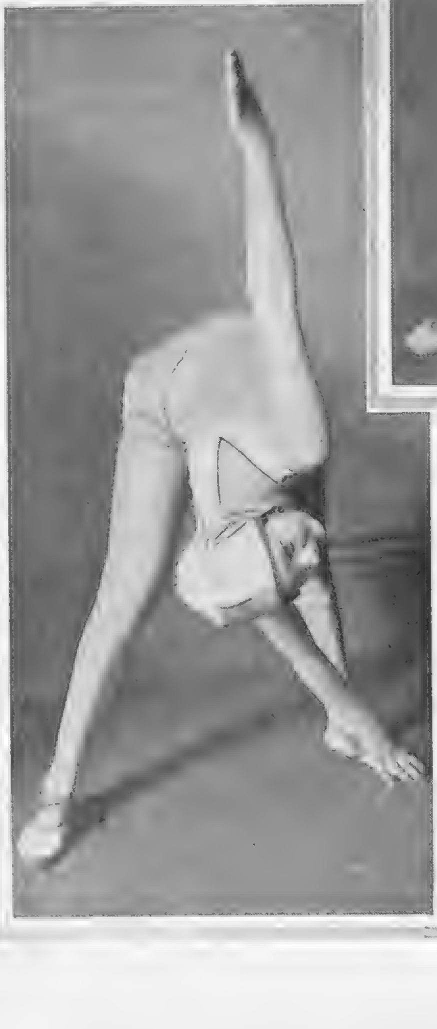
Another form of pirouette — even more to be recommended once the simple version is mastered — is the pirouette entirely on one toe, the other foot being drawn up and kept in the air from the start of the turn until its completion. (As a matter of fact, it is usually tucked behind the other knee or calf, as in Fig. A.)

Fig. B illustrates an exercise that strengthens the actual body muscles, and that is admirable for reducing weight.

STAND erect, breathe deeply, and raise the arms above the head, rounding them gracefully. (Practise this in front of a mirror.) Now, bending the left knee, as in the illustration, point the right toe, extend the right leg, and bend to the right. Return to the first position and repeat in the other direction. At all times a perfect sense of balance and rhythm must be maintained. In the picture not a single line is interrupted or angular. Legs, body, arms, represent perfectly flowing curves.



A simple exercise from the ballet school. Note the beautifully balanced and rounded lines of the whole body. (Fig. B)



If you can do this, you will get neither stiff nor fat. (Fig. C)

This exercise is not particularly strenuous, nor particularly difficult. It can be repeated as often as desired.

The third demands a little more agility. (See Fig. C.) Stand erect, feet well apart. Bend forward and touch the left toe with the right hand, at the same time swinging the left arm back and upward as in the picture. Next swing the body back and up, at the same time bringing the left arm forward and down, and the right arm up. Drop both arms to the sides and repeat, touching the right toe with the left hand.

This will give that perfect flexibility that spells physical fitness and grace, and should be practised daily about five times in each direction.

Another dancing exercise (that would never strike the novice as having anything to *do* with dancing) is the following. Stand perfectly erect, feet together, back against a wall. Lift the right leg as high as possible, and then *get someone to grasp the ankle and push upward* till the toe touches the wall above your head. Repeat the performance with the left leg. With sufficient determination and a little daily work this can quite easily be done. The one who does the pushing has the hardest task; being pushed is not even uncomfortable.

One cannot expect, of course, to get the leg all the way at once. But it is surprising how soon muscles and tendons respond to the demands made on them. Once accomplished, this need only be done about twice a day with each leg —as that is sufficient to prevent back-sliding.

Persist with it that once, however, and you will never feel the dread stiffening of middle age.

"Your very good Health . . ."

Do Cocktails *make* GOOD Mothers?

It is not edifying to see a young girl flushing over a gin and bitters, knowing that her physical perfection as a potential wife and mother is being impaired

Camilla Horn exercising with her developer at her Palisades Del Rey home, near Los Angeles

Suppleness. Raguil Torres, Joel McCrea and Joyce Murray, a trio of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer stars keeping fit

WE have heard about America: Crime, bootlegging, deaths from the consumption of bad alcohol, moral degeneracy, drug addiction—and all, they say, as a result of prohibition! Well, perhaps! And when we are threatened by Pussyfoot in this country our free and thirsty souls cry out against such tyranny.

As a theme for debate, a subject for song or jest, alcohol would be irreplaceable. Robert Browning, in advance of his times, makes Mr. Sludge, the Medium, say a kind word for cocktails (although they have not yet attained the distinction of a place in the dictionary!):

" 'Tis because a stiffish cocktail, taken in time,
Is better for a bruise than arnica."

Oscar Wilde said that work was the ruin of the drinking classes, and G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc have sung inspiringly in praise of red wines.

There are irrefutable statistics to prove that alcohol is poisonous to man and ruinous to civilisation, and equally undeniable evidence that its influence is beneficent. There can be no hard-and-fast rule. One man's apéritif is another man's poison. Alcoholism is a disease, and legislation should not be in favour of the abnormal. There is no law that because one baby in so many hundreds is born tongue-tied all babies must have the cords of their tongues severed at birth.

But it is as well to know something about the effect of alcohol on the human system, and to recognise the dangers and facilities of forming a habit or developing any dependence on alcoholic stimulation. This generally happens through a desire to be convivial rather than because of any particular liking for the flavour of the drink, and that is why the cocktail party is such a pernicious institution. To begin with, a cocktail is an ingenious, and generally unpalatable, mixture of beverages devised to stimulate the senses and, perhaps, the appetite. It does the latter by making an unnatural raid on the digestive juices with, ultimately, harmful results.

THE effect of spirits on the internal organs cannot be dealt with here. Suffice it to say that it may lead to various illnesses of a serious nature. Wine creates acids in the system, and is therefore undesirable for gouty or rheumatic subjects and bad for the complexion unless taken in strict moderation. Cocktail parties, with the concomitant cigarettes, and champagne suppers destroy a young girl's dewy freshness more quickly than anything. They also impair her judgment and sense of values, and may lead to stupid marriages and all sorts of unhappiness.

A MIDDLE-AGED gentleman mellowing over a glass of good burgundy may be a genial sight. One does not care much what the effect may be on his liver or his gouty joints, but it is not edifying to see a young girl flushing over a gin and bitters, and to think that as a result her skin will become sallow and the whites of her lovely eyes yellowed, and that her physical perfection as a potential wife and mother is being impaired.

I cull the following hard facts from an authority: "Alcohol invades your entire mental and nervous organisation. . . . If you persist in drinking long enough and deep enough your breathing and your circulation stop. . . . Gradual and more permanent dissolution sets in. . . . Your arteries become thickened and your nerve and brain cells degenerate." Though I do not suppose for one moment that any of my readers need these terrifying warnings, I have quoted them to show that a process of physical degeneration does succeed anything like constant indulgence. Alcohol is no danger as long as you *can do without it*, but it would be well if English girls who value their physique and their complexions would eschew the apparently insidiously attractive cocktail, and if, in the interests of conviviality, they want to have a glass in their hands, would drink orange juice instead of gin and vermouth as an apéritif, or, if they can appreciate it, a glass of old dry sherry.

Orange juice, which contains valuable vitamins, is a valuable health agent; as an early morning drink instead of tea, it stimulates the internal organs and is good for the complexion. Lemon and water taken in this way is an antidote to rheumatic conditions, and with hot water is reputed to have a thinning effect.

She has everything she wants

She isn't extravagant, but she always looks well. After all, a shilling's little enough to pay for loveliness and Gal, beauty soap of Spain, costs no more than this. She'd buy it, no matter what the price, for its charmed fragrance, the oil of olives that keeps her skin so clear. She knows that in a question of complexion it pays her to buy the best.

It is the only luxury soap that can be obtained for a shilling (and the tablet lasts longer).

GAL
TOILET SOAP

From all Important Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers everywhere. 1/- per tablet. 2/9 per box of three.

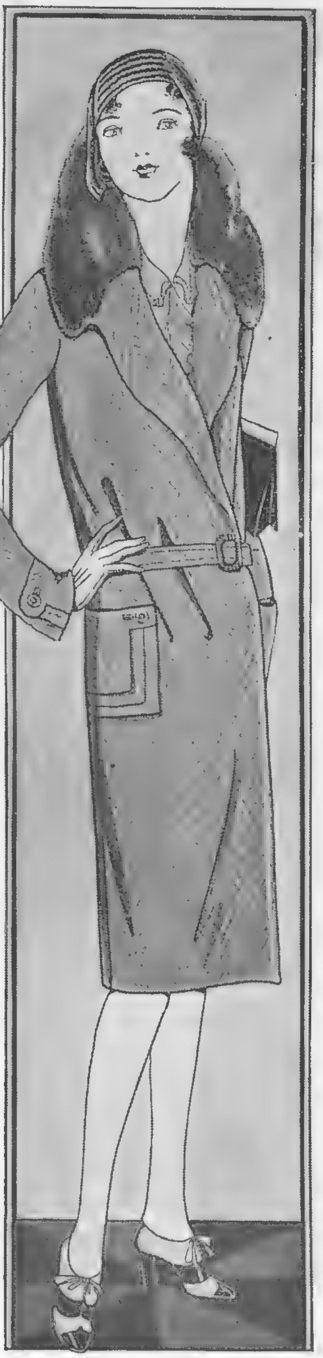
PERFUMERIA GAL - MADRID - LONDON
BUENOS AIRES - NEW YORK

Service Advertising F.S. 433

The Maison Ross

◆

THE DIGNITY OF SIMPLICITY!



This travelling coat which is the latest model from Paris for the Winter, is a reversible tweed—plain and tartan—with the new sheared lamb collar in nutria colouring and the deep wrap over so essential for the purpose.

8½ Gns.

---

19 & 20 Grafton St., Bond St., W.1.

By Appointment

By Appointment.

Photo by Peter North

THE "BURLINGTON."

Wide brim superfine quality Felt Hat with drooping sides. The brim cut straight across the front and plain crown finished with three shades of ribbon forming half-moon shape at side. In all head sizes and the newest colours. Price 37/6

Photo by Peter North

THE "ROUS."

Charming little plain Felt "Pull-on" for sporting and all occasions. Superfine quality, beautifully soft, and will roll up. Trimmed two coloured ribbons in contrasting shades. In all head sizes. Colours: Amber, Beech, Beige, Biscuit, Apple, Wine, Geranium, Grey, Silver, Navy, Black and White. Price 35/-

Finest French Paste Sporting Brooches: Aberdeen, Sealyham, Alsatian, Cocker, Airedale, Wire Haired Terrier, Fox Terrier, Greyhound, Bulldog. Price 7/6 each extra.

The largest stock of Helmets and all Sun Hats for India, etc.

A selection of Hats sent on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready. Post free.

No agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

ROBERT HEATH, LTD.

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
Sloane 3122 S.W.1

Our grandmothers knew how to grow old with dignity but we must learn the secret of keeping young

Modern Miracles

The Psychological, Social and Economic Importance of PLASTIC SURGERY

By "Chrysis"

Massage is the outrider we send forth to meet our common enemy—age. Then comes plastic surgery

THE fundamental desires of mankind endure. To be admired or, at least, to be able to face one's fellows without the shame and humiliation imposed by physical disabilities, to have social esteem and economic independence, are conditions necessary to the happiness and the usefulness of all men and women.

No one suggested that it was vanity which made a wounded man's first question, on recovering consciousness, "Am I mutilated? What shall I *look* like?" The ideals of beauty are different in different ages, countries, and stages of civilisation, but conformation to the standards of one's time and place is essential to mental equipoise and to social and economic survival.

A BRILLIANT and world-famous plastic surgeon, who has made possible the apparently wrecked lives of men cruelly maimed and deformed by war, although he has performed, literally, miracles of reconstructive surgery—replacing shattered jaws, grafting new skin when almost the whole of a man's face had been mutilated by liquid fire, the rebuilding of noses and ears, the elimination of all kinds of deforming scars—expressed himself as sympathetic to the victims of even minor mutilations and the havoc wrought by encroaching age, because of the psychological influence such things have on their subjects.

The restrictions of the Medical Council make it impossible for a surgeon to give the facts to the lay press, and so the public remains, largely, ignorant of what has been done and can be done in this field, and as there are not in this country, as there are in America and, I believe, in Germany, large clinics where plastic operations are performed, the greater public cannot as yet benefit as it should by the evolution of this science. But curiosity and comprehension are growing. One highly skilled cosmetic surgeon, practising in London, who was medically trained and has many successful operations to his credit, actually refrained from taking a degree because of the limitations it imposed.

Miss Edwina Booth, the beautiful movie star, who believes that prevention is better than cure, and that we should never neglect the opportunities which modern beauty culture offers us

THE idea of rejuvenation by surgery has been dealt with both imaginatively and frivolously by fiction writers, but in "real life" it is a cogent and significant fact. Apart from its social and psychological aspect, we must recognise that to a beautiful or socially important woman the loss of her youthful appearance is a tragedy, not a joke; the economic importance of the preservation of her youth to a professional woman is incalculable. In the allotting of commercial appointments it is admitted that a woman who looks old, no matter what her qualifications, will be passed over in favour of one of youthful and smart appearance.

NO operation can avert the progress of age, and so the effect of a face-lifting operation cannot be permanent. Its duration depends on the build of the face, the type of skin, constitutional differences, and so on. An experienced plastic surgeon will know and an honest man will tell the patient the probabilities of lasting success.

The operation for the removal of lines and puffs beneath the eyes and for wrinkles in the eyelids is generally permanent in effect and seldom has to be repeated, as the skin about the eyes is of limited elasticity, and, owing to its thinness, the incision is so superficial that this operation leaves no discernible scar if it is skilfully performed.

Unsightly scars, the result of abscesses or accidents, can be excised, and the tiny white line left by the plastic operation can have colour tattooed into it to bring it up to the shade of the surrounding skin so that it is invisible.

BIRTHMARKS and moles are treated by different methods, according to their nature, by the plastic surgeon. Operations are performed, the majority painlessly, with the aid of local anæsthetics, for the rectification of unsightly ears, noses and mouths. I hope, in a future article, to give specific details about the methods of these modern miracle workers. My space only allows me, here and now, to indicate the scope and possibilities of the science of cosmetic surgery.

The Children's SALON

(No Age Limit)

and Competition Circles *(Money Prizes)*

For GIRLS, BOYS and GROWN-UPS interested in ART, LITERATURE, NEEDLEWORK, PHOTOGRAPHY, etc.

You can join TO-DAY! Fill up Enrolment Form on page 121.

Conducted by "LEVANA"
Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

PATRONS
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

NEWS of the MONTH

SALONERS anxious to be certain of acceptance in one or another of the groups in the Annual Competitions should apply for forms without delay. A great deal of disappointment is occasioned every year by failure to do this in time. Some of the sections are already pretty full up, so people with a well-developed passion for procrastination have no time to waste! Note that you may only take one subject in addition to Needlework.

* * *

MAIDA Webber has won the first prize in the Preliminary Elocution Examination for Professionals (ladies class) in the British Empire Shakespeare Society. Miss Webber, as many of us know, would well deserve such a success.

* * *

BY the way, we are always delighted to chronicle the activities and successes of Saloners, and any sent for publication will duly find their way into this column.

* * *

OWING to an alteration in the date for going to press each month, competitions, from September onwards, will have a new closing date, round about the 4th and 18th of each month, instead of the 13th and 31st as in the past.

* * *

A GREAT many of you will view with considerable interest the snapshot of a Girl Guides' Company which appears in our pages this month. It is the 2nd Little Massingham Company (Kings Lynn), of which Jean Dewar, G.C.S. 4429 is Captain. Following Miss Dewar's excellent practice, the members of this company expressed a wish to send one of our little Cinderellas to the seaside, and as a result of their generosity we have been able to dispatch little Lilly Legg, aged 7, to Littlehampton for a fortnight. Well done, the 2nd Little Massingham Company! I hope your splendid example will in another year be followed by other companies with whom Saloners have connections.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, June 28

Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION II. Do-As-You-Like. Prize, 10s. Divided between Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356, and Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465. Hon Mention: Ellen Diggle, G.C.S. 4980; Pat Hennessy, G.C.S. 5641; Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460; Beatrice H. Lory, G.C.S. 5647.

LITERATURE COMPETITION II. A Review of a Recent Novel. Prize 10s. Awarded to Elsye Harris, G.C.S. 4401. Hon Mention: Marjorie Shillito, G.C.S. 4829; Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION II. Anything in Crochet. Prize 10s. Divided between Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578, and Doris Wickham, G.C.S. 5629.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION II. Poster, Advertising Soap. Prize, 10s. Awarded to G. R. H. Brabham, M.C.S. 2721. Hon. Mention: Iris Scully, M.C.S., 2327; Josephine Peyman, M.C.S. 2577; Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708.

LITERATURE COMPETITION II. A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Molly K. McIntosh, M.C.S. 2747. Hon. Mention: Iris Higgins, M.C.S. 2674, Helen Fernie, M.C.S. 2800; Eileen Watling, M.C.S. 2743; Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S., 2642.

Saloners' Portrait Gallery

Kathleen Longbotham, M. C. S. 2739, a recently joined Yorkshire member, who declares she has long taken an interest in the Salon's doings

Gertrude L. Sinclair M.C.S. 2550, who hails from much farther north, is a very regular and talented competitor

Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037, is the Saloner daughter of Elsye Harris, G.C.S. 4401, who joined before her marriage

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION II. Something knitted. Prize 10s. Awarded to Elizabeth Hare, M.C.S. 2727.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION II. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189. Hon. Mention: Pamela Searight, A.C.S. 1160; Margaret Kaye, A.C.S. 117.

LITERATURE COMPETITION II. A letter acknowledging a Puppy. Prize 5s. Awarded to Loveday Bradshaw, A.C.S., 961. Hon Mention: Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION II. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881 Hon. Mention:———Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872.

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. Any Outdoor Scene. First Prize 10s. Awarded to Beryl Rhys-Hopkins, A.C.S. 1137. Second Prize, 5s. Awarded to Gertrude Wyand. Hon. Mention: Ellen S. K. Best, M.C.S. 2758.; Ethel Jones, G.C.S. 5645; Sheila Apted, A.C.S. 929; Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872; Theodore Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; Elizabeth Fletcher, M.C.S. 2756.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION. First Prize 15s. Divided between Frances Jowett, G.C.S. 5172, and Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Awarded to Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881.

SPECIAL BOYS' PRIZE FOR JUNE.

Awarded to Jack Forrest, M.C.S. 2191. Hon Mention: A. V. P. Redmayne, G.C.S. 4105 and Cecil H. Scott, A.C.S. 1999.

Award of Prizes, July 13

Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to Patricia Hennessy, G.C.S. 5641. Hon. Mention: Gillian Burke, G.C.S. 5653; Beatrice Lory, G.C.S. 5647.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573, and Lily Sosnoe, G.C.S. 5615. Hon. Mention: Daisy Johnston-Watt, G.C.S. 4591.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Frances Jowett, G.C.S. 5172, and Dinah Fagan, G.C.S. 4581. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Betty Wilkinson, M.C.S. 2377, and Norah Plunket, M.C.S. 2469. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719 Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708; Hilda Pennington, M.C.S. 2775; Margarita Boude, M.C.S. 2709; Ena Hollier, M.C.S. 2679.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Maisie Winterburn, M.C.S. 2656, and Barbara Dunell, M.C.S. 2783. Hon. Mention: Ian Rose, M.C.S. 2728; D. W. Goodall, M.C.S. 2715; Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910; Muriel Malvern, M.C.S. 2691 Aileen Wilson, M.C.S. 2767.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Awarded to Daphne Blake, A.C.S. 1192. Hon. Mention: Barbara Craig A.C.S. 1058.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Awarded to Alison Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1195. Hon. Mention: Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072; Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190; ———Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872.———

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. First prize 10s. Awarded to Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Priscilla Belben, A.C.S. 895. Hon. Mention: Daisy Johnston-Watt, G.C.S. 4591; Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; Phyllis Agnew, G.C.S.; Herman C. Wilkins, M.C.S. 2785.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS (June 28)

MARY A. JONES.—An excellent idea badly needing a frame to hold the design together; also, if the "white" faces had been smiling, a good point would have been strengthened. Study lettering carefully.

MARGARET FERGUSON.—Quite a good method, and pleasing, truthful colour. The reflections are not quite convincing and the drawing of the flowers is scarcely carried far enough, but you are well on the right road.

ELIZABETH HARE.—So glad to see you competing again. The little woollies are very well made and will be most useful. I look forward to more entries when you are less busy.

PAMELA DEAN.—Very difficult to do as well as this, I am sure, and effective and dainty. Probably it would have been better to have avoided the use of the largest size pearls. However, a very good entry.

MARJORIE WEBB.—You are most expert with the crochet hook and the little sachet is charmingly made. Aren't these beige threads effective?

FRANCES JOWETT.—Beautifully made and delightful in colour and decoration. Very many thanks.

IRIS SCULLY.—There is much to be said for this "advanced" art for advertising purposes, and you have applied the method quite skilfully to the purpose.

MARY GEORGE.—You write very well indeed, but I think it is better practice to deal with themes the details of which derive from experience. Otherwise charmingly done.

CHRISTABEL RICHENS.—If not quite up to your usual expert standard there are some beautifully truthful passages of paint in this study, and the colour is very agreeable.

VIVIEN BELBEN.—The drawing has vigour but is scarcely a sufficiently faithful rendering. Observe very closely and try to record this. Although brief the letter is good as far as it goes. Distinctive colour is the best point about your handicraft entry, which is a little too careless in execution.

(Continued on page 121.)

The Children's Salon

COUPON

September 5 Competitions

N.B.—Handicraft and Snapshot Competitions do not belong to Associates' Circle.

"Tailoring to Tradition"

BY APPOINTMENT
to His Majesty the King and
to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy—the apparel oft proclaims . . ."

THE immortal bard knew; none better than he. For the wearer of an Aquascutum at once proclaims herself—or himself as the case may be—one of infinite good taste. And Aquascutum prices suit all purses. To wit:—

'Scutum Coats from 6 Guineas. Top Coats in Saxonies, Cheviots and Homespuns from 6 Gns. Waterproof and Windproof "Field" Coats 3½ to 5 Gns. Suits from 8 Gns.

—tailored in keeping with the Aquascutum Tradition.

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED

Tailors and Overcoat Specialists since 1851

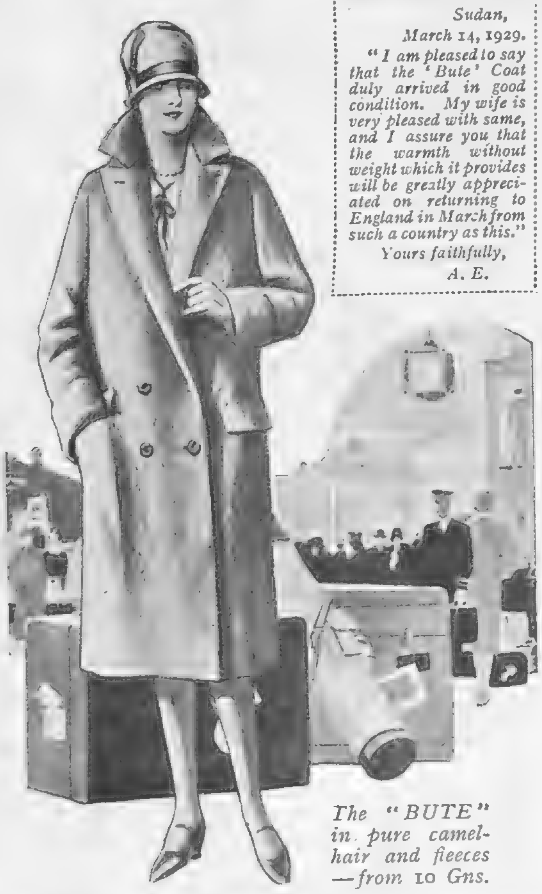
100 REGENT STREET & 113 PICCADILLY
LONDON. W.1

Extract from a letter.

Sudan,
March 14, 1929.

"I am pleased to say that the 'Bute' Coat duly arrived in good condition. My wife is very pleased with same, and I assure you that the warmth without weight which it provides will be greatly appreciated on returning to England in March from such a country as this."

Yours faithfully,
A. E.



The "BUTE" in pure camel-hair and fleeces —from 10 Gns.

Celebrities who appreciate Achille Serre Service.

Miss Joan Ridley's tribute:—

"During a tennis season I use a great number of tennis dresses, jerseys, etc., and these have always been beautifully dry-cleaned by your firm. I am writing, therefore, to express my appreciation of the excellent service you have rendered me."

Joan C. Ridley

Cleaning and Dyeing in the "Achille Serre Way" is recognized as the standard by which such work may be judged. On orders sent direct to Head Office we pay carriage one way and an Illustrated Booklet with complete list of Branches and Price List will be sent on request.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office and Works:
Blackhorse Lane, Walthamstow, E. 17.

Branches and Agencies almost everywhere.

S. 28

CARR'S
EMBLEM
(Regd)
ASSORTED
BISCUITS

There are no less than 18 kinds of biscuit dainties in Emblem Assorted. Delicious little shortcakes, dainty macaroons with cherries, wafers & delicately flavoured biscuits sandwiched with fruit & cream.

Per 9d. half pound.

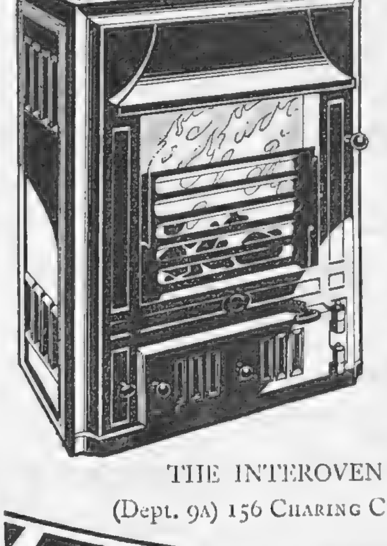
Made only by
CARR & CO. LTD.
The original makers of biscuits by machinery
CARLISLE

"and so to bed—"

but you'll still have the healthy glow of the "CHEER-EE-O" in the morning!

No modern home can be complete without the "CHEER-EE-O"—the ideal Heating Stove—during the coming winter. Day and night this wonder stove burns any fuel for the small cost of 6d. with perfect ventilation. All the advantages of the open and closed stoves are combined, but without their need for constant attention and their dull and dirty appearance. Beautifully finished, this stove gives that tone of comfort to any home, and will last a lifetime.

THE
Cheer-ee-O
HEATING STOVE



NOTE THESE ADVANTAGES

(1) The open fire gives perfect ventilation.
(2) Burns continuously day and night for 6d.
(3) Burns any kind of fuel.
(4) No dust or dirt—hence saves labour.
(5) Easily fitted in a few hours.
(6) Choice of colours.

Prices from £6 . 6 . 0 carriage paid

This Stove will heat any room up to 3,000 cubic feet capacity.

Size of Stove
Height: 24 ins. without feet.
Width: 18½ ins. Depth: 12 ins.

Free Coloured Booklet with full particulars will be sent on application to:

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD.
(Dept. 9A) 156 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

Correspondence *and* Criticisms (*continued*)

LOVEDAY BRADSHAW.—A very good letter, lively and interesting in style, and the "inventions" cleverly handled. You have made big strides. Send in again as soon as you can. Many thanks for good wishes.

RENA RECALDIN.—Very skilful grouping and composition and clever, interesting colour. One or two masses are scarcely so well considered as the rest, but this is promising and distinctive work, in spite of its mannerisms.

PAULINE RUBRY.—The shadows cast by the ships are rather sharp for the light effect, and, as the church is throwing none to correspond, the sketch does not quite hang together. Good solid work for your age, which further study should quickly improve.

PAT HENNESSY.—Both drawings are attractive in style and line and the balance of black and white is very good. Some suggestion of the "operator's" legs below the tablecloth should have been given.

HILDA BARROW.—A longer exposition of the plot would have been worth while. You say just enough to make one want a little more. Avoid tautological slips.

ELSYE HARRIS.—One of the most interesting papers you have submitted. This is really critical, and I hope you will follow it up with more in the same good vein. Many thanks for letter.

MARJORIE SHILLITO.—I confess I thought the plot rather rubbishy as given in your clear outline, and I was glad to find it hadn't impressed you. Your lukewarm praise seems quite just and fitting. A good paper.

BERYL RHYS-HOPKINS.—A most remarkable piece of photography for your age. The composition beautifully judged and the detail exquisite. What a pity it was not on paper which would allow of reproduction!

BEATRICE LONG.—An almost first-rate review! With just a little more polishing and the ironic note further, but not unduly, stressed, there would be nothing but praise to offer. I am also very pleased with your skilful and charming handicraft entry. You seem thoroughly to have found yourself here. Much love.

AUDREY TRESIDDER WILLS.—Your literature entry is a great deal ahead of your art this time; as a rule, I think the boot is on the other leg! A thoroughly well-told tale. . . . Green is always a rather trying companion for red, and if the lady's gown had been bluer it would have been more pleasing. Otherwise, striking design. Try to improve your lettering. Except for the cat-like bunnies the napkin ring is very attractively schemed and executed.

GWENDOLINE DEWSBURY.—Not quite so satisfactory as your earlier effort, the mounting having obviously occasioned trouble. The ruler is useful here to get measurements exactly right.

MURIEL M. MALVERN.—Underline implications a little more emphatically. Delicacy is delightful, but some points need stressing to give relief. Very well and interestingly told, but just a trifle too vague.

DIANA WILTON.—Let me applaud your industry. The literature and needlework entries are both good. Character is well conveyed in the former, and the latter is neatly executed. The cushion is better drawn than the cat, but both suffer from the use of too hard a pencil. Try something much softer next time.

MARGARITA BOUDE.—If you could have expanded this a little further and made more of the excellent possibilities of the plot you would have had a most interesting and amusing story. As it is, you let a good idea "slip through your fingers." In the sketch execution is altogether too slack, but the design and idea are excellent.

MOLLY K. M'INTOSH.—A most charming and accomplished little story. Except that the demand does not lie much in these channels there is nothing to criticise. Full of promise.

MAY W. HARRISON.—The composition is quite good and, if your figures were as accurate in sentiment, construction and drawing as your tree, all would be well. The head of the nymph is far too small.

HELEN FERNIE.—Not perhaps the most acceptable form for a short story, but within its limits very well done. The vivid, straightforward style suits the subject admirably and the construction is sound.

IRIS HIGGINS.—It is a pleasure to encounter such interesting and talented work. Little immaturities which further experience will adjust are, of course, present, but this is highly promising. Analyse any "models" you read, carefully, to assist your progress.

CATHERINE M. GROOM.—In the short space which you have allotted yourself you cannot possibly deal with a plot of these dimensions, which is in consequence reduced to a bare outline. As a skeleton, however, it looks as if it might work out well on a far-fetched basis.

JOSEPHINE PEYMAN.—It is strange that, with all else so excellent and charming, the boy's head should have so confounded your perceptions. Hair is never this colour. The modelling of the face and the position of ear are other faulty points. Much of the rest is exquisite.

MAISIE WINTERBURN.—So "difficult" a theme requires very expert and mature handling, but you have tackled the earlier part very well indeed.

With this pretty study, Gertrude Wyand, G.C.S. 5635, takes second prize in the June Snapshot Competition—

—And Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872, secures an Hon. Mention for the above interestingly composed picture.

The 2nd Little Massingham Company King's Lynn, (Captain, Jean Dewar, G.C.S. 4429), who have most kindly collected sufficient funds to send one of our Cinderellas to the sea for a fortnight

LILY SOSNOE.—In a compressed fashion you deal very capably with this particular book, but there is no need for such a tabloid method which allows you no scope to indulge in a literary exercise.

EFFIE DUNDAS.—The pitcher's colour scheme is very pretty, but I think it would have been an improvement to have indulged in a more definite pattern. The review is quite interesting, especially in method, but is a little lacking in graceful expression. . . . A vividly colourful effect, needing the sobriety of actual shadow colour to give it point. Too much a revel in pigment for nature's effect, but good of its kind.

DINOO BASTAVALA.—I have heard more than one author of repute confess they write of a place first and visit it afterwards. Possibly this happened with your author also. It is something that they go at all! A very interesting review, but a bit casual in its method.

EILEEN WATLING.—You have a very good notion indeed of telling a yarn, but to suit modern appetites a rather less conventional outlook and manner is essential. However, this you will rapidly learn and digest. You have the requisite outfit for your task.

ALIDA WILTON.—The flower spray is charming, original looking, attractive, and expert, and I also admire the colour and design of your needlework entry. Perfection of stitching is still not quite attained but it is excellent for your age.

PRISCILLA BELBEN.—For small objects dainty treatment is essential, bold methods are only suitable for large objects. Remember this when you next decorate a small thing. Your letter is expressive enough but is a bit too brief for a literature entry.

DORIS WICKHAM.—A lovely little "bit" of clever stitchery. Very many thanks.

PAMELA SEARIGHT.—Quite remarkable work, full of knowledge and observation. Hind legs very stiff in action, and reflected colour too drab, cloud outlines, also, superfluous. Most interesting, promising and individual.

MARGARET SMITH.—You would get much more with pencil or brush, in a head of this size, though the suggestion of your pen line is good, as far as it goes, but the result depends entirely upon style and convention.

JOYCE BIDDER.—Charming colour, and well put together. The foreground figures not consistent with your high horizon. Clever, but lacking in traits of actuality, for one of your accomplishment.

G. R. H. BRABHAM.—Full colour, or black and white, would be more acceptable, and, for the purpose, more "charm" in the ladies. Take credit for ambition, spaciousness of design and good lettering—cramped too much to border. With so many rigid forms, a good chance for a curved arrangement of figures.

MARGARET KAYE.—You have caught the expression of your classic lady very well, but, original work, or drawing from nature, is better practice, though a good copy is instructive. Try quite on your own!

G. MAUD HIGGINS.—The curve of sail and tree gives a tame line in a drawing a bit on the "pretty" side. Very competent imaginary work, good in its way, but not plein-air effect, although a skilful compromise.

BEATRICE H. LORY.—Good colour and drawing. The edge of near wing, and shadowed underside, need attention, to give projection, and the legs stick to the ground, but, with these points remedied, admirable.

ELLEN DIGGLE.—You have rather swamped interest by profusion. Full of clever and dainty invention and skill. Would be better for complete toning of tree. A splendid chance for the aid of daintily decorative colour.

Correspondence and Criticisms, July 13.

BETTY ROBSON.—It is sufficient to cut the picture out and colour it for this competition, but redrawing is splendid practice. A good bold piece of work in the primary colours, which is a little let down by the inexperienced handling of extremities. Practise drawing hands by themselves to gain mastery.

EILEEN WATLING.—The light touch is appropriate and pleasing, but, without careful scrutiny after the first setting down, little flaws are apt to creep in. Correct these carefully and your work will be very good. Don't be timid with colour. This is delicate, but just a little too fainthearted as a scheme.

DAPHNE BLAKE.—Excellent technique for your age, and the house itself pleasing in its relation to surroundings, but the line of the hill should not have coincided with that of the roof. Very promising work.

RENA RECALDIN.—You have a quite remarkable appreciation of style, and it will be interesting to watch your progress. As black and white this is attractively designed, the weak features being the chimneys, very feeble in structure for the period represented, and the porch.

EILEEN WHITE.—The paper is written too much from a single point of view, but within these limits it is very well done. I have nothing but praise for so lively and entertaining a manner.

MAY W. HARRISON.—Appropriate and charming in conception, and a bit weak in "knowledge." Do not be afraid of consulting other work of a relative nature, when engaged on an original piece.

MAISIE WINTERBURN.—Very capably argued, and well expressed. It is a little on the brief side, one or two points being quite good enough to stand expansion.

PATRICIA LUDWICK.—In a representation, on the whole so delicate, it was a mistake to force the roses so that they even swamp the figure in importance. Trees, lavender, and steps are charmingly indicated. The face requires more attention.

AUDREY SANDELL.—Very agreeable and artistic colour, which lacks brilliance because you have not kept your pigments sufficiently clean. Delicate shades require very "nice" handling. Otherwise distinguished work.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

September 18 Competitions

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle.* *Strike out words which do not apply*

Signature ....

Address ....

.... *Age, if under* 20 ....

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. Please say if you would like to become a Fairy Godmother (see May issue).

ENA HOLLIER.—An excellent colouring, cleanly and deliciously executed. There is practically nothing to criticise.

BARBARA DUNELL.—A very well constructed and painstaking effort, comprehensive and interesting. It opens a trifle heavily, always a thing to avoid, but you make ample amends for this as you proceed.

HILDA PENNINGTON.—Some relief other than that afforded by the yellow touches was necessary to serve pictorial needs, but the sober scheme is full of taste, and the border is charmingly conceived, the brick red note being exactly right, both in colour and position.

IRIS HIGGINS.—Cooler colour for the vessels would have acted as a useful foil to the clever colour of the rest. A daring, attractive, and well balanced scheme.

MURIEL MALVERN.—You are a bit sweeping and didactic, but this is good "stuff," interesting, outspoken, and well argued. Avoid little slips in constructing a sentence.

NORAH PLUNKET.—What strides you have made since the old days. This is admirably indicated—scarcely a false note anywhere, although full of pitfalls as a subject. You should, however, have dealt with the table cloth.

MARY A. JONES.—With so brilliant a foreground, it would perhaps have been more interesting to have kept the background down a little in a softer scheme. Otherwise excellent; clever colour.

IAN ROSE.—"*Her* sleuth department" please, as you will see for yourself if you come along (as I hope you will) on October 12th! Excellently done, even if a bit disjointed in the arguments. It is scarcely close enough to the theme of the title, for purists, but latitude should always be seized if the author can justify himself! I think you do.

MARGARITA BOUDE.—The colour requirements of the drawing have been very well understood. Caricature via pigment might even have been further emphasised. The near lampshade is a bit muddy in treatment.

ENID MORRIS.—A paler sky would have given more point to this scheme, as it is the similar *depth* of colour in both underdress and background are a little destructive of effect. Otherwise charming.

JANET MORGAN.—This cold scheme is attractively set out, and if more care had been taken to record the grey-green note, which is so characteristic a factor in the lavender bush, success would have been more complete. Dainty work.

MARGARET PARKER.—The red hat strikes a rather hot note, but it is an agreeable shade in conjunction with the rest of the scheme, which if not subtle is nevertheless quite well tackled.

BERYL DAVIES.—Truthful, pleasant colour as a whole, and nicely indicated. A rather more tanned complexion would have increased the colour interest of the damsel, and also of the picture. Good perceptive work.

DOROTHY HIGGINS.—The feeling for design in the modern manner may or may not be accidental at your age, but it is an interesting effect in any case, and I shall look forward to your next entry. A better paper would be a great assistance.

ALIDA WILTON.—Although rather rough the suggestion is sound and pleasing, with a by no means poor sense of construction.

DEIRDRE PATRICK-WILSON.—An appropriate method resulting in a good upper half. The patterns of dress and background in the lower half of the decoration are a bit too conflicting to be comfortable. Charming colour.

VIVIEN BELBEN.—Bold and interesting in its method. Although rather beyond your powers to record accurately you have made a gallant attempt with a big subject.

AILEEN WILSON.—The "games" analogy and suggestion are good, and the paper tackles the subject well. A promising entry.

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—Your art entry is an interesting choice, and your treatment of it excellent in feeling. Execution is a little rough. The literature entry is a bit sketchy, although bright and lively enough in matter. More care is required.

PRISCILLA BELBEN.—A good topical theme a little stiffly expressed. You are still a little timid of "letting yourself go." As a whole the sketch is attractively suggested, but you must try to acquire some knowledge of perspective—useful for almost all types of drawing.

DIANA WILTON.—A keen sense of dialogue is exhibited in this entry which concludes neatly in the manner required. But I think you would find it better to conduct such conversations now between people. Not so easy, but better practice!

Competitions for September-October

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, October 4th. *Subject:* A Design for a Dance Poster. No. III. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, October 4th. *Subject:* A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* A Criticism of the work of Sir Walter Scott.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* A d'Oyley. No. II. Closing date, October 4th. *Subject:* A Novelty. No. III. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Anything White.

Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and coloured. No. II. Closing date, October 4th. *Subject:* A Study of Autumn Flowers or Foliage. No. III. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* An Illustration of any Scene or Line from "As You Like It."

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, October 4th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* A Paper on "Choosing One's Friends."

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prize 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* A Piece of Plain Needlework. No. II. Closing date October 18th. *Subject:* Anything in Colours.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. II. Closing date, October 4th. *Subject:* Study of a Tree or Trees in Pencil. No. III. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, October 4th. *Subject:* A Paper on "One of My Favourite Characters in Nursery Rhymes." No. III. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* A Short Story.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prizes 5s. No. 1. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Anything knitted.

Open to all: Age taken specially into account

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. First prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION. Closing date, September 30th. *Subject:* Left to Competitor. First Prize, 15s. Second prize, 7s. 6d.

Special Monthly Competition for Boys

Closing date, September 18th. *Subject:* A Short Paper on "How I Spent My Holidays." Prize for September, 15s.

CLARE ACKROYD.—An unusually expert effort for an Associate promising very well indeed. I hope you will enter regularly for the Literature Competitions.

DINAH FAGAN.—A beautiful piece of work. How industrious and clever you are! Many thanks.

DOROTHY HACKET.—Plenty of ingenuity marks the little tale, which is attractively set down. You understand very well how to tell a story. Try something not in the realm of "make-believe" another time.

DORIS SETH-SMITH.—Modern tendencies have cut these ideals from under our feet, and though it is possible the pendulum may swing back a bit, it is not very useful practice to work on such themes, even in retrospect. One has to think with one's age, even if not in complete agreement!

AMY G. HAYDON.—Very pretty, and daintily executed. I was beginning to wonder what had happened to you. So many thanks for sending the flowers to the hospital.

BEATRICE H. LORY.—Good work in cottage and general tone and colour. Foliage in too much one vertical plane, and progression of foreground not sufficiently suggested; otherwise excellent; bright and free.

MAUDE TAYLOR.—Good knowledge of figure and feeling for composition, but unrelated to natural effect of open air. A mingling of natural and decorative effect, not of the happiest. Charming in grace.

PATRICIA HENNESSY.—Excellently put together and full of clever design. Line too monotonous in weight, except as a basis for colour; needs more crispness and modulation to stand alone. Still, clever and accomplished work.

RUTH ARNOLD.—Judging from this grotesque you can draw very well. Why not let fantasy be charming? Lack of simplicity in the lower half spoils your comedy for the beholder. Some witty work and clever colour

GILLIAN BURKE.—The effect of your figure against the textured grey is delightful, but the solid trees spoil atmosphere, also there should be progression in the size of your foreground flowering and seeding, and less vertical lining in the path. Clever work.

BETTY WILKINSON.—A very clever and artistic heightening, an exceedingly effective and judicious use of colour and its basis. Charming.

H. C. WILKINS.—Get more freedom and modulation of line, with less pen shading when using colour. Direct and vigorous effect, but rather scratchy in technique.

SANCHIA GRIMSDALE.—A charming little poem, exceedingly good for your age. Avoid the duplication of noticeable words as far as possible. For instance, "horizon" and "horizontal" fall within three lines of one another.

PATRICIA SMITH.—The "swimming" story, although brightly written, covers rather too big a space of time for its length. A single episode is sufficient for a very short story. The "games" paper will be entered for the next suitable competition.

ALISON ACKROYD.—Very well expressed indeed; a good command of language achieving an effect of sincerity. Not easy to do so well at your age. A very interesting entry.

HEATHER STRUDWICK.—Your new number is M.C.S. 2,910. It will take a little getting used to! A very good paper. Your style and method are always interesting, but your construction is still a little weak.

DAISY JOHNSTON-WATT.—Full of clever ideas, and at times most original, but also very unequal. The poem is too long, and is inclined to repeat itself. Many thanks for your letter.

LILY SOSNOE.—A bit extravagant, perhaps, but sensitive and charming. With the curb a little tighter, this would have been admirable.

HILDA BARROW.—Verses three and five leave nothing to be desired; they are good. The others are couched too much in language which is familiar. Every line in a short poem should endeavour to strike a new note.

STELLA BULL.—Very well put together for your years. Experience is naturally lacking, but plenty of promise is shewn. Try again soon.

FRANCES JOWETT.—Only remotely an illustration of the pathetic lines! Your big effect is better than the details, particularly of the foreground, which should be clear and explicit. Some clever generalisation, however. The d'oyly is delightful, and, with the exception of the one "thick" diamond, expert.

YVONNE EARLE.—Admirably bright, colourful and expressive. Storyteller needs more strength. Wood texture obtrusive, and slanting line of frame unpleasant, but, in all other respects, expremely artistic and interesting work.

MARJORIE F. DENNIS.—Well assembled, figure well drawn, but a heaviness of detail which suggests blunt brushes. A dainty subject, needing light and dainty handling to complete its charm.

MARY CAMPBELL.—Clearly and soundly expressed, but scarcely making enough of the subject and one or two good points which you raise. It is impossible to do oneself justice in too small a space.

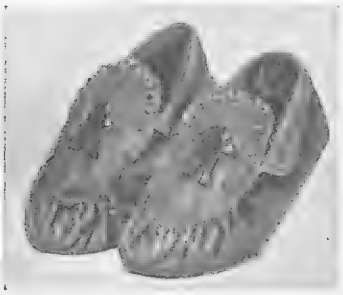
AMY G. HAYDON.—A very delightful and dainty little "bit." You only miss the prize by a single mark, and may think yourself badly treated!

GWYNEDD DAVIES-SCOURFIELD.—A most painstaking, expert and interesting essay, with the ground very completely covered. A rather lighter style, however, should be aimed at. The art entry reveals some strong and interesting work, needing less movement and more atmosphere in the background. Good feeling for colour and style. The objects need more rigidity and projection, but a pleasing group, of individual charm.

MARJORIE WEBB.—Useful and charming. This shows how delightful crochet can be when intelligently employed

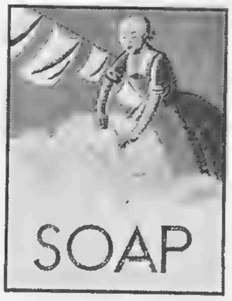
ETHEL TRY.—Effective as design, but just a little commonplace, for you, in colour. Very good technique, and admirably suitable for its purpose.

Further criticisms unavoidably held over until October.



The moccasins with which Frances Jowett, G.C.S. 5172, secures a prize in the June Handicraft competition

A cleverly executed flower spray in leather by Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881, which gains an hon. mention



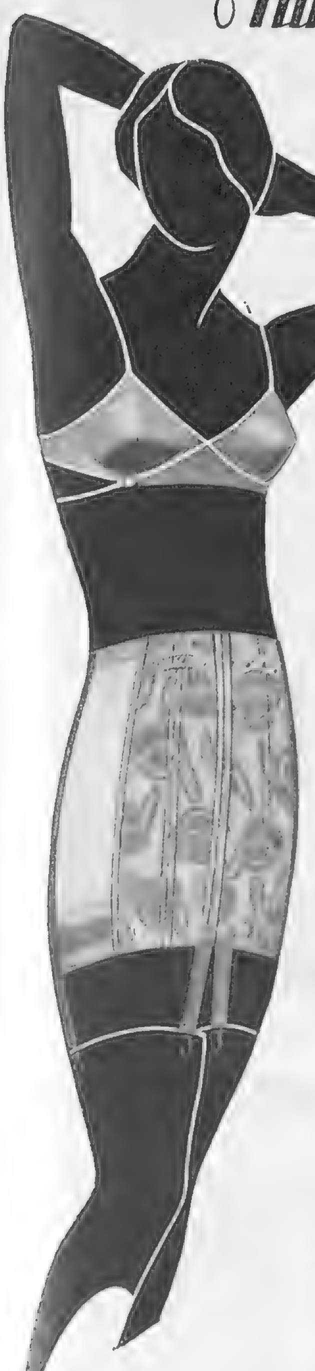
Interestingly "modern," this poster for the Art Competition was submitted by Iris Scully, M.C.S. 2327

The Children's Salon

COUPON

October 4 Competitions

Filmy frocks reveal your figure



A BEAUTIFUL figure, firm, supple, youthful, will be yours this summer with the cool, comfortable support of a Kestos Brassière.

So smoothly and naturally does this silken garment fit that its presence is imperceptible; thin frocks and scanty swimming suits reveal only the firm, rounded contours of a perfect figure.

Designed to cause a natural centre depression, the Kestos controls and supports without restriction or discomfort, and is the ideal brassière for tennis, swimming and all holiday occasions.

Made in four sizes:

small, medium, large and Ex. O.S. to fit any figure in Crêpe-de-Chine, Pure Silk Crêpe Satin, Triple Ninon, Lace, Art. Silk Voile, Jap Silk, Batiste, Art. Silk, from **5/11** to **18/11**. Ex. O.S. extra and black (Crêpe-de-Chine only).

KESTOS
Corsets

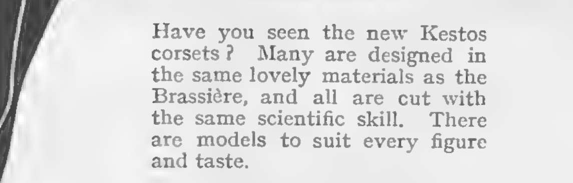
Have you seen the new Kestos corsets? Many are designed in the same lovely materials as the Brassière, and all are cut with the same scientific skill. There are models to suit every figure and taste.

Corset Model No. 208: Clasp around garment suitable for medium to full figures in exquisitely figured broche with very fine surgical elastic side panels. Up to 32 in. - - - **47/6**
O.S. **1/6** extra.
Other models from **12/6**

KESTOS
Regd.
Brassière and Corsets

Pat. 285590 Des. 725716

Kestos Brassière and Corsets are obtainable from all stores and outfitters, but if you have any difficulty in obtaining, write:
Kestos Ltd., 215/221 Regent Street, London, W.1.



Film
Remove it from teeth twice daily

DENTAL science knows what robs teeth of brilliant whiteness. It is film. That is why the dental profession of to-day states with such emphasis: Remove film from teeth each day. The way to do this is by the special film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Run your tongue across your teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating — that is film. An ever forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to your teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and grey.

Film hardens into tartar. It holds the acids which may cause decay, in contact with tooth enamel.

Film cannot resist brushing as it did before. Pepsodent first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Remove film by this method for ten days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. Test Pepsodent. Get a tube—NOW!

Pepsodent
TRADE MARK

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

3109

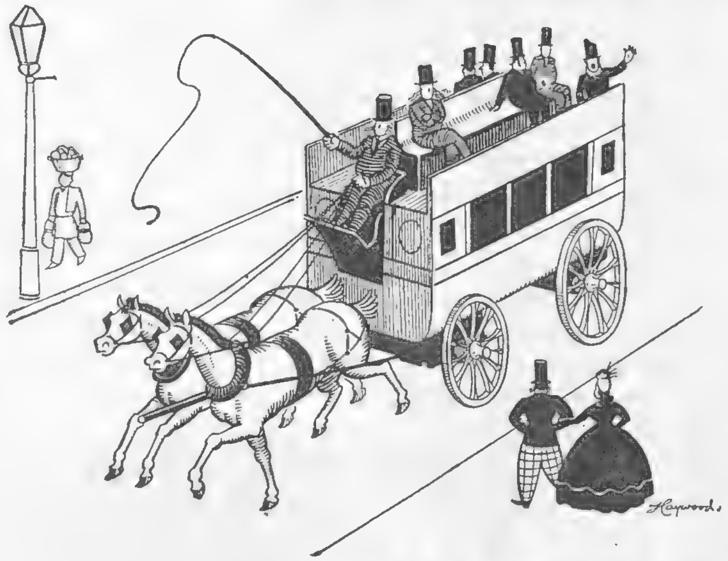
DORLAND

"DANS LA NUIT"

photo [illegible]

WORTH

PARIS: 7 Rue de la Paix. LONDON: 221, Regent St. and 3, Hanover Sq. BIARRITZ: Au Carlton. CANNES: Sur la Croisette.
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTING AGENTS: DEBACQ & HARROP, 68, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.



THE OLD KNIFE BOARD BUS

the clumsy contraption of Victorian days, witnessed the birth of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. More interesting still, Victorians used Wright's freely.

They quickly discovered its kindness to delicate or abrased skins, how it protects from infection, how invigorating and refreshing it was to wash with.

The Victorian enthusiasm has its counterpart to-day. In thousands of homes Wright's is the one and only toilet soap used; only good is spoken of it.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SOAP

6d. per tablet.

Bath size 10d.

Streets 106

WOMEN'S SPORTS SECTION: Conducted by Mrs. EUSTACE WHITE

"EVE" AFLOAT

Sailing is a delightful sport, and offers a happy solution to your holiday problem

By

Sylvia Dampney

IT is generally acknowledged by sailing folk that the size of a yacht has nothing to do with enjoyment—in fact, that the relationship is in inverse proportion.

The large majority of yachting girls confine their activities to small craft which they can easily handle themselves. The art of sailing a boat is by no means an easy one, but the number of successes which women have gained this season prove how proficient they have become. The names of the Hon. Mrs. Brownlow, Miss Broom, Miss Belbeen, Miss P. Clabburn, Mrs. Masters and Miss Peggy Masters figure prominently on the list of already successful yachtswomen.

"A-yachting we will go!" Hundreds of people, like this fair crew, are spending their summer holidays on the Norfolk Broads

Britain offers many a paradise for a holiday afloat, which combines good sailing and glorious scenery with an attractive racing programme. The picturesque Norfolk Broads are probably the most popular resorts for yachting girls; there is certainly much to recommend them, especially to the inexpert who wish to gain experience before braving the open sea.

THE finest inland yachting station in the country has recently been opened at Oulton Broad. Those whose life all the year round is one of noise and bustle, and who seek rest and quietude, can find it in plenty in Itchnor or Bosham, beautiful little villages on the old Chichester Harbour, which are frequented only by artists and "those who go down to the sea in ships." Newton or Noss-on-the-Yam, Dartmouth, Fowey and Salcombe are other favourites amongst the delightful spots with which our coasts abound; but the Lochs and Kyles of Scotland are beautiful beyond compare.

It is a mistaken idea that a yachting holiday is a luxury which can only be enjoyed by the well-to-do; on the contrary, it is within the reach of everyone. Wise people defer their holidays until September, when prices have dropped and yachts and boats of all descriptions can be hired at reasonable rates. £8 a week will procure a nice yacht, of approximately 34 ft. in length and 9 ft. 6 in. in beam, fully equipped with bedding, crockery, cooking utensils, etc., on which six girls can "eat, sleep and have their being" with the greatest comfort. Smaller and larger boats are priced proportionately. It is well, however, when choosing your boat, to cast your mind back to nursery days and remember the folly of the "Three Wise Men"—

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl.
Had the bowl been stronger
My tale had been longer"

—and choose her for stability in all weathers rather than speed.

In sailing, more than any other sport, when a delightful spice of adventure is ever present, in the shape of broken ropes, hidden shoals, sudden puffs of wind, etc., it is essential that a really proficient "Skipper" be in charge, and her crew trained to render instant obedience. Nearly all yachting mishaps are caused either through a foolish disregard of the necessary precautions or through ignorance of the "Rules of the Road," with which it is just as important to be cognisant when sailing a boat as when driving a motor car.

A BRIEF summary of rules and precautions should be of use as a guide to the novice and to refresh the memory of the more experienced.

Do not go yachting unless you can swim well enough to keep yourself afloat for several minutes. Only wear clothes which cannot encumber your movements; a pair of shorts and a sweater is the most practical costume. NEVER wear gum-boots; they fill with water and become dead weights on the feet, and have been the cause of many a drowning fatality.

Never venture out alone, unless an expert has passed you as being able to do so. It is wise, too, to seek local information before exploring new waters; shoals and banks shift, and charts soon get out of date. Again, before starting on the day's cruise overhaul all gear, and see that everything is correct. A "Granny" instead of a bowline, tied by an over-zealous novice, is apt to cause trouble. A pair of oars has often saved an empty stomach. Remember, when at the helm, that a yacht close-hauled on the port side must give way to one close-hauled on the starboard tack. A yacht running free must give way to one close-hauled. When overtaking another boat keep well out of her way.

Always bring your boat head to wind when picking up moorings, and remember to tighten the topping lift before lowering the sails.

Archery *for* Women

An inexpensive sport which requires no large amount of physical exertion and is a pleasant pastime

By Margaret PYKE

Mrs. J. H. Atkinson, the English Champion, shooting in an archery meeting at Ranelagh

ARCHERY, as a sport for women, is steadily increasing in popularity, but its attractions have not yet been as fully realised in England as in America, where it has become extremely popular and has been established in the sports curriculum of many women's colleges.

Archery has, of course, a long history in England, and some of the clubs date back to very early times. Its hunting possibilities have been proved in recent times by expeditions into the Arctic and against big game. The bow and arrow have proved effective against even the grizzly bear, and on one occasion a lion was killed with a single arrow—but in general the rapidity with which members of the cat tribe can move makes life a little too exciting for the archer when hunting lion or tiger.

As a sport in England archery consists almost entirely of target shooting. Some clubs, notably the Cambridge Archers' Society, do compete against teams of golfers; but although this is a pleasant recreation, serious business is confined to target shooting.

THERE are about fifty clubs in England. The Royal Toxophilite Society (of which the King is patron), the Woodmen of Arden, and the Royal Company (Scotland) do not admit women to membership, but nearly all the other clubs do, and, in fact, there are more women than men archers at present.

An archery club is run much as any other sports club, with president, secretary and committee, and a men's captain and lady paramount. These last two are sometimes elected, sometimes determined on the results of the year's competition shooting. Most clubs keep their targets up from April to November for practice, although some go on all the winter, as the only weather conditions which are impossible are snow or a frozen ground. There is usually a weekly target-day, on which scores are recorded, and there are regular competitions, chiefly on handicap.

ARCHERY has no professional side to it at all, and there are no professional coaches, so that all coaching is done by the more experienced members of clubs, who are most generous with help and advice to newly joined members.

There are not many matches between club teams, but there are several open meetings all over the country, and the Grand National Society will give a bronze medal for competition in any county which likes to ask for it. There is a big Championship Meeting, generally in July, which lasts three days; this is organised by the Grand National Society, the body which has most claim to be regarded as the official organ of archery over here, and which admitted women to membership in 1921.

Women shoot mostly what are known as the National Round, which consists of 48 arrows at 60 yards and 24 arrows at 50 yards, and the Double National Round. Their first entry into the championship was when they shot in the Double National Round in 1845. Most women's shooting is at 60 and 50 yards, although there is a tendency now to include 30 and 40 yards, which are much more common in America. The present lady champion in England is Mrs. Atkinson, of the Queen's Royal St. Leonards Club.

Miss C. G. March shooting at a championship meeting of the Royal Toxophilite Society at Regent's Park

AN advantage which archery has over many other organised recreations is that it is inexpensive. A beginner's bow can be picked up second-hand for a few shillings and only costs 25s. new, as it is much better to begin with the cheaper kind. A better one can be obtained later. Arrows, which are, of course, a recurring expense, cost at the most about a guinea a dozen, and sometimes a dozen will last for years. Very little equipment is required, and the subscription to a club varies, but is usually about two guineas.

Archery necessitates a good eye and brings into play every muscle in the body. In the amount of physical exertion it corresponds roughly to golf—there is no danger of overstrain, and the draw of the bow can be varied according to physical strength. The average draw for a woman's bow varies from 20 to 32 lb.

BY APPOINTMENT

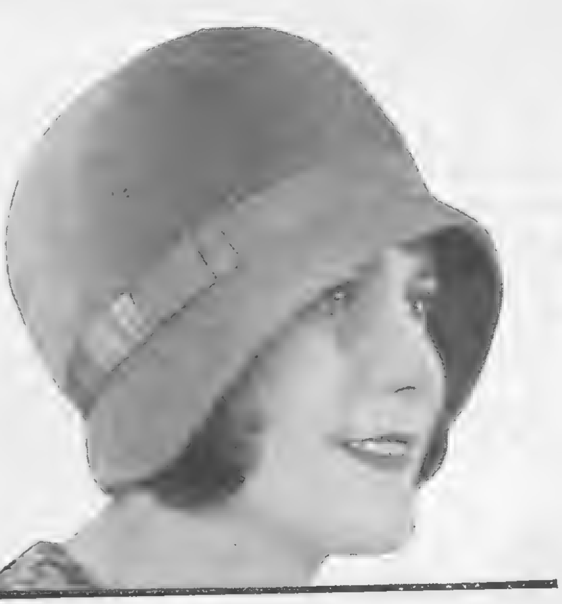
HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST., W.

BY APPOINTMENT

There is a Henry Heath Agent in your District

ABERDARE—S. Jones & Co.
ABERDEEN—W. J. Milne, Ltd.
ABERGAVENNY—Daniels.
ABERTILLERY—Morgan & Francis.
ABERYSTWYTH—T. Ellis & Co.
ALDERSHOT—Thomas White & Co., Ltd.
ALNWICK—Kate Douglas.
ALTON—Bernard Johnson.
ALTRINCHAM—Nellie Dennett.
AMMANFORD—Emanuel's.
ANDOVER—Mme. E. Pepler.
ARMAGH—T. J. Walker.
AXMINSTER—E. Dawkins & Son, Ltd.
AYLESBURY—F. Longley.
AYR—Kenneth McDonald & Son.
BALLYMENA—Barclay & Crawford.
" Getty & Co.
BALLYMONEY (Co. Antrim)—C. Hamilton & Sons.
BANBURY—Mmes. Jeremy & Shephard.
BANGOR—G. O. Griffith & Son.
BANGOR (Co. Down)—Gertrude Mackay.
BARMOUTH—Morris & Son.
BARNSTAPLE—Radford & Yeo.
BASINGSTOKE—H. Cater.
" E. Lanham & Son.
BATH—Walker & Ling
BECCLES—Frank Foster.
BECKENHAM—"Coronel."
BEDFORD—E. P. Rose & Son, Ltd.
BELFAST—Anderson & McAulay, Ltd.
" Florence Graham.
" Kyle & Cheyne, Ltd.
" Miss E. Clarke, Ltd.
" Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.
" The Ulster Arcade, Ltd.
BERWICK-ON-TWEED—Paxton & Purves Ltd.
BEXHILL-ON-SEA—Pring & Butler.
BIDEFORD—Merefield & Trapnell.
BIGGAR—Margaret Roberts.
BIGGLESWADE—Misses G. & C. Thomas
BIRCHINGTON—J. E. Moss.
BIRKENHEAD—Robb Bros., Ltd.
BIRMINGHAM—Rackhams, Ltd.
" Warwick House.
" Leah Taylor.
BISHOP'S STORTFORD—Lena Fabiner.
BLACKHEATH—Hinds & Co (Blackheath), Ltd.
BLACKPOOL—Parry & Parker.
BLANDFORD—H. Garrett & Son.
BOGNOR—Mme. Decks.
BOLTON—R. Whitehead & Son, Ltd.
BOURNEMOUTH—Bright's Stores, Ltd.
" Stuart.
BRADFORD—Brown, Muff & Co., Ltd.
" Ernest W. Busby.
" Gibson, Boyce & Co., Ltd.
" Lingards.
" Parkinson & Clark, Ltd.
BRAINTREE—Pluck & Collins.
BRECON—J. Haydn Davies.
BRIDGEND—Miss C. Stuchbery.
BRIDGWATER—Philipps & Co.
BRIDLINGTON—A. G. Scholefield & Co
BRIDPORT—Herbert H. Bailey.
" Wm. Elmes, Ltd.
BRIGG—Lacey & Clark.
BRIGHTON—Chipperfield & Butler, Ltd
" Mme. Lillian.
BRISTOL—J. F. Taylor & Co., Ltd.
BROMLEY—F. Medhurst, Ltd.
BROUGHTY FERRY—Emily Stewart
BRYNMAWR—M. Kears.
BUDE—Dinnis Medland & Co.
BURNHAM-ON-SEA—E. L. Morgan.
" Clarence Smith.
BURTON-ON-TRENT—Johnson & Seddon.
BURY—Richard Arnott.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS—W. Plumpton & Sons
BUXTON—J. Milligan & Sons, Ltd.
CAMBERLEY—Minnie Clare.
CAMBRIDGE—Geo. Stace.
CANTERBURY—Martins (Canterbury), Ltd.
CARDIFF—James Howell & Co., Ltd.
" E. Roberts, Ltd.
CARLISLE—Samuel Jesper, Ltd.
CARMARTHEN—Thomas & Sons.
CARNARVON—Waterloo House (Carnarvon), Ltd.
CHATHAM—E. Bates, Ltd.
CHELTENHAM—Cavendish House Co., Ltd.
CHEPSTOW—Herbert Lewis.
CHESHAM—James Moon.
CHESTER—J. Beckett & Co.
CHICHESTER—Charge & Co.
CHIPPENHAM—R. Isaac & Sons.
CIRENCESTER—Fredk. Boulton & Sons.
CLACTON—Smith & Son.
CLEVEDON—T. Salisbury & Sons, Ltd.
CLIFTON (Bristol)—The Alexandra Co
COLCHESTER—Victoria Bailey.
" Smith & Son.
COLWYN BAY—W. S. Wood.
CORK—J. Dowden & Co., Ltd.
" The Moderne.
COVENTRY—M. McCarthy.
CRANLEIGH—Gammon, Ltd.
CREWE—Elise.
CRIEFF (N.B.)—A. & J. Scrimgeour.
CROMER—Rusts, Ltd.
CROYDON—Grant Bros., Ltd.
DARLINGTON—Luck & Sons, Ltd.
" Miss Hutchinson
" H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd
DARTMOUTH—Misses Cranford.
DEAL—Chas. Russell & Son.
DERBY—Barlow, Taylor & Co., Ltd.
DEVIZES—J. R. Pritchard.
DOLGELLY—M. A. Williams.
DONCASTER—A. Gamman.
DORKING—S. & H. Banbury.
DOVER—H. W. Alston (Dover), Ltd.
DOWLAIS—A. L. Hopkins.
DOWNPATRICK—Montgomery & Mitchell
DUBLIN—Tanner & Shire.
" Mathiesons.
" Brown, Thomas & Co., Ltd.
DUDLEY—F. W. Cook, Ltd.
DUMFRIES—R. Barbour & Sons, Ltd.
DUNDEE—Henderson & Mackay.
EALING BROADWAY—Eldred Sayers & Son, Ltd.

EAST GRINSTEAD—Rachelle.
EDGWARE—Stanley J. Lee.
EDINBURGH—Romanes & Paterson.
" Miss A. S. Abernethy.
ELGIN—A. L. Ramsey & Son.
ENNIS (Co. Clare)—Daly & Co.
EPSOM—H. L. Reid & Co., Ltd.
EVESHAM—R. W. Righton.
EXETER—"Collins."
EXMOUTH—Thos. Tucker & Son.
FALKIRK—Mackinlay & Thomson, Ltd.
FALMOUTH—W. J. M. Gooding.
FAREHAM—Wilkins & Co.
FARNHAM—Elphicks, Ltd.
FAVERSHAM—Child & Ellis, Ltd.
FELIXSTOWE—Smith & Harvey.
FISHGUARD—Francis A. Davies & Co.
FOLKESTONE—Lewis Hyland & Co.
" Whitchurch & Medhurst
GLASGOW—Daly & Co.
" Pettigrew & Stephens.
GLOUCESTER—Dentons (1923), Ltd.
" Herbert & Sons.
GODALMING—Ballards'.
GRANTHAM—A. Chambers & Co.
GRAVESEND—Bryant & Rackstraw, Ltd
GRAYSHOTT—Mme. Warr & Co.
GREENOCK—J. & S. Shannon.



"WYLFOX" *(Regd.)*

A new "Wylfox" (Regd.) Felt, having the attractive feature of the deep side brim. Shades: Moonstone, Silver, Fawn, Sun Tan, Havana, Cedar, Tabac, Cardinal, Absinthe, Mignonette, Bottle, Milano, Blue, Danube, Royal Navy, Black and White

PRICE **25/-**

GRIMSBY—Guy & Smith Ltd.
GUERNSEY—W. H. De La Mare, Ltd
GUILDFORD—Simpson Bros.
" W. F. White & Son
HALESWORTH—C. B. Vanstone.
HALIFAX—J. H. Waddington
HALIFAX—F. L. Whiteley.
HALTWHISTLE—The Misses Armstrong
HAMILTON—Isobel Semple, Ltd.
HANLEY—Misses E. L. & L. Copeland.
HARPENDEN—A. Anscombe & Sons, Ltd.
HARROGATE—W. Greensmith & Sons, Ltd
" Marshalls, Ltd.
HARROW—Somertons (College Parade).
HASTINGS—Madame Verey.
HAVERFORDWEST—Commerce House
HAWICK—Misses Scott.
HEBDEN BRIDGE—Mrs. A. Hey.
HELSTON—Edith Winn.
HEREFORD—Greenlands, Ltd.
HERTFORD—Small & Burgess.
HEXHAM—Willoughby & Purvis
HITCHIN—E. Allsop.
HORLEY—T. Stapley & Sons.
HORSHAM—Hunt Bros.
HULL—F. Costello & Sons (Hull), Ltd
HUNTLY—J. M. Boyd.
HYTHE—W. E. Martin.
ILFORD—Wests (Ilford), Ltd.
ILFRACOMBE—Herbert Broome.
IPSWICH—Smith & Harvey.
" F. Corder & Son, Ltd.
JERSEY—A. de Gruchy & Co., Ltd
" Mrs. E. Long
KEIGHLEY—Miss A. Raisbeck
KELSO—Miss E. Scott.
KENDAL—Clarissa Cleary.
" J. Leighton.
KIDDERMINSTER—J. Andrews & Son
KINGSBRIDGE—Tanner's.
KING'S LYNN—Mme. Eileen.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES—Hide & Co., Ltd
KNIGHTON—Clee & Sons
LARGS—Malcoms.
LARNE—J. M. Taylor.
LAUNCESTON—Treleaven & Son, Ltd.
LEAMINGTON—E. Francis & Sons, Ltd.
" Paurelles.
LEATHERHEAD—Hazel.
LEDBURY—William Oakes.
LEEDS—H. & D. Hart, Ltd.
" Marshall's, Ltd.
" Miss Maude Oakley.
LEICESTER—Adderley & Co., Ltd.
" J. Johnson & Co., Ltd.
LEOMINSTER—R. E. Scudamore.
LEWES—Caleb Mitchell, Ltd.
LICHFIELD—Lillian Hipkin.
LIMERICK—Wm. Todd & Co., Ltd.
LINCOLN—C. J. Fox & Co.
LISBURN (Co. Antrim)—C. & T. Hardy.
LITTLEHAMPTON—Eva Thorman.
LIVERPOOL—Bon Marché (Liverpool), Ltd
" Cripps, Son & Co.
" G. H. Lee & Co., Ltd.
" W. Henderson & Sons.
LLANDILO—J. R. Evans.
LLANDUDNO—Frank Turner.
" Marie et Cie.

LLANELLY—Morris.
LONDONDERRY—Irvine & Co. (Derry), Ltd
LOUGHBOROUGH—A. O. Webb.
LOUTH—Eve & Ranshaw.
LOWESTOFT—Tuttle & Sons, Ltd.
LUDLOW—J. Evans & Son.
LUTON—Blundell Bros. (Luton), Ltd.
MAESTEG—Henry Laviers & Co.
MACCLESFIELD—E. Rawlinson
MAIDENHEAD—J. C. Webber & Sons, Ltd.
MAIDSTONE—Wm. Morling, Ltd.
MALDON (Essex)—V. Tunbridge.
MALVERN—"Gannaways"
MANCHESTER—Kendal Milne & Co.
" Marshall & Snelgrove, Ltd.
MARGATE—Rapsons, Ltd.
MARKET DRAYTON—Henry Hobson.
MARLBOROUGH—P. T. Gough.
MARLOW—Jas. Morgan & Son, Ltd.
MERTHYR—Morgan & Co.
MIDDLESBROUGH—H. Binns, Son & Co Ltd.
" J. Newhouse, Ltd.
MILFORD-ON-SEA—H. H. Cratt & Co.
MINEHEAD (Som.)—Floyd & Sons.
MONTROSE—W. Ernest Watt.
NAIRN—Burnett & Forbes.
NANTWICH—Sherratt & Co.
NEATH—T. T. Lloyd.
NEWARK—Miss Edith Johnson.
NEWBURY—Eynon.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—Bainbridge & Co. Ltd.
" " M. Barclay, Ltd.
" " Fenwick, Ltd.
" " J. Taylor.
NEWCASTLE (Staffs.)—Henry White.
NEWMARKET—W. E. Ashford.
NEWPORT (Mon.)—E. G. Taylor & Sons Ltd.
NEWPORT (I.W.)—Tilley's.

NEWQUAY—K. Gribble & Son.
NEWTON ABBOTT—J. F. Rockhey, Ltd.
NEWRY (Co. Down)—J. E. Leeson.
NORTHAMPTON—Adnitt Bros.
" Harry Leal.
NORTHWICH—Chadwick & Ball.
NORWICH—Chamberlins, Ltd.
" Greens (Norwich), Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM—Mme. Finetta.
" Griffin & Spalding, Ltd.
OAKHAM—Furley & Hassan.
OBAN—W. Chalmers.
OKEHAMPTON—T. C. Westcott & Co.
OSWESTRY—R. R. Hughes & Co.
OXFORD—C. Badcock & Co., Ltd.
" Elliston & Cavell, Ltd.
PAIGNTON—Provie & Co.
PAISLEY—R. Cochran & Son, Ltd.
PENARTH—Howell Bros.
PENRITH—John H. Howe.
PENZANCE—J. T. S. Mabbot.
PERTH—James McEwen & Co.
PETERBOROUGH—Freda Howard.
PETERSFIELD—Norman Burton.
PLYMOUTH—Popham's.
PONTARDAWE—Howel Seale.
PONTARDULAIS—T. D. Rees & Co.
PONTYPOOL—E. Fowler & Son.
PONTYPRIDD—Miss A. Lewis.
PORTADOWN (Co. Armagh)—A. G. Burnett & Sons.
PORTHCAWL—Elumed Pearce.
PORTMADOC—U. Heritage.
PORTRUSH—White House, Ltd.
PORT TALBOT—Lewis's.
PRESTATYN—The Paragon (J. C. Jones).
PURLEY—Kate Cowley.
RAMSGATE—Lewis & Hyland.
READING—Heelas Sons & Co., Ltd.
" Wellsteeds.
REDHILL—Wellington.
REDRUTH (Cornwall)—K. Gribble & Son.
RHOS-ON-SEA—Frank Turner.
RHYL—S. G. Talbot.
RICHMOND—Mme. Briggs.
ROMSEY—Henry Guard, Ltd.
RUGBY—A. & F. Adnitt.
RYDE (I.O.W.)—S. Fowler & Co.
SALISBURY—Blooms.
ST. ALBANS—A. J. Dorell, Ltd.
ST. ANNE'S-ON-SEA—David Furguson.
ST. IVES—May Bruce.
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA—Philpot & Sons, Ltd.
SCARBOROUGH—Marshall's, Ltd.
" S. Rowntree & Sons.
SEVENOAKS—Young & Son, Ltd.
SHEFFIELD—Cole Bros., Ltd.
" Coombs & Sanderson.
" Marshall's, Ltd.
SHERBORNE—L. B. Hillam.
SHREWSBURY—E. F. Afford.
SITTINGBOURNE—Hapets, Ltd.
SLEAFORD—T. R. Pert.
SLIGO—Henry Lyons & Co., Ltd.
SOUTHAMPTON—Tyrrell & Green, Ltd.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA—J. R. Rightwell, Ltd.
SOUTH MOLTON—Hill & Co.
SOUTHPORT—Boothroyds.
SOUTHSEA—Handleys, Ltd.
" Bright's (Southsea), Ltd.
SOUTHWOLD—Griffin & Co.
SPALDING—Pennington & Son.
STAFFORD—Turner & Co.
STAINES—Morford & Goodman, Ltd.
STIRLING—T. Menzies & Co., Ltd.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES—M. Robinson & Sons Ltd.
STOURBRIDGE—Misses D. E. & A. Hadgkiss
STOWMARKET—Wm. Turner (Stowmarket) Ltd.
STREATHAM—Elizabeth Frances.
STREET (Som.)—"The Novelty."
STROUD—Anthony & Co., Ltd.
SUNDERLAND—H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
SUTTON (Surrey)—Wootten Bros (Sutton) Ltd.
SWANSEA—Theophilus.
SYDENHAM—W. Cobb, Ltd.
TAUNTON—Hatcher & Sons, Ltd.
TENBY—T. P. Hughes & Son.
TIVERTON—Thorne Bros.
TONBRIDGE—Frank East.
TORQUAY—Austin Smith.
" J. F. Rockhey, Ltd.
TROWBRIDGE—F. Deane Smith.
TRURO—Webb & Co.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS—J. W. Goldsmith, Ltd.
TYNEMOUTH—M. Nicholls, Ltd.
VENTNOR (I.W.)—Thurgood Sisters.
WARMINSTER—Mrs. A. Butler.
WARRINGTON—J. & W. Dutton, Ltd.
WATFORD—J. P. Taylor.
" W. E. Pearkes & Sons.
WELLINGBORO'—Bodaly & Co.
WELLINGTON—D. W. Agnew.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA—F. G. Webber & Co. (Westcliff-on-Sea), Ltd.
W. HARTLEPOOL—H. Binns, Son & Co. Ltd.
WEST KIRBY—Jones & Co., Ltd.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE—Walker & Ling.
WEYMOUTH—Plummer Roddis, Ltd.
WHITSTABLE—Windyridge.
WIGAN—Pendlebury & Co., Ltd.
WILMSLOW—W. T. Clegg.
WIMBORNE—H. Garrett & Son.
WINCHESTER—T. A. Brown & Sons.
WINDERMERE—Beatrice Herbert, Ltd.
WINSLOW—S. R. Holden.
WISBECH—Berwick, Ltd.
WOKING—Alfred Wyles.
WOLVERHAMPTON—J. Beattie, Ltd.
WORCESTER—Simes.
WORKSOP—Madame Emilie.
WORTHING—Maison Ellis.
" H. Southey & Sons
WREXHAM—J. & C. Jackson.
YARMOUTH—Palmers.
YEOVIL—Denners.
YORK—Kirby & Nicholson, Ltd.

A few of the Conveniences of a GLOW-WORM Boiler

FIRE ALWAYS ALIGHT

WATER ALWAYS HOT

(1) Hot water for Baths, Lavatory Basins, Sinks, etc., always "on tap."

(2) To the larger sizes, Radiators can be fitted.

(3) A dry, cosy house practically immune from frozen and burst pipes.

(4) The cheerful open fire makes Kitchen comfortable for maids.

(5) Fire keeps alight all night.

(6) The low fuel consumption of the Glow-Worm ensures great economy.

ALWAYS SOMETHING HOT

HOUSE ALWAYS WARM

Where the GLOW-WORM SCORES

ECONOMY	The Glow-Worm uses less fuel than any other boiler.
EFFECTIVE HOT PLATE	The Hot Plate is really efficient. Thus gas which would otherwise be used for simmering, frying, etc., is saved.
SHAKING GRATE	This fitment enables the fire to be cleared of ash without dust coming into the room.
GUARANTEE	Glow-Worm Boiler bodies are guaranteed against fracture for three years.

Write for illustrated leaflets.

ANTHRACITE RADIATION LTD.
(Incorporating London Warming Co., Ltd., and Glow-Worm Boiler & Fire Co., Ltd.)
(Dept. J17), 5, NEWMAN ST., *Oxford St.,* **LONDON, W.1**

Mackintosh's "CARNIVAL" ASSORTMENT

Mackintosh's
Mackintosh's Carnival Assortment de Luxe

THIS really splendid assortment contains 18 different kinds of confectionery—a range of the latest Toffee de Luxe varieties, along with Fruit Toffees, Butter Scotch, Chocolate Toffee de Luxe, and Chocolate Montelimarte, Nougatine Neapolitans, etc.

NOTE—All these varieties can be bought separately at their usual prices—the ASSORTMENT is sold at

per 6D. qtr.

John Mackintosh & Sons, Ltd.
Toffee Town, Halifax, England

"Corps à corps" between Elise Desprez and Gwen Neligan; a frequent occurrence in fighting when both have lunged simultaneously

FENCING . . .

the Phœnix of Sport

By

Marjorie Pollock-Smith

Gwen Neligan (right)—a Championship finalist who captained Bertrand's team at Ostende this year—parries "sixte" too late, for Elise Desprez's direct lunge has already reached the target!

SINCE all women worship at the shrines of sport, health and beauty, fencing, that most advantageous, convenient, and delightful form of recreation, has come into its own.

The present popularity is not merely a society craze or the last hope of the incurable, but a recognition of the advantages that modern fencing has over all other sports.

To start with, it is one of the few games which can be indulged in regularly, winter and summer, for it is entirely independent of weather, of time and of space, since lessons, matches or "friendly assaults" can all be held with equal facility in the fencing school or gymnasium, in a small garden or courtyard, according to circumstances.

Peggy Butler, British Champion and Desprez Cup winner, 1928

To those tied to routine jobs, or to whom the daylight is valuable, it presents unchallenged advantages, especially in the winter, for the fencing salle is open morning, afternoon and evening.

Again, the exercise, if taken strenuously, is so concentrated that busy women can keep themselves fit with a daily half-hour, and without wasting time and money travelling out of town.

MANY girls leaving school and college find themselves caught in a whirl of activities, and sport—except of the Saturday afternoon variety—is pushed aside, until one day they awaken to the realisation that they are "C 3," and too old or too busy to recommence hockey and cricket. Team games are too prolonged, especially in bad weather, for delicate girls and older women, and it is here that fencing scores again. A bout with the foils can be of any duration to suit individual requirements.

At Bertrand's, Hanover Square—the largest Salle d'Armes in England—women members alone include, not only society and the idle rich, but business women, members of every profession, and globe trotters, who find fencing the only truly international sport.

Other London centres are Professor Gravé's Salle, for those residing in the Cromwell Road district, Alibert's and Tassart's at All Souls Place, W.—which is also the H.Q. of the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime, one of the most popular of women's clubs—the Ladies' London Fencing Club, St. James's, and innumerable lesser fencing concerns, as the Civil Service, Polytechnic, Dramatic Art, etc., while out of London a few are the Birmingham F.C., Scottish F.C. (Professor Crosnier, Edinburgh), Manchester, Bristol, and the Sussex Sword Club.

SNOBBISHNESS does not exist in fencing, and, unlike tennis clubs, there is no monopoly by stars, and timid waiting for a court. Everybody fights for the common good of their salle or club, and champions, young or old, go out of their way to help the less experienced and to make them feel "in it."

Since fencing is an art as well as a sport, the status of the professor is not to be compared with the tennis or cricket coach, for he is "Skipper" in his own "Ship," his pupils bring him credit or disgrace, and he teaches, criticises or encourages without fear or favour.

That foil fencing maintains, and even promotes, good health and beauty is beyond the dispute of the most pessimistic. Being a game where speed, ease and control of movement are the principal physical assets, it does not develop size, but suppleness of muscle.

It aids other sports, and the general fitness of its devotees, the absence of undue strain or development in any one direction, and its adaptability to individual needs, render it the ideal sport for women and girls.

IN the competition arena the British Championship, of course, takes first place, and is held about February–March, followed only a few weeks later by its shadow, the "Desprez Challenge Cup," the present holders of these being Muriel Freeman (Gravé) and Peggy Butler (Bertrand's). The only women's international held in this country is the "Alfred Hutton Memorial Cup"—a November fixture, and one of the most popular events of the season.

Later in the same month our only inter-salle team event, the "Martin-Edmunds" Cup (at present held by Bertrand's), produces an interesting and exciting struggle, followed by the "Baptiste Bertrand" Cup—or Junior Championship, as it is unofficially called. This competition is restricted to fencers who have not qualified for the Championship final or fought in an International team.

Although the best time to begin fencing is at school, 30 is not too late even with Championship honours in view, while if health, *joie de vivre*, and the joys of a sporting atmosphere only are sought, then women of 60 can start with confidence.

Tennis Tips

A few end-of-season hints worth practising before the grass court play is over

By

Mrs. Eustace White

Señorita de Alvarez, whose speed of shot and foot and variety of strokes are the admiration of all who have seen the Spanish champion in play

"Unwise advice and too much publicity" were reasons suggested by Tilden for Betty Nuthall's temporary loss of form, which she has now happily regained

THE grass court season is nearly over, and this is a convenient moment to ask yourself, "What have I learnt from the good players I have watched and from the matches I have played?"

One of the first things that strike one about the "star" player is that she really *hits* the ball. There is none of that poking the ball over the net to pitch just about the service line. The good player knows the value of a good length, and would rather risk her shot being three inches out than let it pitch three yards in the court.

Make up your mind, then, to *hit* the ball. The age of pat ball has passed; this is the day of the hitter. Hit first and think afterwards; if you stop to think, you will never hit. The younger you are the harder you should hit. You must acquire speed if you are to be any good in modern tennis. Moderation and control will come from constant practice and as you gain more experience.

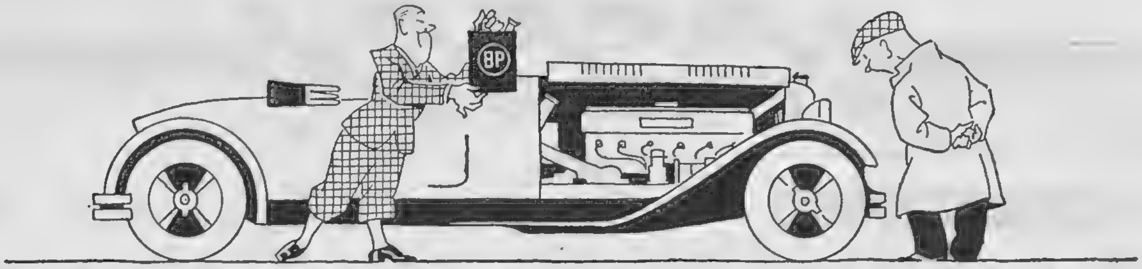
LET us watch, in imagination, Miss Wills playing her famous forehand drive. There are many points to be noted and copied by the player anxious to improve her own drive. First, the position of Miss Wills's feet—she stands sideways to the net with her weight on her right foot and her racket held well back. As the racket is swung towards the oncoming ball the weight is transferred to the left foot. The arm and racket at the moment of impact make a continuous straight line. The force of the hit comes from the shoulder swing, which is backed up and reinforced by having the whole body weight flung into the swing just before the moment of hitting. There is no bend in the arm; a forked arm means loss of speed and punch. The ball is hit at the top of its bound, about waist height and before it has started to drop.

The old-fashioned underhand drive played off a falling ball and taken about the height of the knee is a useless weapon against even a moderately good volleyer, as it has so little pace on it. The finish of a good hard drive must be a very full follow through; this helps to control the direction, and the head of the racket should finish almost behind the player's back.

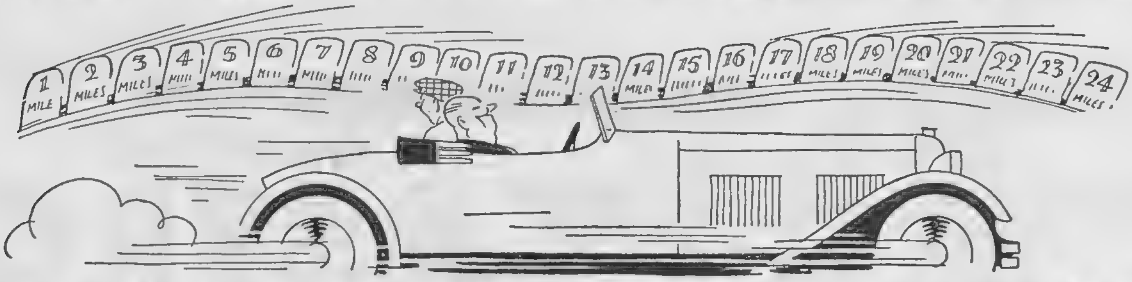
THE next thing you should have learnt during a season's play is the value of a good service. It shows how little confidence is felt in a player's service when the winner of a toss chooses a certain side rather than the service. In many club games this is frequently done, and the player who says "Service" on winning the toss is looked at with mild surprise. In the great men's doubles final at Wimbledon this year, when the American pair, Allison and Van Ryn, just beat the British pair, Gregory and Collins, in the fifth set, all four players had very fine services. The Americans were lucky enough to win the toss, and so secured the first service, which fact had an undoubted bearing on the result.

In all departments of the game let your guiding thought for the rest of this season be to speed up your shots. Seize the initiative as soon as possible and never cease to attack. If you are losing, go out for your shots as hard as ever. Borotra, in this year's final of the men's championships at Wimbledon, although being beaten by Cochet, never tried to avert defeat by playing a defensive game. Even in the last few games he continued to serve his fastest and rush up to the net hoping to kill the return.

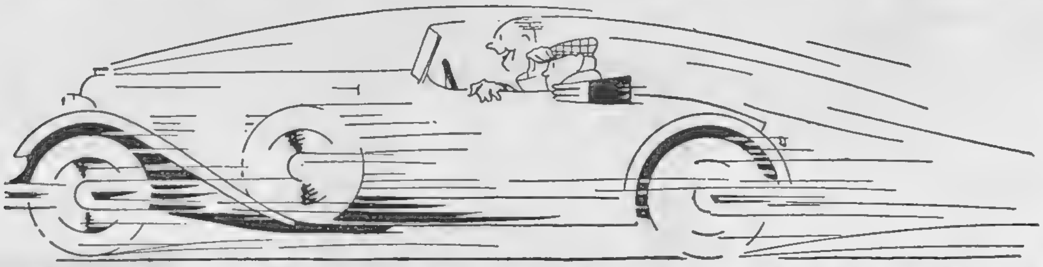
A vigorous back-hand return from mid-court by Miss Von Verson



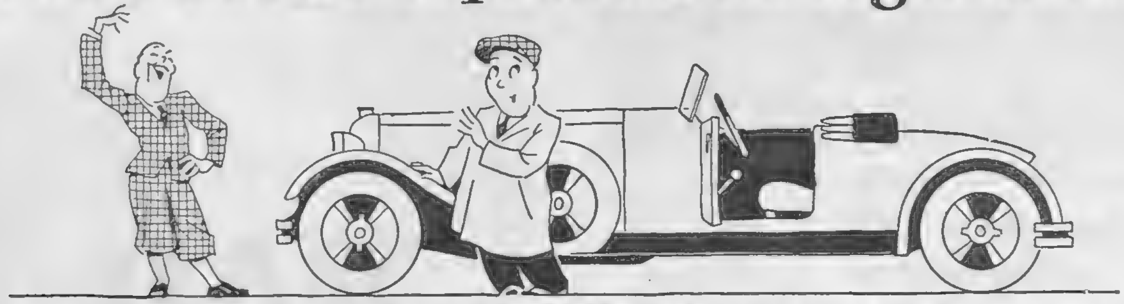
Sing a song of petrol, an engine full of dash


1 MILE
2 MILES
3 MILES
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14 MILES
15
16
17
18 MILES
19 MILES
20 MILES
21
22
23
24 MILES

Four and twenty milestones passing in a flash!



When the throttle's open'd the car begins to whizz



This must be the new "BP" – Yes by George it is!

The New "BP"

Puts New Life in Your Car

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2. Distributing Organisation.

The new "BP" The new "BP" The new "BP" The new "BP" The new "BP" The new "BP" The new "BP"

SPEED!

IN THE AIR

ON LAND

AND OVER SEA

THE RECORD MAKERS USE WAKEFIELD CASTROL

The men who thrill the world with the breathless speeds they achieve—on land and sea and in the air—must get the best possible performance from their engines. And so they use Wakefield Castrol—without exception. You, too, should use Castrol, if you want reliability and performance. 241 leading motor manufacturers recommend it.

The King's Cup Air Race has just been won on Castrol for the fifth successive occasion. Sir Henry Segrave's World's Record of 231·36 m.p.h. was made on Castrol, as was Captain Campbell's World's Record of 212 m.p.h. for five miles. On Castrol, Sir Henry Segrave also broke the World's Speed Record for Single Engined Motor Boats.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD. (All-British Firm), Wakefield House Cheapside, London E.C.2

Warwick Wright Says

t takes TEN other cars to give you these TEN Stutz advantages

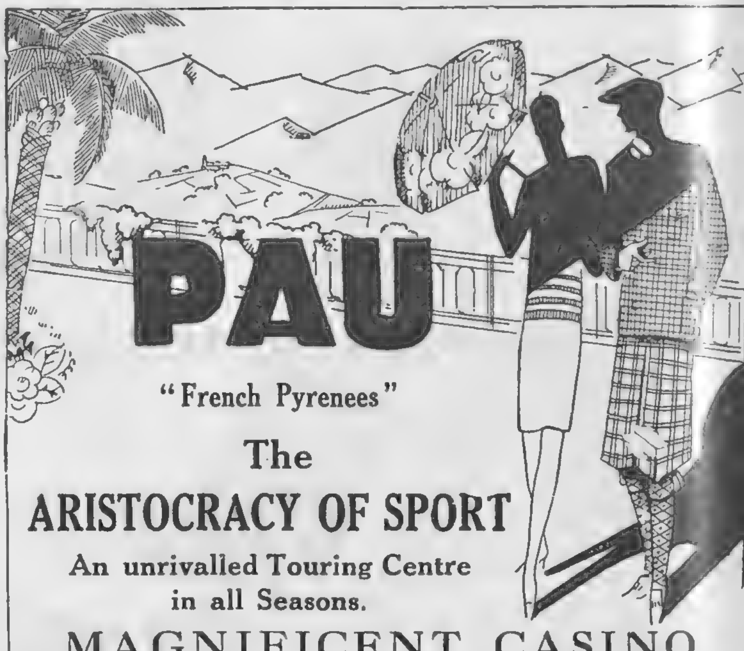
AND STUTZ STILL HAS FOUR VITAL FEATURES ALL ITS OWN

Car "A" and Stutz—Overhead valve engine
Car "B" and Stutz—Double-drop frame
Car "C" and Stutz—Safety glass
Car "D" and Stutz—Four-speed gear-box
Car "E" and Stutz—Dual carburetion
Car "F" and Stutz—Twin ignition
Car "G" and Stutz—One-thrust lubrication
Car "H" and Stutz—Zeiss safety headlights
Car "I" and Stutz—Overhead cam-shaft
Car "J" and Stutz—Worm drive

Only Stutz built cars give you:—
"Noback"
Low-weighted safety
Feathertouch Brakes
Side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame

The Story that only Stutz can Tell

150, New Bond St., W.1
Mayfair 2904.



PAU

"French Pyrenees"

The ARISTOCRACY OF SPORT

An unrivalled Touring Centre in all Seasons.

MAGNIFICENT CASINO

Open from November to May and from July to October
Leading dramatic and lyrical stars present the successes of the season.

RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS

Absolutely First Class. Delicious Cuisine. Wonderful Attractions. Four Dance Orchestras. Two 18-hole Golf Courses. Fox Hunting. Pigeon Shooting. Races. Horse Shows. All Winter Sports close at hand. Three First-class Hotels. Facing full south, with panoramic view of the Pyrenees. Open all the year round.

GASSION. Entirely modernized—perfect comfort.
Du PALAIS. The nearest to the Casino.
ARAGON. To be opened in December, 1929—super-luxurious, 400 rooms, all fitted with bath, telephone and T.S.F.

For further information apply to the Syndicat d'Initiative.

Women's GOLF *Section: Conducted by* ELEANOR E. HELME

"Eve's" Girls' Golf Championship

Miss Enid Wilson, herself the girl champion in 1925, gives a few helpful words of advice to those girls about to make their debut in competitive golf

By
Enid Wilson

English Champion 1928; Girl Champion 1925; English Runner-up 1927; Open Championship Semi-finalist 1927 and 1928

Miss Enid Wilson

I EXPECT — and sincerely hope—that lots of girls are busy practising hard in readiness for the Girls' Open Golf Championship, which takes place at Stoke Poges in a few days' time.

At the present time there is rather a scarcity of promising girl players. This is probably due to the fact that very few girls have the desire or opportunity to play golf whilst they are at school, and consequently they do not take up the game seriously until it is almost too late for them to develop into anything better than good club golfers.

Competitors in "Eve's" Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges in 1928

GOLF is a very difficult game to learn, and much time and patience are required before the would-be champion reaches even the smallest degree of proficiency. Lack of progress creates lack of interest, and many girls forsake the links and go in search of less exacting hobbies. The girl who wishes to become a first-class player must be prepared to work hard. It is no good trying to learn golf in a half-hearted manner. Don't dabble about with a handicap in the thirties, but settle down with the serious determination to obtain a handicap of scratch or better, within the next three or four years. This sounds rather a tall order, *but it can be done.* The higher one's ambition, the better one's chance of success. Given plenty of encouragement, good coaching, and opportunities of seeing the best players in action, any girl with a natural inclination towards the game should be enabled to make rapid and successful progress. But it is futile to expect young players to develop into first-class golfers without plenty of good coaching. Natural ability should be encouraged, and any serious fault checked as soon as it makes an unwelcome appearance.

(Centre) Miss D. Fishwick, Girl Champion in 1928, Miss M. Jolly (left) runner-up, and Miss E. Johnson, Craig Cup winner.

It is only by playing in matches and competitions that the young golfer finds her own level. She must have experience and learn to control her nerves, and what is more important — develop the match-winning temperament.

Newcomers to competitive golf are not always received in open arms by the older players, but the girl who really tries hard, and shows herself anxious to learn all she possibly can about the game, will find plenty of people willing to help her on her way.

COMPETITIVE golf is really very jolly, and nothing could be more enjoyable than the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges. And remember, the girls who meet at Stoke this year will most probably be encountering each other in the big championships, ten, and twenty years hence. The record of past competitors in the Girls' Championship grows more imposing every year, and at full strength the Girls' Golfing Society could turn out a team of players who have all won their International Colours.

There is always a very large entry for the Boys' Championship, so come along girls, and don't be outdone by your brothers!

FIXTURE LIST

SEPTEMBER.

10. Girls' Golfing Society Autumn Meeting at Stoke Poges.
11, 12, and 13. EVE'S Girls' Open Championship at Stoke Poges.
14. The Naze Open Meeting.
17. Durham County Medal.
18. Maidenhead Open Meeting.
23. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.
24. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
24. Lancashire Clubs Qualifying Round Lady Derby Cup at Manchester.
24 and 25. Hayland Island Open Meeting.
25. Notts County Autumn Meeting at Radcliffe.
25, 26, and 27. Worcestershire Championship at Malvern.
25. Essex Autumn Meeting at Thorpe Hall.
26. Brocton Hall Open Meeting.
26. Durham County Autumn Meeting at South Shields.
27. Surrey Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Wentworth.
27. Hendon Open Meeting.
27. Goodwood Open Meeting.
28. Bexhill Open Mixed Foursomes.
30. Medical Autumn Meeting at Northwood.
30. Crews Hill Open Meeting and Coronation Medals.
30. Lancashire Clubs Lady Derby Cup Qualifying Round at Freshfield.

OCTOBER.

1. Liphook Open Meeting.
1. Herts Autumn Meeting (Seniors) at Berkhamsted.
1. Durham Shield Finals.
2. Rochester and Cobham Park Open Mixed Foursomes.
3 and 4. County Finals at Broadstone (Dorset).
4. Durham Shield Finals, Bronze Division.
7 to 11. English Close Championship at Dorset.
8 and 9. Worcestershire Open Meeting at Malvern.
8. Veteran's Autumn Meeting at Coulsdon Court.
8. Durham Captains *v.* Secretaries Match at Wearside.
9. Herts Autumn Meeting (Juniors) at Porters Park.
12. Guildford Open Mixed Foursomes.
15, 16, 17, and 18. EVE'S Autumn and Roehampton Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.
15. Durham County Medal.
16. Glos County Kitcat Finals at Gloucester.
21, etc. Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament.
23 and 24. Kent Autumn Meeting at Royal Blackheath.
23. Lady Marling Cup and General Meeting Glos County, Stinchcombe Hill.
24. Legal Autumn Meeting.
24. United Services Autumn Meeting at Ashford Manor.
24. Surrey (Bronze Division) Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Purley Downs.
24. Pearson Trophy Finals in Kent.
29. Guildford Challenge Cup (open to Members of al. Surrey Clubs).
29 and 30. Middlesex Autumn Meeting at Crews Hill.
29 and 30. Lancashire County Lady Derby Cup Finals at Hesketh.
30 *Star* Tournament Finals.

NOVEMBER.

5 and 6. Lancashire County Scratch and Handicap Shield Finals.
30. Durham County Annual General Meeting and At Home.

DECEMBER.

25. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
26. Woodhall Spa Open Medal.
27. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

The Autumn Foursomes

Couples and Counters

By Eleanor E. Helme

ONE might imagine that collections of entry-forms, all looking very much alike except in the tidiness of the handwriting, would make dull reading. Do not believe it. There is vast interest and entertainment in sitting down with a card index and seeing just who has entered for the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton. Here is some famous partnership torn asunder. At length Miss A. and Miss B. have decided that their particular forms of the game do not fit in with each other, and that if either is to reach prize-winning stages she must do so in company with somebody else. Here is an entirely new combination, two who have never played together before, who, one cannot think, will ever play together again. One can but wish them luck. Here is a well-tried couple who can safely be trusted to get through a round or two, unless they meet any of those strange snags which lie in wait for so many when there are strokes to give round Ranelagh. Here are a pair of familiar names, a little gone up in handicap since we saw them last. They are trembling on the border line. When it comes to the dividing up, the 128 lowest handicap couples to Ranelagh, the next 128 to Roehampton, where will those well-known names be found? Will a frantic effort from one or other reduce the joint total and so put them into Ranelagh where they have always been, or will they appear, lions amongst lambs, at Roehampton? They may win there; and then for evermore, so far as present conditions go, they will be entitled to play as a pair at Ranelagh.

Even when this is in print there will still be a good fortnight to go for entries. All sorts of excitements may pour in at the last moment, including more welcome entrants from overseas. The list grows steadily longer and longer, and fuller of famous names. How are they going to come out in the draw? What fate has the innocent-looking little box of counters, put away so carefully in a pigeon-hole in the desk, in store for them all? They look so impersonal, so harmless, those little numbers, which somebody turns up, and somebody else identifies as this, that, or the other couple; they have such possibilities. Well, well, there will be chocolates for everybody, and prizes for the last four pairs, and Ranelagh and Roehampton are still waiting for everybody's enjoyment. And by next month one hopes to announce the date and place for *Eve's* Northern Foursomes, 1930, possibly even the fixture of *The Tatler's* first venture.

The "*EVE*" CLUB COMPETITION

How they stand: Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup and Results for July

POSITION OF CLUBS (A large number of Clubs and their percentages are excluded owing to lack of space)

Club.	Percentage.
Ryde	28·67
Blackwell	10·49
Bulwell Hall	9·46
Derbyshire	6·67
Gloucester	5·56
Tamworth	5·50
Hawkstone Park	5·43
Saltburn-by-Sea	4·72
Knott End and Fleetwood	4·27
Market Rasen and District	4·17
Gay Hill	4·07
Newport, I.O.W.	4·00
Clacton-on-Sea	3·85
Hyde	3·76
Rugby	3·62
Cocksmoor Woods	3·57
Moseley	3·46
Thonock	3·33
Hales Owen	3·33
Bramhall	3·16
La Moye	2·96
Langholm	2·95
Dudley	2·84
Penzance	2·75
Tyneside	2·62
Hythe	2·50
Gosforth	2·43
West Essex	2·41
Gerrards Cross	2·38
Cleveleys and Rossall	2·29
Rowlands Castle	2·20
Dukinfield	2·20
Camberley Heath	2·14
Grove	2·08
Penrith	2·06
Blackpool North Shore	2·05
Southport and Ainsdale	2·04
North West	1·98
Middlesbrough	1·82
Chilwell Manor	1·73
Todmorden	1·71
Chislehurst	1·68
West Bowling	1·67
Maidstone	1·65
Ashton-on-Mersey	1·64
Manchester	1·60
Holywell	1·59
Maidenhead	1·55
Leatherhead	1·54
St. Austell	1·48
Sandwell Park	1·48
Bowden	1·45
Lancaster	1·45
Newcastle United	1·42
Ormskirk	1·42
Southwell	1·42
West Derby	1·42
Droitwich	1·41
Crosland Heath	1·35
Brockton Hall	1·33
Evesham	1·33
Frilford Heath	1·33
Lymm	1·33
Whittaker	1·33
Bramwall Park	1·29
Mersey	1·28
Rothley Park	1·28
Chorley	1·27
Heysham	1·27
Cheadle	1·25
West Cheshire	1·25
Wilmslow	1·23
Paisley	1·23
The Fylde	1·21
West Bradford	1·20
Driffield and District	1·19
Wadhurst Castle	1·15
Canterbury	1·13
Alresford	1·11
Oxley Park	1·11
Sale	1·11
Swanage and Studland	1·11
Cleethorpes	1·10
Marple	1·10
Sunderland	1·05
Bowring	1·04
Ashford Manor	1·02
Lamington and County	1·02
Whitby	1·02
Morecambe	·99
Willesley Park	·99
Leighton Buzzard	·98
New Galloway	·98
Outlane	·97
Bexhill	·95
Cruden Bay	·95
Hesketh	·95
Wollaton Park	·95
Lowestoft	·94
Stamford	·94
Yeovil Mapperley	·91
Prenton	·91
Harton Moor	·89
Warrington	·88
North Worcestershire	·86
Ringway	·85
Chesterfield	·85
Old Manchester	·84
Stockton Brook	·84
Sutton-on-Sea	·84
Milltown	·83
Hayling	·82
Walmersley	·82
Scarborough	·81
Whittington Barracks	·81
Gosforth Park	·79
Chevin	·77
Gorleston-on-Sea	·77
Kingsthorpe	·77
Buckingham	·76
Aberdeen	·74
Brynhill	·74
Clitheroe and District	·74
Dorset	·72
Ruthin	·72
Enfield, Lancs.	·71
Furness	·71
Longcliffe	·71
Wilpshire	·70
Ashford, Kent	·69
Northampton	·69
Chippenham	·68
South Shields	·67
Trentham	·67
Walmer and Kingsdown	·67
Chigwell	·66
Hazel Grove	·66
Hendon	·66
Wimbledon Park	·66
Worsley	·66
Burton-on-Trent	·65
Tees-side	·65
Werneth	·65
Huyton	·64
Bungay and Waveney Valley	·64
Harrogate	·64
Farnham	·61
Newquay	·59
Oakdale	·59
Rushden and District	·59
Kendal	·57
Alderley Edge	·56
Datchet	·55
Oswestry	·55
Barrow	·54
West Kent	·54
Dunstable Downs	·51
Bury	·51
Moortown	·51

RESULTS FOR JULY

Club.	Members.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Ryde	68	17	25·00
Bulwell Hall	74	15	20·27
Blackwell	89	12	13·48
Gloucester	102	13	12·74
Derbyshire	75	6	8·00
La Moye	45	3	6·67
Cleveleys and Rossall	47	3	6·38
Gosforth	96	5	5·21
Todmorden	78	4	5·13
Langholme	79	4	5·06
Dukinfield	60	3	5·00
Grove	64	3	4·69
Hawkstone Park	43	2	4·65
Gay Hill	90	4	4·44
Southwell	47	2	4·25
Bramhall	190	8	4·21
Mersey	78	3	3·85
Cheadle	80	3	3·75
Thonock	80	3	3·75
Moseley	135	5	3·70
Cocksmoor Woods	28	1	3·57
Alresford	60	2	3·33
Marple	60	2	3·33
Penzance	60	2	3·33
Rowlands Castle	60	2	3·33
Dudley	94	3	3·19
Bowring	32	1	3·12
West Bowling	100	3	3·00
Chilwell Manor	135	4	2·96
Hyde	70	2	2·86
Cruden Bay	35	1	2·86
West Bradford	140	4	2·86
Chesterfield	78	2	2·56
Hythe	40	1	2·50
Old Manchester	80	2	2·50
Sutton-on-Sea	40	1	2·50
Lancaster	161	4	2·48
Paisley	162	4	2·47
St. Austell	45	1	2·22
Furness	94	2	2·22
Newcastle United	47	1	2·13
Enfield, Lancs	47	1	2·13
Sunderland	95	2	2·10
Wilpshire	95	2	2·10
Manchester	146	3	2·05
Ashford Manor	98	2	2·04
Harton Moor	149	3	2·01
Hazel Grove	100	2	2·00
Hendon	150	3	2·00
Sale	150	3	2·00
Werneth	102	2	1·96
Outlane	103	2	1·94
Bungay and Waveney Valley	52	1	1·92
Prenton	110	2	1·82
Driffield and District	56	1	1·79
Chislehurst	119	2	1·68
Tamworth	60	1	1·67
Barrow	61	1	1·64
Leatherhead	130	2	1·54
Bury	130	2	1·54
Leamington	131	2	1·53
Chorley	131	2	1·53
Nuneaton	66	1	1·51
Wilmslow	135	2	1·48
Bexhill	140	2	1·43
Camberley Heath	140	2	1·43
Davenport	70	1	1·43
Gerrards Cross	70	1	1·43
Longcliffe	140	2	1·43
Lowestoft	70	1	1·43
Ormskirk	140	2	1·43
Peterhead	140	2	1·43
Stamford	70	1	1·43
Tredegar Park	140	2	1·43
Northampton	144	2	1·39
Sherwood Forest	145	2	1·38
Wimbledon Park	150	2	1·33
Ringway	156	2	1·28
Exeter	157	2	1·27
Walmersley	80	1	1·25
Penrith	81	1	1·23
Morecambe	169	2	1·18
Gorleston-on-Sea	87	1	1·15
Wollaton Park	175	2	1·14
Churston	88	1	1·14
Oxley Park	90	1	1·11
Sandwell Park	90	1	1·11
Rugby	92	1	1·08
Hastings	96	1	1·04
West Essex	97	1	1·03
Southport and Ainsdale	98	1	1·02
Almouth	100	1	1·00
Trentham	100	1	1·00
Willesley Park	101	1	·99
Tees-side	103	1	·97
Heysham	105	1	·95
Middlesbrough	110	1	·91
Oakdale	112	1	·89
North Worcestershire	116	1	·86
Whalley	120	1	·83
St. Annes Old Links	120	1	·83
Scarborough	124	1	·81
Saltburn-by-Sea	127	1	·79
Gosforth Park	127	1	·79
Blackpool North Shore	130	1	·77
Chevin	130	1	·77
Nelson	130	1	·77
Rothley Park	130	1	·77
Beeston Fields	132	1	·76
Holyhead	135	1	·74
Hesketh	140	1	·71
Sutton Coldfield	140	1	·71
Prestbury and Upton	144	1	·69
Kings Norton	145	1	·69
Crosland Heath	148	1	·67
North Hants	150	1	·67
South Shields	149	1	·67
Worsley	150	1	·67
Warrington	150	1	·67
Preston	160	1	·62
Rushcliffe	172	1	·58
Pannal	188	1	·53
Fairhaven	200	1	·50
Frilford Heath	200	1	·50
Milltown	200	1	·50
North Middlesex	200	1	·50
Harrogate	207	1	·48
Highgate	210	1	·48
Birkdale	267	1	·37
North Shore	300	1	·33
St. Nicholas	420	1	·24

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

Potpourri *of the* Month

(Left) Lady Cholmondeley and Lady Carisbrooke, (right) Miss Barnes Gorell and Lady Alness, competitors in the Parliamentary Ladies' Golf Association Meeting at Princes Sandwich

BEFORE long it will be impossible for anybody to play in all the championships of the European countries, even when they are called Open, but in the meantime those who can go to a selection of them have the very best of times. That was evidently the case at the Dutch championship, played over a fine seaside-and-Surrey-heather-mixed type of course at the Hague. The holder, Miss Phyllis Lobbett, did not survive the first round. Frau Sellschopp, the German champion, who is reputed to be a very fine golfer indeed, was her conqueror. What more suitable than that Miss D. R. Fowler should arise like an avenging angel and defeat Frau Sellschopp 7 and 6 in the final. And what more suitable than that the Dutch champion, as we must now call her, should enter for Ranelagh with a Dutch partner, Mrs. Smalt. It is always delightful to see foreign visitors competing in our events, and somehow Ranelagh of all places is an easy one to give them a good time and to show them that British golfers need not be too serious but can enjoy themselves heartily. Mrs. Smalt must not think that Ranelagh, however delightful, is a typical English course, but she should have plenty of chance when over here of making acquaintance with some of the others.

PRINCES Sandwich is, of course, a magnificent test of golf for man or woman. At one time it would have been quite beyond the capabilities of any member of the Parliamentary Ladies' Golf Association. Not so nowadays, and a qualifying score nine under par is sufficient proof that the players are no longer terrified by its fearsome wiles. It was the Hon. Mrs. Leith who took this liberty with the course, 94—21=73 being a very fine performance. So was Mrs. Douglas Fish's 81 gross, which equalled the par, though as she carried the penalty of plus two she actually could only tie for last place under handicap. She got in on that tie, but Mrs. James Bell, who has often partnered Miss Wethered as Mrs. W. A. Stewart, went out on her score for the first nine holes. Tying for second place in the qualifying were Miss Stanhope and Miss Barnes Gorell at 78, and it was Miss Stanhope, with a handicap of four, who came through the match-playing stages. Mrs. Fish did nobly, for she beat Mrs. Slazenger at the 19th hole, giving her five strokes, and only lost on the last to Mrs. Leith, who was in receipt of seventeen. Then Mrs. Leith was beaten 4 and 3 in the final by Miss Stanhope, who was a semi-finalist last year in this tournament when it was played at Ashdown Forest. Miss Worsley has a pleasant habit of descending from Yorkshire into the Parliamentary fold and carrying off some of its honours. This time it was the scratch prize and the driving competition, whilst the handicap prize was won by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. That was a most pleasant way of celebrating her captaincy of the Association, and 95—15=80 was a score to satisfy the most exacting. Lady Carisbrooke has had so little chance of play lately that it was delightful to see her winning.

Congratulations are due to Suffolk, who have arrived in the County Finals, a new position for them and one where it is pretty certain they will acquit themselves with real credit.

The Hon. Mrs. Algernon Borthwick and Mrs. Walter Burt at Princes Sandwich

---

Advice *to the* Late Beginner

By Eleanor E. HELME

EVE'S Golf Bag of queries and answers has officially ceased to figure in BRITANNIA AND EVE. But still they come, the queries, requiring varying answers, from how to obtain the autograph of a famous golfer to how to take up golf as a late beginner.

That was an interesting query, that late beginner, and as there must be many such whose anxious seeking after truth has not found its way into a letter-box, perhaps it would only be charitable to sit down and try to suggest a few things.

Shall she try to play, go and watch good golf, or set to work to study a varied selection of books, and endeavour to discover what they mean? Of course, a self interested author ought to suggest that books are the very best teachers. In common honesty I cannot. Go and watch somebody play if you like, and the better the stylist the better for you. But don't try to read even their ideas of how they hit the ball. They may be truthful in the highest degree, but how they think they hit the ball and how they do hit it may be two totally different things, whilst the impression they convey to the beginner may be yet another. So watch, if possible, but don't read. And watch, at any rate to start with, from some little distance off, so that you get impressed on your mind a general idea of the shape and the rhythm of the swing, not a bitty jigsaw of grip and stance. Grip and stance are all very well, but they are only there to enable you to move the club in the right way, and a firm impression on your mind of what a good swing looks like is of more help even to the middle-aged beginner than anything else one can suggest. Then go out and play, get keen about trying to beat somebody, however little you can hit the ball, however indifferent their performance. You will evolve some sort of a swing, develop a burning desire to be better, and then will be the moment to go to a pro, because only then will you be inclined to swallow the dull daily discipline which he will be tolerably certain to enforce. Choose your pro, if possible, with some care. There are many excellent players and excellent teachers of the young, but they may not be the best teachers for you. If you have already reached middle age and are not perhaps very much given to the hitting of other balls there is no good thinking you can develop a really full free swing. A shorter swing, something altogether a little stiffer, will probably serve you better, and since you can never hope to reach the absolute top championship flights you will be well advised to give your mind largely to mastering the short game. At that there is no reason at all why you should not excel. Learn above all things to putt, because the golfer who can putt is a match for anybody.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

The "EVE" GOLF Competitions

Results of the JULY Monthly Medal Competitions

(Class I Handicaps of 20 and under.)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.	
Mrs. D. W. Halvorsen	Gosforth Park	86	19	67	77	10	below
Mrs. D. Rose	Wimbledon Park	81	17	64	73	9	,,
Mrs. Johnston	Highgate	78	19	59	68	9	,,
Mrs. N. Bottomley	Stamford	81	20	61	70	9	,,
Mrs. Harris	Derbyshire	80	14	66	74	8	,,
Mrs. P. Kershaw	Prestbury and Upton	88	19	69	77	8	,,
Miss F. Gover	Alnmouth	87	19	68	76	8	,,
Mrs. Mills	Outlane	82	20	62	70	8	,,
Miss Pat Delany	Northenden	75	8	67	75	8	,,
Mrs. E. Hudson	Newcastle United	83	16	67	75	8	,,
Miss L. E. Whitfield-Hart	Penzance	82	18	64	71	7	,,
Mrs. Robertson	Wimbledon Park	84	18	66	73	7	,,
Mrs. A. C. Maclean	Chevin	83	15	68	75	7	,,
Mrs. M. Hufton	Werneth	80	17	63	70	7	,,
Mrs. Wright	West Bowling	79	13	66	73	7	,,
Mrs. Grenfell	Exeter	81	14	67	74	7	,,
Mrs. L. Jeayes	Nuneaton	75	12	63	70	7	,,
Mrs. H. Horne	Derbyshire	82	15	67	74	7	,,
Mrs. D. B. Carter	Hendon	89	19	70	77	7	,,
Mrs. L. M. Harris	Hendon	90	20	70	77	7	,,
Mrs. Moore	Leatherhead	81	13	68	75	7	,,
Mrs. M. L. C. Browne	Leatherhead	82	14	68	75	7	,,
Mrs. E. Ward	Manchester	86	16	70	77	7	,,
Mrs. Lee-Smith	Bexhill	86	19	67	74	7	,,
Miss M. Fitch-Jones	Bexhill	72	4	68	74	6	,,
Miss E. K. Bradford	Churston	75	5	70	76	6	,,
Mrs. C. Hammersley	Ringway	76	6	70	76	6	,,
Mrs. W. A. Huggins	Ashford Manor	84	12	72	78	6	,,
Mrs. W. L. Hunter	Ringway	82	12	70	76	6	,,
Miss P. Stobart	Ormskirk	81	12	69	75	6	,,

(Class II Handicaps of over 20.)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.	
Mrs. Sanderson	Erewash Valley	93	36	57	73	16	below
Mrs. R. S. Ross	Whalley	91	32	59	74	15	,,
Mrs. C. Poole	Penzance	88	32	56	71	15	,,
Mrs. H. B. Drake	Hythe	93	32	61	76	15	,,
Mrs. R. Dyson	Nelson	94	36	58	72	14	,,
Miss A. Burgess	Reddish Vale	97	35	62	75	13	,,
Mrs. Staples	Shobnall	88	33	55	68	13	,,
Mrs. E. H. Marshall	Scarborough South Cliff	98	36	62	75	13	,,
Miss E. M. Ruddock	Gosforth	96	34	62	75	13	,,
Miss G. M. Smith	Gay Hill	81	21	60	73	13	,,
Miss E. Mc G. Fraser	Betchworth Park (Dorking)	97	34	63	75	12	,,
Miss G. M. Turner	Southport and Ainsdale	88	24	64	76	12	.
Miss G. Edwards	Furness	93	29	64	76	12	,,
Miss P. Davies	Rowlands Castle	96	36	60	72	12	,,
Miss E. M. Frank	Edgware	92	29	63	75	12	,,
Mrs. O. Kindell	Ashford Manor	102	36	66	78	12	,,
Miss M. Burnet	Langholm	99	36	63	74	11	,,
Miss P. Leonard	Milltown	90	24	66	77	11	,,
Miss E. Caffin	Norbreck	97	35	62	73	11	,,
Miss Pette	Middlesbrough	91	30	61	72	11	,,
Mrs. J. W. Pym	La Moye	96	34	62	73	11	,,
Miss Phyllis White	Bangor	90	21	69	80	11	,,
Miss S. Henry	Beeston Fields	103	36	67	78	11	,,
Mrs. M. Cooper	Horsforth	96	31	65	76	11	,,
Miss Nina Field	Castle Bromwich	86	22	64	75	11	,,
Mrs. A. C. Neill	Cheadle	95	36	59	70	11	,,
Miss H. Mackintosh	Chilwell Manor	99	36	63	74	11	,,
Mrs. E. Whitford	Grove	86	23	63	74	11	,,
Mrs. K. Agnew	Wilmslow	89	24	65	75	10	,,
Mrs. Dashwood	Rowlands Castle	88	26	62	72	10	,,

"Eve's" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, 1929 (8th year), and Overflow Foursomes (5th year)

AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT RANELAGH, OCTOBER 15TH, 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH, 1929.

FOURSOMES AT ROEHAMPTON, OCTOBER 15TH, 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

CONDITIONS.

Entries will be received up to 256 couples, without limit or handicap (playing limit 18 joint handicap for any couple at Ranelagh, 30 at Roehampton). Additional couples will be placed on a waiting list.

Entries close Monday, September 16th.

The 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will then be drawn to play in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh for the Challenge Cups and replicas and usual prizes, and the remaining couples will be drawn to play in the Roehampton Foursomes at Roehampton for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE. Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅝ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round. Vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes; vacancies in the Roehampton by couples on the waiting list if the total number of couples entered exceeds 256.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes Final, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will be put into the Ranelagh draw on entering, even if by handicap they are only entitled to play in the Roehampton. This applies only if the pair play together again, not if either takes another partner. Such entries should be clearly marked FINALISTS.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts.

Competitors will be asked, shortly before close, to verify their handicaps, as any alteration may affect in which Foursomes they will be eligible to be drawn. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps, if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

New CLUB Competition

BRITANNIA & EVE offers the following Club Prizes in connection with the Monthly Spoon Competitions

I. A prize each month to the Club which sends in the greatest number of cards, *relative to the number of its members*, for EVE's Monthly Spoon Competition.

II. A Challenge Cup to be held for one year by the Club which sends in the greatest total number of cards, *relative to the number of its members*, during the eight months, May 1st to December 31st, 1929. (A memento will also be given.)

III. The three Clubs who have sent in the greatest total numbers of cards, *relative to the number of their members*, during the above period, will each be entitled to hold an EVE Club Competition at their own Club during 1930, for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE.

The cards which entitle Clubs to compete for these awards must be sent in to BRITANNIA AND EVE Office for the individual Monthly Spoon Competition, under the conditions of that Competition given on this page.

"EVE" BROOCHES for a Hole in One

An "EVE" brooch will be awarded to any lady who does a hole in one in the course of taking out and returning a card under L.G.U. conditions as given above. The card must be certified by marker and Hon. Sec., and accompanied by a coupon in the usual way.

All entries for EVE's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. SEPT.

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total of ....Club, of which I am a member.

SHOTS of the MONTH

BRITANNIA AND EVE has had much pleasure in awarding brooches for holing in one to:—

Mrs. Ward Dawe, South Staffordshire, 15th hole.

Mrs. Wingfield Stratford, Wrotham Park, 10th hole.

The "EVE" GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Terms 18s. per day.
Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Terms 18s. per day, or 15s. without lunch. (This includes transport to the Club).
Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

Accommodation will not be available at Stoke Poges (club-house), but competitors may practise free of charge on Monday.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1929 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House 316, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, September 16th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ....*of*................................ *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap....................

Home Address......................................*Telephone No.*..........

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

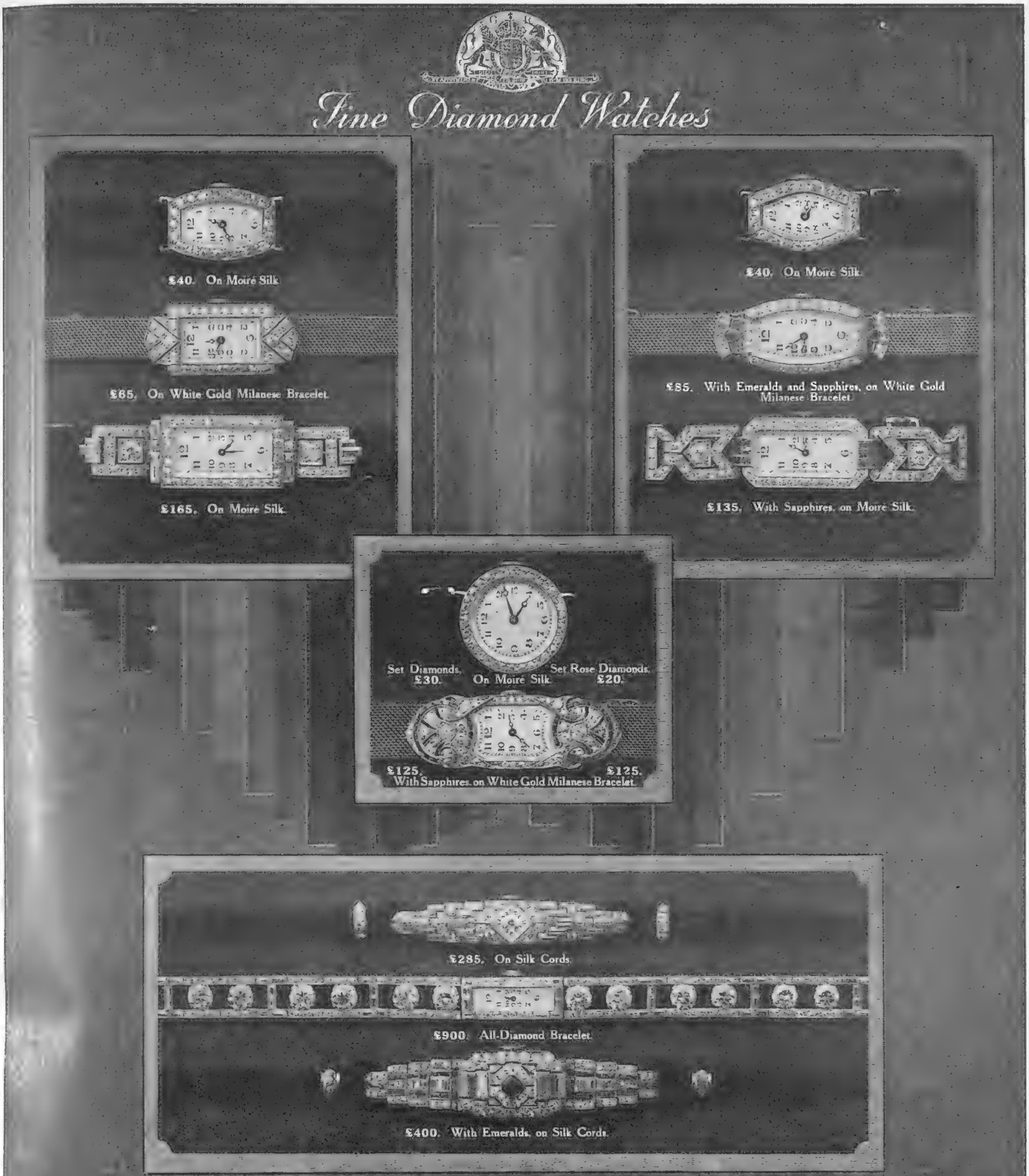
Mrs. / *Miss* ....*of*................................ *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap....................

Home Address......................................*Telephone No.*..........

Any alteration of handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified to Miss Helme at above address

READ THE "TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.


Fine Diamond Watches
£40. On Moire Silk.
£65. On White Gold Milanese Bracelet.
£165. On Moire Silk.
£40. On Moire Silk.
£85. With Emeralds and Sapphires, on White Gold Milanese Bracelet.
£135. With Sapphires, on Moire Silk.
Set Diamonds. £30. On Moire Silk. Set Rose Diamonds. £20.
£125. £125. With Sapphires on White Gold Milanese Bracelet.
£285. On Silk Cords.
£900. All-Diamond Bracelet.
£400. With Emeralds, on Silk Cords.

If unable to visit the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's New Showrooms, an Illustrated Catalogue will be sent to you upon request.

The
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

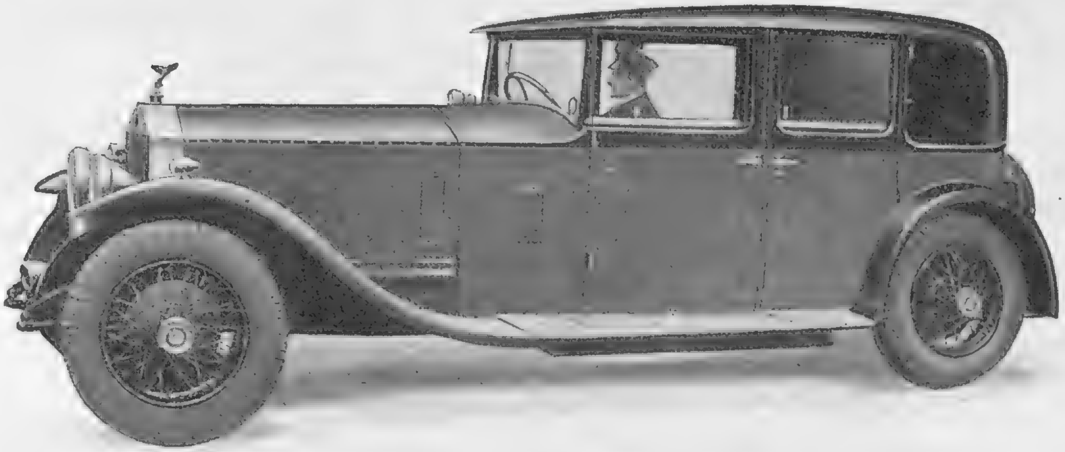
JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS TO H.M THE KING

112, REGENT STREET LONDON W.1.

(AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET)

NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

ROLLS-ROYCE
The Best Car in the World

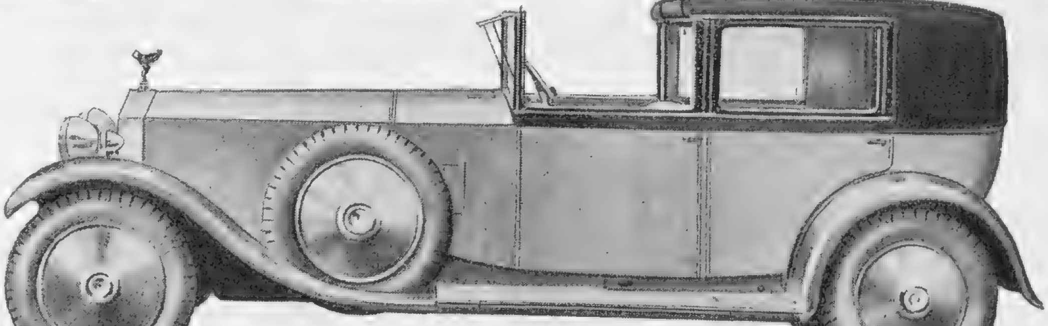


ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED
14-15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON. W.1
Telegrams. Rolhead, Piccy. London
Telephones. Mayfair 6040, 6041, 6042, 6043.

A BARKER
ROLLS-ROYCE
Acknowledged
The World's Best Car

ESTABLISHED 1710

By Appointment to H.M. The King



Barker Sedanca De Ville on a 40/50 H.P. Rolls-Royce Chassis

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD.
Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
66-69 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
The Rolls-Royce Body Specialists and Retailers
Telephone: GROSVENOR 2420

By Appointment to H.R.H The Prince of Wales

The Truth about Women Drivers

Our contributor is nothing if not courageous when he states that women drivers are usually inefficient and incompetent

BY the time this article appears in print the greater part of the holiday season will be over, and there is, unfortunately, no doubt that the papers will have published, day after day, a list of accidents in which a car, carelessly driven, has caused the death or injury of its passengers or of some innocent pedestrian. Glancing down this list, the ardent feminist will be gratified to note that the number of women drivers appearing in it is comparatively small, and will therefore have some grounds for asking why it is that the average man still has a horror of being driven by a woman or of driving behind one on the road.

The truth is that no reasonable critic has ever accused women of driving rashly or of failing to consider the safety of other users of the King's highway. The accusation has always been one of incompetence and inefficiency, and there are many who would sooner be driven by a rash but skilful member of their own sex than by a careful woman who happened to lack the finesse that appeals to the male mentality. I am not exaggerating when I state that a man will keep absolutely cool while being extricated neatly from a dangerous skid, and yet become nearly frantic when gears are mangled and the engine "stalled" in the middle of a busy street.

THIS, then, is at the root of the persistent masculine distrust of women motorists, and unfortunately it is in this department that women are least able to improve. For this they are themselves in no way responsible, for it is an undeniable fact that the average boy has a start of at least fifteen years over the average girl in learning the principles by which any mechanical vehicle may be controlled. Is it to be expected that in one week's tuition they will be able to make up so vast a leeway and achieve an equivalent degree of skill?

Take the ordinary small boy of three years old, place him in a toy motor car, and ask him to turn round in a narrow path. The probability is that he will do so in a perfectly efficient manner, and I know of at least one youngster of this age whose reversing is infinitely better than that of the vast majority of his female relatives. Give the same child a nut and bolt and ask him to unscrew them. He will almost certainly turn the nut in the correct direction, whereas it is distinctly unusual for a woman to be able to perform the same feat at the first attempt.

BY the time the boy is old enough to possess a driving licence, he will have picked up an enormous amount of miscellaneous information from his father's chauffeur, the local garage man, or any other source available. He has only to acquire a little "road-sense," familiarise himself with the functions of a few controls, and a driver of reasonable ability is already made. It is difficult to see how the girl who takes a course of half a dozen lessons can ever hope to compare herself with him.

The Hillman "Straight 8" Saloon, one of the few British "Straight 8's" selling at a moderate figure

Miss Kitty Burnell, who won a first and third prize at the Brighton Motor Rally

That women can, and do, eventually achieve a high degree of skill in certain cases one must readily admit, but these are the exceptions whose temperament has refused to allow them to be content with mediocrity. They have had the energy to acquire in a year or two what their brothers have absorbed gradually since the time when they were presented with their first clockwork toy. I know one woman who can handle a fast car on Brooklands better than I can, and who is quite as quick in achieving complete mastery of an unfamiliar make; but I also know, because I had the pleasure (it was a pleasure latterly if not at first) of teaching her, that it was a solid two years before she reached the stage when she could drive all cars well instead of one indifferently.

IT is a pity that more women will not take the same amount of trouble, for there is no doubt that the really skilful driver, especially if she be a woman, is fully repaid for the time spent in acquiring proficiency. Men single her out and say to one another, "Of course, Miss So-and-so is quite exceptional." Her own pleasure in the handling of her car is enormously increased, and when, at the end of a long run, her passengers tell her that they are hardly conscious of having been driven (for a car can be made apparently to propel itself if the driver is at one with the machine), she can flatter herself on having received the highest compliment of all.

The great thing for her to realise is that the business of learning to drive is not finished, but merely begun, when the usual course of lessons is over and a certain amount of confidence attained. There is probably no single individual who knows all there is to know about the modern motor car, and extremely few who would dare to say that they had reached a point beyond which they could hardly improve in the handling of it. The observant driver can therefore find something new to learn practically every time she takes the wheel, and it is by approaching each daily and week-end run in this spirit that real skill is, almost sub-consciously, achieved.

The New "B.P." Spirit

Following the recent successful introduction of a new motor spirit by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, the suggestion has been made in some quarters that the marked improvement in quality has been effected by the addition of "dope." We are asked to deny this categorically, and to state that the new B.P. petrol is an absolutely pure and unadulterated fuel.

Garages Good and Bad

A good garage is a joy, and is worth going miles for

A girl taxi-driver: Miss Gertrude Lawes, who drives a taxi in the Canvey Island district

The Day of the Charabanc: Motor vehicles, proceeding to Ascot, passing through Windsor Great Park

THERE are few establishments which vary more widely than do garages, and the wise motorist will make a point of keeping in his head a list of the best and worst for future reference. It is well worth going miles to have a job done at a garage where charges are reasonable, the car is carefully treated, and the work is invariably finished by the promised hour; similarly, it is worth a big detour to avoid the type of garage where a favourite car gets knocked about, started up and driven by incompetent mechanics, and where every effort is made to transform a simple job into a difficult and expensive one.

I may be something of a faddist on this point, but if there is one thing I loathe and detest it is to have my car driven about by garage hands. I would not mind so much if I thought that it was invariably started by hand, but experience teaches me that in nine cases out of ten the criminal merely switches "on" and then keeps the starter engaged until such time as the engine fires or the battery runs down. I have actually seen it done, although, in my own case, I do not think that it has ever been done twice.

A WISE plan is to make a practice of leaving the car each night with all the controls in certain definite positions, and never to leave it otherwise. It is a remarkable but established fact that the mentality of a garage hand is not such as to enable him to drive a car and then leave it exactly as he found it, and he will invariably give himself away by carelessness if this precaution is observed.

Another most irritating habit of the bad garage man is his perpetual endeavour to "manufacture" jobs. A favourite trick is to diagnose every complaint as emanating from the magneto—this component being selected because it is more or less of a mystery to the average owner, thus preventing the latter from contradicting anything that the mechanic may choose to tell him about its idiosyncrasies. When the trouble is elsewhere than under the bonnet, the differential does equally well.

I THINK I must look even more simple than I really am, for these tricks have frequently been tried on me. I once had a choked jet (or rather my car did) and, rather than get dirty clearing it myself, sought out the local garage man. I knew he would say "magneto," and he did, but his persistence was quite astonishing. Only when I had threatened positively to go elsewhere would he condescend to carry out the simple, and deplorably inexpensive, process of taking out the jet and blowing through it, and he was quite obviously disgusted when the engine responded by running perfectly thereafter.

The "manufacturing" of jobs is, however, a short-sighted policy, for the amateur will probably go away with the vague impression that he has been overcharged, and is unlikely to come back. Those who are not taken in will definitely shun the garage in question, and many of their friends will do the same.

MY last encounter with one of these opportunists occurred quite recently, when a chattering transmission brake was taken as evidence that my back axle might shortly be expected to disintegrate. I countered by saying that I would take the car out for a trial spin and come back if any back axle trouble should occur. It need hardly be added that I have kept my word!

There are still, however, plenty of good garages to be found in almost every neighbourhood. The best type is that which employs one really efficient foreman to supervise each job that is brought in. The latter should be able to give sympathetic and helpful advice to every customer and should aim at sending away a satisfied owner, who will return again, rather than at making a large profit out of the individual repair. He should also be able to give immediate estimates, not necessarily exact to the nearest penny but within a few shillings either way, for all ordinary jobs, and to state with reasonable accuracy how long the work will take. Obviously the ordinary mechanic is not in a position to do this, and the proprietor himself may or may not have the ability.

Another practice which marks the good garage is the willingness of the staff for the customer to inspect the damage during the actual course of the repair. Even if the customer is incapable of appreciating the difference between an oval cylinder and a round one, the gesture will not be without effect, whereas, if he should happen to know something of his car's interior economy, he will pay his bill more cheerfully when the necessity for each item has been made clear to him.

This Month's Motoring Hint: Front-Wheel Wobble

and how to deal with it

Of all the unpleasant motoring sensations, one of the worst is experienced when a car suffers from what is known as front-wheel wobble. This ailment is, unfortunately, one to which even the most modern cars are sometimes liable, so that it is as well for the owner-driver to have some idea how it can best be prevented or controlled.

In many cases, of course, there is some perfectly reasonable cause for the wobble, and by taking the car to a good garage at the earliest opportunity the trouble can be permanently cured. A plan which I have proved to be generally successful is to blow up the front tyres to a pressure considerably higher than the normal. The probability is that no further wobble will be apparent until these tyres become slack again.

When front-wheel wobble actually occurs, there are three methods by which it can temporarily be checked. One is to accelerate beyond the speed at which the wobble starts, and another is to apply the brakes. The latter is rather safer, and in many cars more rapidly effective. The third method, which on a dry and open road I find the most convenient of all, is to execute in succession one or two rapid swerves. Naturally discretion is needed, but there is no quicker way of making the front wheels behave themselves.

Don't be Old-Fashioned

Sedan Chairs are out of date, aren't they?

Yes!

Modern conditions require modern ideas, don't they?

Yes!

Well, then, use Shell Oils for modern high-speed engines, because the old treacly oils are out of date. Shell Oils are right —scientifically and demonstrably right in every detail, because they have been specially constructed to provide the correct body at the temperatures which are reached in engines doing 3,000/4,000 revolutions a minute.

DOUBLE SHELL OIL

Morris (all Models), Standard, Panhard, Essex, Ford (Model A), etc.

TRIPLE SHELL OIL

Armstrong-Siddeley, Alvis, Chrysler, Humber, Talbot, etc.

ACHIEVEMENT

Dunelt's 25,000 Mile Test

The A.C.U. reported that although the engine was not decarbonised during the test, the carbon deposit was very slight. 25,000 miles were covered in 23 days, equivalent to 3 years' normal use without the need for decarbonising—all on Shell Oil.

Waterproofs for Town or Country

By combining the elegance and charm of a smartly tailored coat with the services of an efficient Waterproof, the Elvery Silk Waterproof becomes a garment doubly valuable to all whose business or pleasure takes them into the open in town or country. It is available in a variety of colours.

PRICES from 45/-

The "ELVERY" for the Races . . . .

This is the Season of the year when Race meetings call for a waterproof of distinction and utility. To meet such requirements ELVERY'S have paid particular attention to these features and have designed a coat suitable for all such occasions. Made in both single and double-breasted models, these coats are guaranteed absolutely waterproof.

Single Breasted 90/-
Double Breasted 105/-

Send measurements (height and bust) with order.

Goods sent on approval on receipt of deposit or London reference.

Patterns on request to Dept. "D."

INCORPORATED IN THE IRISH FREE STATE
Elvery's
LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1850
ELEPHANT HOUSE,
31, Conduit Street, London, W.1.
and at
Elephant House, Dublin & Cork.

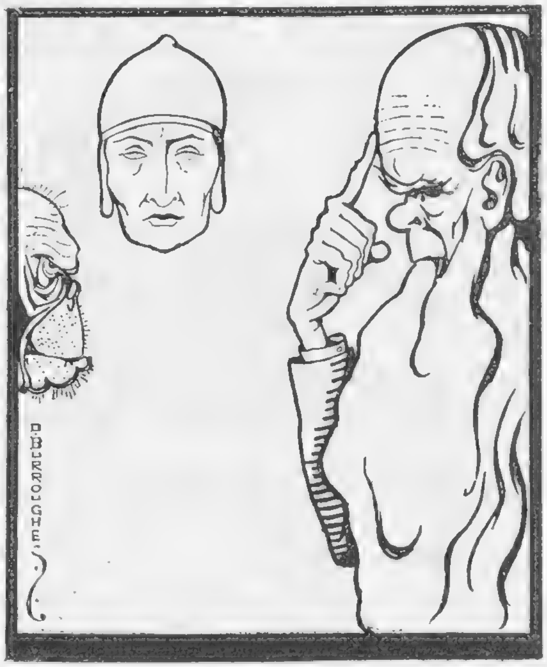
Aldwych

Social Etiquette

A monthly feature of BRITANNIA & EVE *in which various matters of Taste and Manners are lightly discussed by*

The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall

A MISTAKE often made by amateurs of table behaviour is to suppose that the arrangements for a meal and the dexterity with which its implements are handled is the beginning and end of the matter. The beginner tries hard at first. He puzzles himself with conundrums about which fork is meant for eating what, about the right thing to do with a lobster's elbow and a rabbit's head. Tests made through his own observation of the habits of others as he wanders from table to table among his new friends seem to be equally unreliable, not because the tests have failed, but because he has not yet enough experience to draw evidence from them correctly. What if Darwin had had no better ground for his suspicion about the Descent of Man than could be obtained by alternately comparing the face of his neighbour with that of a gorilla and the mask of Dante! Far deeper study is needed before the indications of a family tree can be accepted as settled.



What if Darwin had had no better ground for his suspicion about the Descent of Man than could be obtained by alternately comparing the face of his neighbour with that of a gorilla and the mask of Dante!

An interesting point at which to start our line of research is to ask ourselves why differences of taste in the choice and arrangement of food should be, as they are, a cause of personal offence independent of efficiency. If there is one thing more than another that I can feel really huffy-snuffy about, it is certain food taboos that the greatest anthropologists and ethnologists of the world have either left unexplored or given up as too prehistoric.

BEING, as a rule, retiring kind of men, they probably agreed among themselves that, unless they wanted to be murdered by a gang of their own landladies, they had better not publish any theories about the strange prejudices of the gentry; for example, about bread sauce that not every bird may wear as dining attire, fried fish damp and omelettes dry, cutlets with their tails on, grapefruit with their middles left in, woodcock with their middles taken out, mustard, salt and pepper semi-detached in a cruet and put away in a cupboard as they come from the table unwashed; in fact, the whole cruet and sideboard complex which includes sugar and jam and all kinds of things that give out a faint smell such as one might expect of medicine prepared for the parrot.

I ONCE had a relative of Northern extraction who threw a lovely piece of boiled salmon out of the window because a new cook had sent it up with melted butter instead of what was called the "salmon brie" (is that rightly spelt ?). It is the salted water that the fish has been boiled in, and in those days no right-thinking old gentleman beyond the Border would forgive the insult of being offered any other kind of mess with his salmon. It was long after I came to England and found there people who had not been reared on the Scottish Table Catechism that I understood the social possibilities of any other escort for the salmon.

It is fairly well known now (even better than we know ourselves) that shrimps must not be sent up (do not use the word "served" when referring to anything less mythical than Holofernes' head) except nicely dressed and in company with a superior article of food or in attendance upon an official fish such as the turbot.

STRANGE, is it not, that those same shrimps, had they come in earlier with the tea, still wearing their workaday suits of shell, would have done for themselves socially in a few ticks ? There are times of the day and night when even the lordly salmon must lie down quietly in the larder and make no attempt to reach the table.

I have never had the courage to ask a butler what he does about cheese, but, whatever happens downstairs, you will always find that his dining-room cheese comes up in a suitably disciplined condition, and I know that, whatever I try to do with it myself, the results are each worse than the other. Cut up as

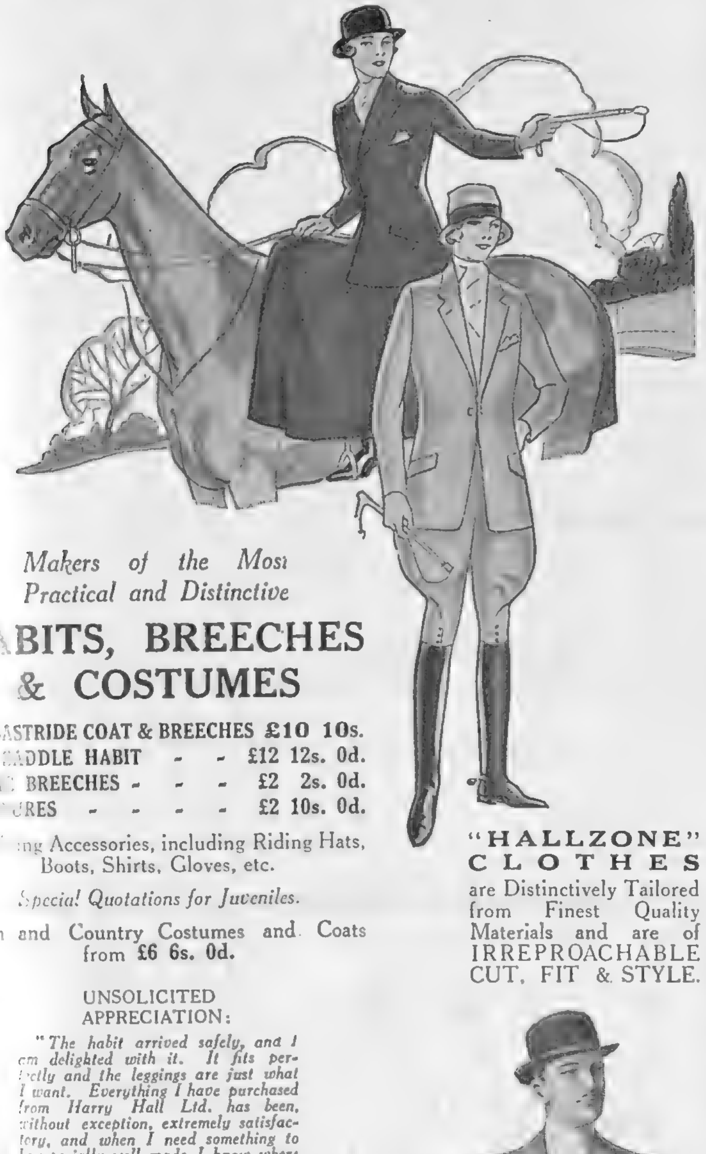
Highest Awards: 12 Gold Medals. *Estd. over 35 years.*

AMERICANS AND OVERSEAS VISITORS specially catered for.

HARRY HALL LTD

GOVERNING DIRECTOR:— HARRY HALL

"THE" Civil, Sporting, Hunting & Ladies' Tailors.



Makers of the Most Practical and Distinctive

HABITS, BREECHES & COSTUMES

RIDE-ASTRIDE COAT & BREECHES	£10 10s.
SIDE SADDLE HABIT - -	£12 12s. 0d.
RIDING BREECHES - - -	£2 2s. 0d.
JODHPURES - - - -	£2 10s. 0d.

All Riding Accessories, including Riding Hats, Boots, Shirts, Gloves, etc.

Special Quotations for Juveniles.

Town and Country Costumes and Coats from £6 6s. 0d.

UNSOLICITED APPRECIATION:

"The habit arrived safely, and I am delighted with it. It fits perfectly and the leggings are just what I want. Everything I have purchased from Harry Hall Ltd. has been, without exception, extremely satisfactory, and when I need something to be especially well made I know where to go for it."

Miss E.M.C.

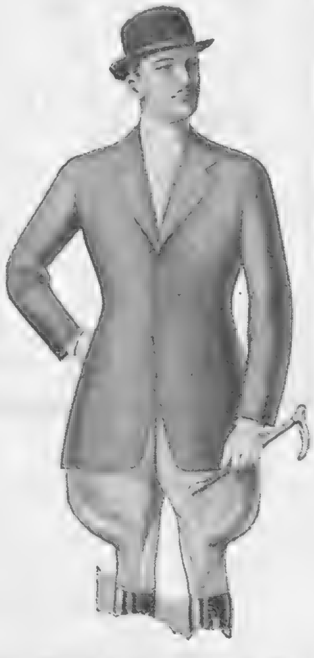
"HALLZONE" CLOTHES are Distinctively Tailored from Finest Quality Materials and are of IRREPROACHABLE CUT, FIT & STYLE.

RIDING JACKET and BREECHES from 10 Gns.

The most Practical and Distinctive Riding Suit obtainable. Made from Finest Quality Indian Whipcords, Saddle Tweeds, etc.

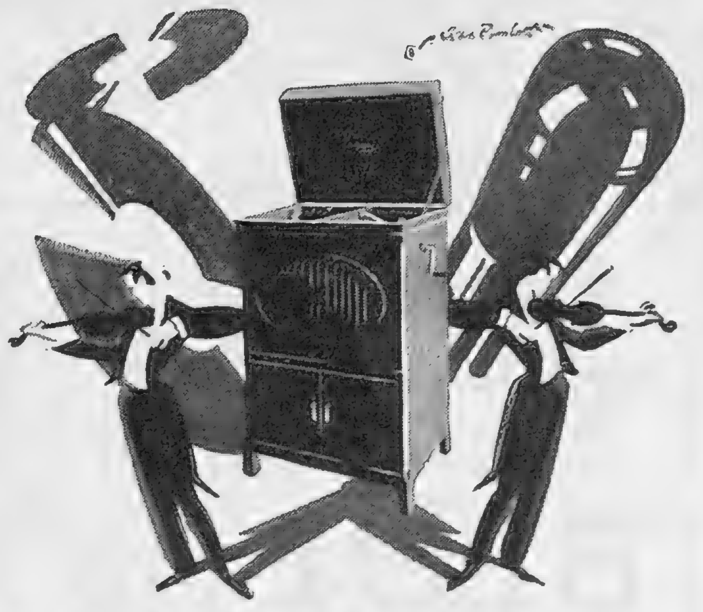
Only Maker of "Hallzone" Ideal Gold Medal

RIDING BREECHES from 2 Gns.



Patterns and Simple Self-Measurement Form—Post Free.
VISITORS to LONDON CAN ORDER and FIT SAME DAY or leave Record Measures.

181, OXFORD ST., W.1. *(Near Oxford Circus.)*
149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2. *(Near St. Paul's.)*
LADIES' SALON: 181, OXFORD STREET, W.1.



GRAMOPHONE OR WIRELESS

—at the touch of a switch

With the Symphony Radio-Gramophone you can change from wireless music to gramophone, and back, at any time you desire.

The gramophone music electrically reproduced through the loud speaker, entirely eliminates "needle-scratch," and can be amplified until it will fill a large hall or can be reduced to a mere whisper.

The special wireless circuit makes it easy to select the choicest programmes from European Broadcasting Stations and is controlled by one tuning dial.

The Symphony Radio-Gramophone can be seen and heard at nearly all the big stores. Prices range from 32 gns. to 48 gns Royalties Extra.

An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on request.

THE SYMPHONY GRAMOPHONE & RADIO COMPANY, LTD.
23/24 WARWICK STREET, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: Gerrard 0036
FACTORIES: GILWERN and WOLVERHAMPTON.

SYMPHONY
FOR HARMONY IN THE HOME

Hutchconad

Travel British!

SUNSHINE HOLIDAY CRUISES
by the
BLUE STAR
Luxury Liner
"ARANDORA STAR"

THE WORLD'S FINEST CRUISING STEAMER.

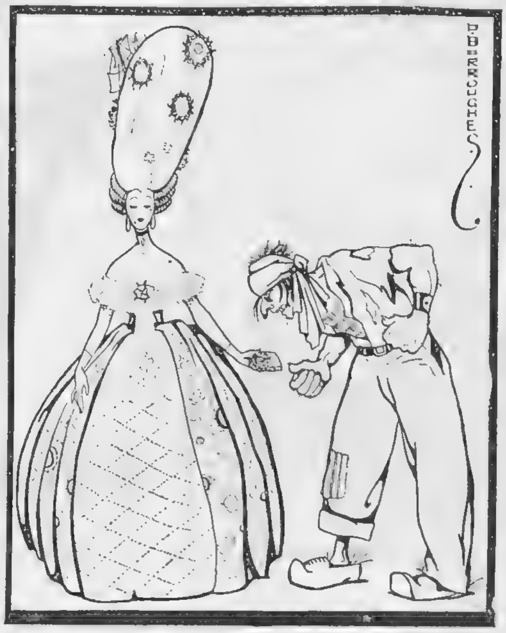
To the
MEDITERRANEAN
Sept. 7. Oct. 5. Nov. 2.
Nov. 23. Dec. 21.
Visiting
MOROCCO, DALMATIA,
CYPRUS, MAJORCA,
CRETE, ALGIERS, EGYPT,
THE HOLY LAND, ETC.

20 Days and upwards
from 42 gns.

No vessel afloat has more charming public rooms than the "ARANDORA STAR." Every Stateroom a Cabin-de-Luxe. Glorious clear decks for games.

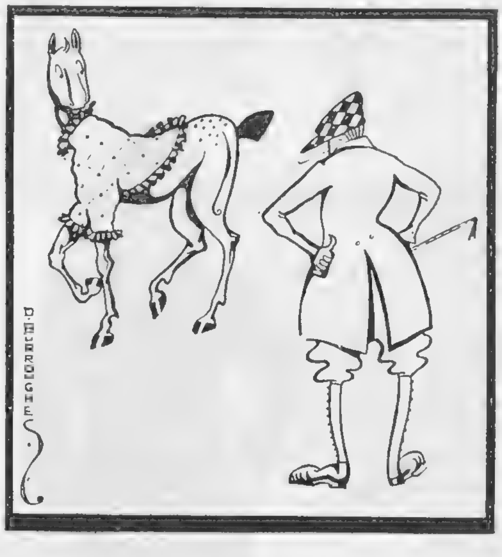
BLUE STAR LINE
3 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1.
Gerrard 5671.
LIVERPOOL: Dock Board Building.
GLASGOW: 124, St. Vincent Street.
Or Principal Tourist Agents.

I see and admire it in other houses, I can only make it look as if its small cubes had been bought at a sweet shop for eightpence the quarter. If I have it sent in "in the piece" it enters, swaying with its own weight, on a small plate; it goes bowing round the room or sits heavily down at the best end of the table. I have gradually learned to appreciate the sterling qualities of a pound of bungalow cheese that has knocked about in mousetraps and stuck the broken macaroni together; there is one intolerable companion of his that I will not meet on any terms, and that is the stale biscuit.



Even Marie Antoinette, with all the wealth of Government at her command, knew of no alternative to bread except cake

Its flaccid suggestion of left-over flour moulded with a sponge puts me in such a fury of indignation that I would trample the vile thing under foot if I did not feel sure it would be much happier ground into a dusty carpet than being a credit to its baker. This is not the time nor the place to tell the student how to discipline a biscuit, but be sure that it has your downfall at heart. It loves to chat in tins other than its own, together with remnants of cake, which is also a food that is apt to breathe an offensive tired sweetness over everything that comes near it; in fact, there is a general conspiracy among floury articles of food to congregate with unspeakable results and, if possible, to decorate themselves with pieces of perforated paper unlicensed by the housewife.

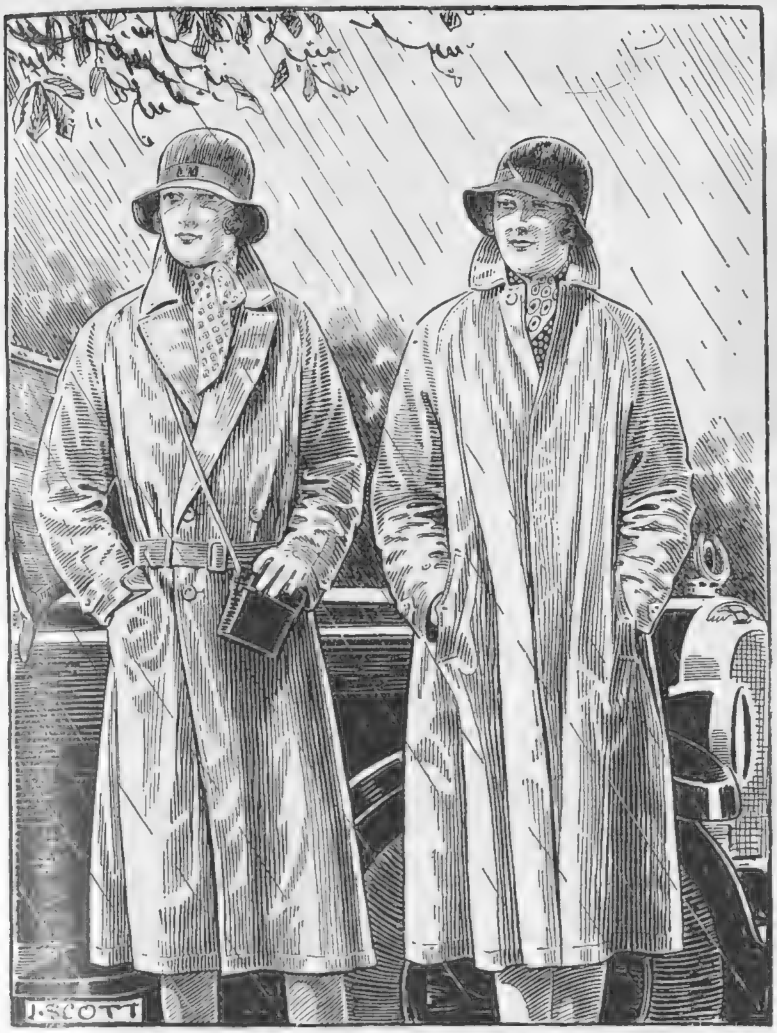


. . . . to the groom that a horse must not be provided with a frilly bed-jacket

REMEMBER to be on your guard against afternoon tea; it is very prone to catch wrong influences and to be either suitable to a frugal funeral or wastefully expectant of an invasion of hungry trippers. Even Marie Antoinette, with all the wealth of Government at her command, knew of no alternative to bread except cake. The high tea of the North is a law unto itself, even to the extent of grouse and venison; but low tea is not a meal and it knows it, and therefore seldom rises to an occasion without a great deal of prodding. Left to itself or to an inexperienced assistant, it loses heart and becomes pale and timid. Instead of the bright, bouncing scone with corners akimbo, shaking off the flour as it springs from the girdle, the best a low tea can do is to push on to a tray a little group of self-raised imitators, coated with a make-up of egg glaze—even shamefully sweetened—that cower under a lid lest they should take cold after coming out of a centrally heated oven. With them come sandwiches, puny and curled at the edges to display pretentious frilling of vegetation or glucosial jam, and either some smart young cakes, dyed to furnish a brighter tea table, or a sullen-looking old three-and-sixpenny, brooding over the gap of a slice once bestowed on an unwilling guest. I can only cry aloud to the student "Beware of the pitfalls of Low Tea!" I cannot direct you, because I, too, have never found a road across its uncharted waste.

I AM trying to decide whether there is any man's job that has so many opportunities for wrongdoing by a competent staff as there are in our job of providing meals. It is not often necessary to explain to the old man who comes to do a bit of gardening that virginia creeper is not to be trained in and out among the rhubarb or to the groom that a horse must not be provided with a frilly bed-jacket; there must, surely, be little risk of a sea captain finding on his return to the bridge that a new way of hanging the anchor chain on a funnel has been thought of and carried out—a vision has just fled through my mind of an irritable butcher noticing too late that his foreman had methodically boned all the legs of mutton because the Mayor was expected to pass that way—or, in the formula of domestic pride, we were "expecting company."

My nerves are not quite what they were since I discovered that no insurance company will consider a policy covering the risk of a perfect banquet being ruined because the housewife forgot to explain that it must not be sent in back to front—that is, beginning with ice pudding and ending with turtle soup.



Whatever the Weather Forecast Says, wear

THE BURBERRY

Then if the bright morning does turn out a drenching afternoon, or the warm breeze suddenly changes to a biting Nor'-east wind, you're certain of being dry and comfortable.

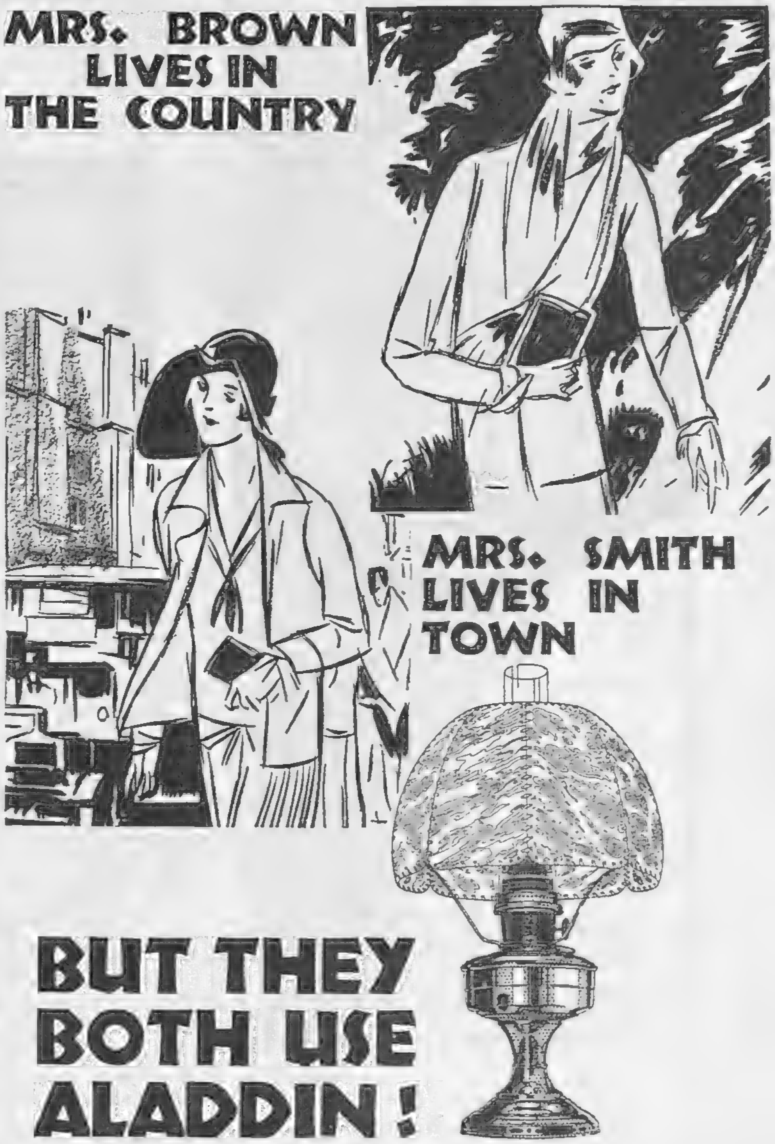
The Burberry, made in a variety of styles, from materials that are exquisite both in texture and colour, provides the services of three distinct coats—

DUST-COAT for warm days
WEATHERPROOF for rainy
OVERCOAT when it's chilly

It is just the kind of Overcoat the majority of ladies require at this season of the year—a coat that is smart in appearance, light and cool to wear on close days, yet that provides perfect protection against rain, wind, cold and dust.

PROTECTION BOOK No. 3, containing illustrations of models, patterns of materials and prices, sent on mention of "BRITANNIA & EVE."

BURBERRYS *Ltd.* HAYMARKET S.W.1



MRS. BROWN LIVES IN THE COUNTRY

MRS. SMITH LIVES IN TOWN

BUT THEY BOTH USE ALADDIN!

Mrs. Brown's house is right in the country—10 miles from the nearest town Where she lives there is neither gas nor electricity, but, as she says . . . .

"Who could want a better light than Aladdin? It is clean, safe, perfectly simple, very cheap to run and so bright and cheerful!"

Mrs. Smith, on the other hand, lives in London, and she, too, is enthusiastic about Aladdin . . . .

"Aladdin makes daylight in my home even on the foggiest November day—and no light is more restful to the eyes. It is so dependable, too, and costs less than a farthing an hour!"

Whether you live in town or country, Aladdin is the light for you!

Aladdin produces from common paraffin a beautiful incandescent light equal to daylight in its restful and steady purity.

Aladdin is the non-pressure lamp that burns safely and silently without smoke, odour, soot or dirt.

Ask to see the new No. 12—the best and latest Aladdin. Look for the name *Aladdin* on the wick winder—it is your safeguard against imitations.

The standard table lamp shown costs 42/- with the new unbreakable Marbleoid Shade giving perfect diffusion of light 12/- extra.

Ask your ironmonger about the Burner Exchange Scheme.

ASK FOR THE NEW NO. 12

Aladdin

INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMP

Send to us for illustrated catalogue or ask your ironmonger to show you a full range of Aladdin floor, table, hanging and bracket models.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES Ltd. Aladdin House, 118 Southwark Street, S.E.1
West-End S'rooms 48 Mortimer St. (nr. Oxford Circus). W.1 Paris 149 Boulevarde Ney

Nature lovers will readily agree that nothing could so admirably interpret the beauties of the garden as the daintiest of china.

We have pleasure in introducing a new design in our successful and well-known "English Garden" series:

"Hollyhock"

This floral favourite is shown in all its brilliant hues—in hand-applied colours, which are impossible to adequately represent in black and white.

Illustrations, in natural colours, of other designs in Tuscan China on application.

For sample cup and saucer send 2s. 6d. to the makers:

R. H. & S. L. PLANT LTD.,
Dept. B.E.
Tuscan Works : Longton : Staffs.

TUSCAN CHINA

The NEWEST RECORDS

My Month on the Gramophone

Mr. James Agate

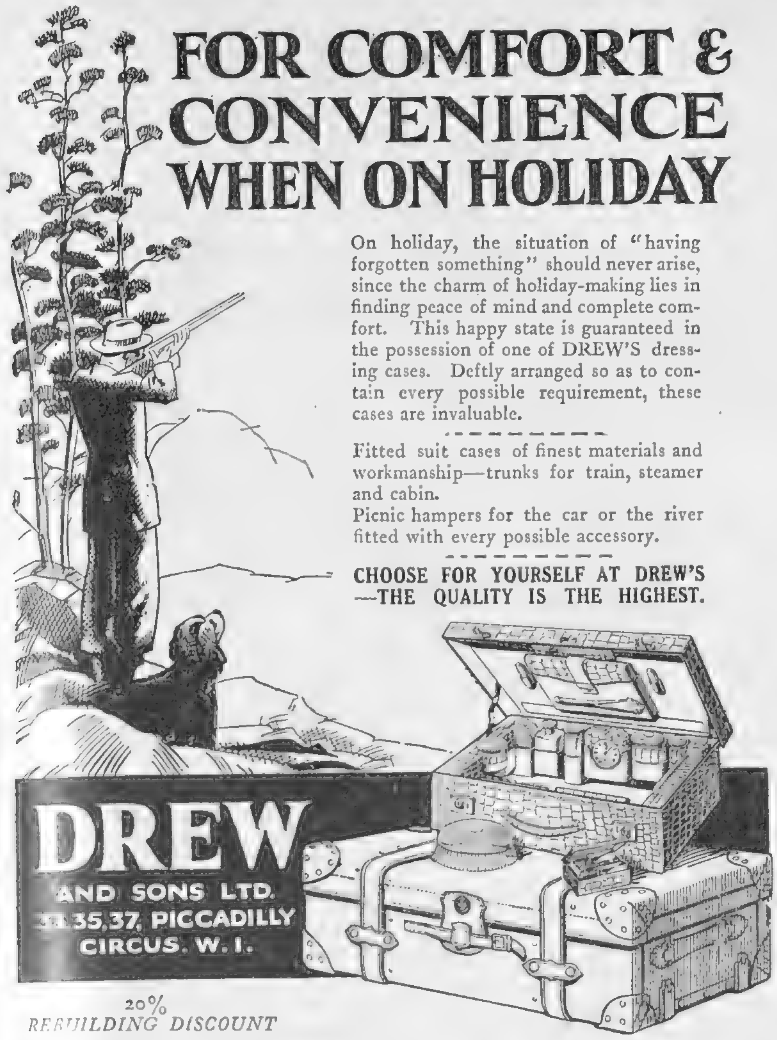
By JAMES AGATE

AT the moment there is a temporary lull in the spate of gramophone records and those which have just arrived seem to me to be a little dull. Or can it be that I myself have entered upon that period of dullness which is so essential a prelude to a summer holiday? Whatever be the reason I do not find myself at the moment "too terribly," as our young bloods say, impelled to write about the producing companies' mid-month records. Instead, I propose to say a few words about a permanent collection. There is this to be said about any collection, that it is essentially a choice. There would be no charm in possessing all the Louis Quatorze sideboards that exist, all the Georgian snuff-boxes, every Empire and ormolu time-piece, all Garrick's swords. The fun consists in assigning to yourself one out of a limited number of objects. No book-lover would desire to possess the entire library of the British Museum. There can be no real delight in untold wealth, since the man who could buy everything will not want to buy anything. The ideal, of course, would be to possess all the money in the world, less ten shillings, thus keeping to the selective notion. Therefore, I am going to say that there would be no fun in having all the gramophone records that have ever been made. The ideal is to possess a few and take care that those few do not become too many.

THERE is a notion that gramophone critics amass unconscionable wealth by the simple process of selling the records they are invited to criticise to obscure dealers in the more wayward parts of Soho. I understand that this is the reason why so many discs are now disfigured by warning labels. I should like to say that, partly out of decency and partly because I have never been able to discover any second-hand dealer, I have not soiled my fingers with any such transaction. Personally, I have found the demands of hospitals and poor relations quite sufficient to cope with the supply of unwanted records. At the same time I am proud to state that except for the package now alleged to be under notice, the number of records in my possession does not exceed two hundred. Of these, one hundred are held in reserve "in case," as Ethel Monticue said of her "pot of rouge." These are records which I shall probably want to play again, though they are not dear enough to me to be raised to a place of permanent honour. Of what I call my permanent records I possess ninety-three and no more.

I BEGIN with 1, Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* (H.M.V.), for the rule for Cabinet Collections should be the same as for concerts, i.e., "Begin with a good Overture." The overture to "Der Freischütz," "Oberon," "Anacreon," "The Marriage of Figaro," or "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—any of these would have served equally well. 2 and 3, the *Venusberg Music* and *Bacchanale* from "Tannhaüser" (H.M.V.). 4, *Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine*. 5, *Siegfried's Funeral March*. 6, *Overture to* "Die Meistersinger." 7, *Hans Sachs's Monologue*. All these Wagner records are H.M.V., though I beg to call the attention of the Gramophone Company to the fact that Wagner's great creation was called Hans Sachs and not Hans Sach. It exasperates me when a great company with millions of invested capital and the best brains in the country makes these ridiculous and easily avoidable errors. What H.M.V. badly wants is a record proof-reader who for five pounds a week would save them from obloquy. But to resume. 8, Symphonic Selection from the 2nd Act of "Tristan" (Parlophone). 9, *Comfort Ye* and *Every Valley* from "The Messiah" (H.M.V.) Let me say here that no precise order is to be looked for in this collection, for next we get a glorious glut of Strauss. As thus: 10 and 11, *Don Juan* (H.M.V.). 12 and 13, *Eulenspiegel*. 14 to 22, "Der Rosenkavalier," in which jumble H.M.V., Parlophone and Polydor have collaborated. 23, Waltzes from "Intermezzo," Strauss (Parlophone). 24, two songs of Strauss, *Morgen* and *Ständchen* (H.M.V.). 25 to 30, Elgar's *Cockaigne* (H.M.V.) and *Enigma Variations* (H.M.V.). 31, Rimsky Korsakov's Suite from "Coq d'Or" (H.M.V.). 32 to 34, Mozart's E Flat Major Symphony (Polydor). 35 to 38, Mozart's Jupiter Symphony (H.M.V.). 39 to 41, Mozart's Symphony in C (Columbia). 42 to 44, Haydn's Symphony in D Major (H.M.V.). 45 to 47, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony (H.M.V.). 48, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture (Columbia). 49 to 50, Overture to and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Music (H.M.V.).

THE reader may object that so far the collection is too severely classical, and I will go so far as to say that the greater part of any collection should be classical. But may I ask the reader to be patient? We shall come to something lighter by and by. And so let me go on to 51 and 52, Overture *Leonora No.* 3, Beethoven (H.M.V.). 53 and 54, *Les Adieux* Sonata, Beethoven (Polydor). 55 and 56, *Les Préludes*, Liszt (H.M.V.). 57, Eric Coates' *The Three Bears* (Columbia). 58, *Strauss Parodie*. 59, Entr'actes from "Carmen" (Columbia). 60, *Liebesleid* and *Liebesfreud*, Kreisler (H.M.V.). 61 and 62, Cortot playing a *Study* by Saint-Saëns, Chopin's *Berceuse*, Ravel's *The Fountain*, and Liszt's *La Leggerezza*. All these are H.M.V. 63 and 64, Backhaus playing four Chopin *Studies* (H.M.V.). 65, March and Scherzo from "The Love of the Three Oranges," Prokofieff. 66, Overture to Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus"



FOR COMFORT & CONVENIENCE WHEN ON HOLIDAY

On holiday, the situation of "having forgotten something" should never arise, since the charm of holiday-making lies in finding peace of mind and complete comfort. This happy state is guaranteed in the possession of one of DREW'S dressing cases. Deftly arranged so as to contain every possible requirement, these cases are invaluable.

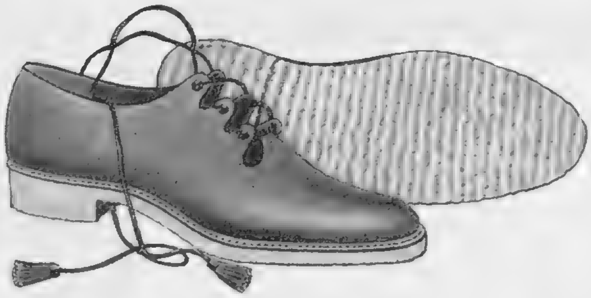
Fitted suit cases of finest materials and workmanship—trunks for train, steamer and cabin.
Picnic hampers for the car or the river fitted with every possible accessory.

CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF AT DREW'S —THE QUALITY IS THE HIGHEST.

DREW
AND SONS LTD.
33.35.37, PICCADILLY
CIRCUS. W.1.

20% REBUILDING DISCOUNT

Our Ghillie Shoes
in Children's sizes



These are real children's shoes modelled for children on the lines of the famous ghillie shoe, which was originally introduced by Fortnum and Mason. The same Fortmason leather, the same genuine plantation crêpe rubber soles. Made in four colours — black, brown, blue and red—they're just as smart as mother's, and as for wear, the kiddies grow out of them before even the soles wear through.

Write for our latest catalogue illustrating this year's models of children's and adults' footwear.

The Fortmason
Children's Crêpe Soled Footwear
FORTNUM AND MASON, 181, PICCADILLY, W.1.
C.2.

KING GEORGE
GOLD LABEL
"King George IV"
Old Scotch Whisky
Extra Special
PRODUCED IN SCOTLAND

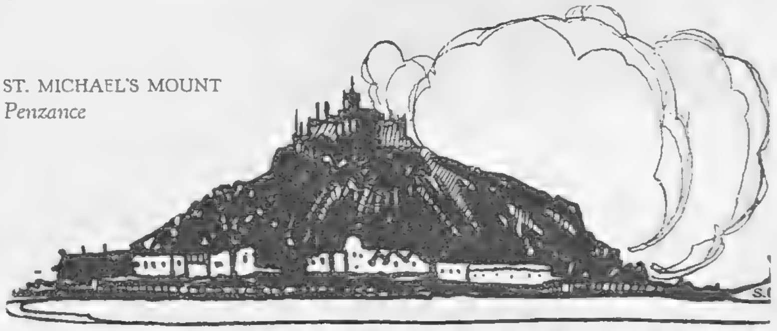
"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH
WHISKY

The "Quality" Whisky
in all overseas markets
for many years.

Obtainable everywhere,
at home and abroad,
in one quality only—
The Best.

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LIMITED, EDINBURGH.

667c



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT
Penzance

THE CORNISH RIVIERA

THE wonderful coast scenery of romantic Cornwall, with its rugged rocks, delightful coves, and old-world villages, affords material for the type of holiday that no other travel experience can efface from the memory. Apart from its unsurpassed scenic attractions, the climate is remarkable for its mildness and equability both in Summer and Winter.

EVERY season has its peculiar charm, rendering Cornwall the best county for holidays at any time of the year.

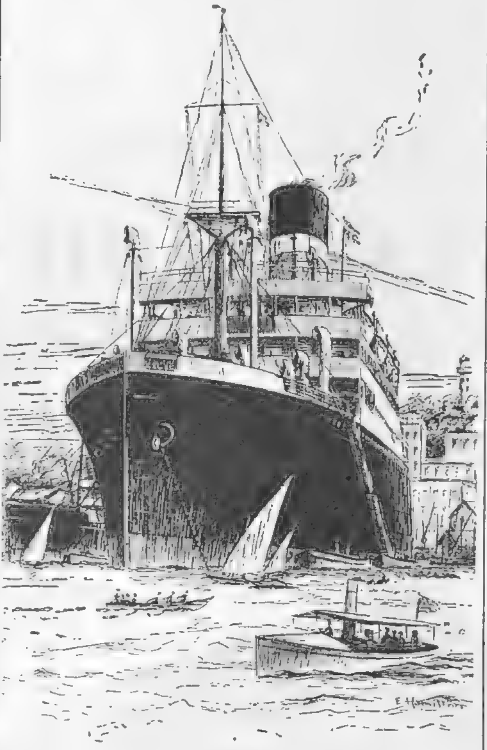
"THE CORNISH RIVIERA"
(By S. P. B. Mais)

A beautifully illustrated travel book (price 1/- cloth or 2/6 bound), also train service and fare information, can be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, G. W. R., Paddington Station, London, W. 2.

G.W.R., Paddington Station. JAMES MILNE, *General Manager.*

ELLERMAN
CITY-HALL
BUCKNALL
LINES

EGYPT, SUDAN, INDIA,
CEYLON, MALAY STRAITS,
PHILIPPINES,
CHINA, JAPAN
and
SOUTH AFRICA



FAST MODERN
PASSENGER STEAMERS
SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR
EASTERN SERVICE

Spacious Promenade Decks,
Staterooms and Public
Apartments.

MODERATE FARES.
Excellent Cuisine.

For sailings and full particulars apply:
LONDON:
104-106, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
LIVERPOOL:
Tower Building, Wate Street.
GLASGOW:
75, Bothwell Street.

(Polydor). 67, Debussy's *Fêtes* (H.M.V.). 68 and 69, Cyril Scott playing *Rainbow Trout, Danse Nègre, Lotus Land* and *Souvenir de Vienne* (H.M.V.). 70, Sarah Bernhardt reciting passages from Racine's "Phèdre" and Rostand's "La Samaritaine" (H.M.V.). 71, *Air on the G String,* Bach, and *The Londonderry Air* (H.M.V.). 72, Corelli's *Christmas Concerto* (Brunswick).

BUT nobody, not even the music-lover, can always be serious and therefore the remainder of my collection is of lighter character. We begin with Boccherini's *Minuet* and Rubinstein's *Toreador and Andalouse,* which, of course, is pure champagne. 75 is the lovely waltz *Roses of the South* (Brunswick), while 76 and 77 still keep us in Vienna with *An Artist's Life, Moonlight on the Alster, Wine, Woman and Song*, and we conclude this little section with the ever-fragrant *Tales from the Vienna Woods* (Columbia). 79, Caruso singing *Questa o Quella* and something from "Un Ballo in Maschera" (H.M.V.). 80, Gregory Stroud singing *In Summer-time on Bredon* (H.M.V.). About the pointless and tuneless ditty on the other side of this record the less said the better. 81, the *Dance of the Hours,* from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" (Parlophone). 82, Selection from "Rose Marie" (Columbia). 83, here, with Ravel's *Alborada del Gracioso,* we appear to have strayed back into music. 84, Columbia's notions of *Tschaikowskiana* (very good notions, too). 85, H.M.V.'s delicious music-hall and cinema music, *The Entry of the Spring Flowers* and *You Shall be the King of My Heart.* 86, *Dardanella* and *Redskin* (Brunswick Foxtrots). 87, the Coldstream Guards playing *Colonel Bogey* and *Youth and Vigour* (H.M.V.). 88, Melville Gideon's *When the Sun Goes Down* and *I'm Tickled to Death* (H.M.V.). 89, *Laughing Marionette* and *The Rag Doll* (Columbia Foxtrots). 90, *On the Riviera* and *Looking for a Boy* (H.M.V. foxtrots). 91 to 94, Gracie Fields singing *My Ohio Home, So Tired, Ramona,* and *My Blue Heaven,* all with comic counterparts. These last four are H.M.V.

THE last six places are yet to be filled and all candidates for them will be jealously scrutinised. It is not argued that these ninety-four records are the ninety-four best, but it *is* suggested that each record is first-class of its kind, that the collection is fairly representative and that there is something in it for every mood. I admit the absence of choral singing, for which, with a full sense of shame, I confess I have insufficient taste and I plead guilty to the complete absence of Sullivan, the point being that one had to choose between leaving him out altogether or filling the cabinet with nothing else. The notion is that anybody waterlogged in the Fens or marooned in the Rocky Mountains and wanting solace for the mind might do worse than send this article to a London dealer with a comprehensive order.

MY present parcel of records contains *The Wand of Youth* Suites, by Sir Edward Elgar (H.M.V.), towards which our attitude is bound to be sympathetic since they are the juvenilia, more or less brought up to date, of one who was to become a very great composer. But if anyone likes to call these records tame, I for one shall certainly not object. More to my personal taste is the selection from the 2nd act of Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" (Parlophone). This is something worth living for. The fun of Mr. Frank Crumit in *Jack is Every Inch a Sailor* and *A Gay Caballero* eludes me. Either this artist comes off or he does not. This time he unhesitatingly doesn't. But perhaps the pick of the batch is *The Broadway Melody,* Medley Foxtrot (H.M.V.). This tune is the mainspring of the daftest film ever put together, has conquered America and subdued London. Much more important, it has subdued me. I hold this particular tune to be insufferable, but confess that it has me enthralled equally with the butcher boy. Neither of us can whistle anything else. This being so we will just pop *The Broadway Melody* into compartment Number 95.

A Twenty-First Anniversary.

JUST over twenty-two years ago, in May, 1907, Madame Melba laid the corner stone of the record factory, the first pressings of gramophone records for issue to the public being made in July, 1908, and "His Master's Voice" are now celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of an outstanding event in the history of the gramophone.

How in a comparatively short space of time public appreciation of this marvellous instrument has grown, is shown by the fact that in 1908 the output was some 700 records a week, whilst now it is nearly half a million a week under normal conditions, with nearly twice this number at busy times.

The factory now covers sixty acres, and will extend over seventy-five when various important extensions are finished.

Let "RANEE"
read your character from your
Handwriting

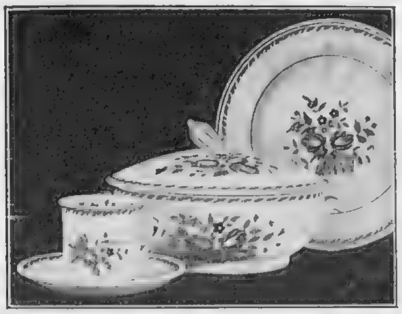
"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and *a stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.



Love in a Cottage

If only you could see this hand painted design you would fall in love with it "at first sight."

The atmosphere conveyed creates in your town house the cottage of your dreams.

Tea Set for 6 people - - 25/-
Dinner Set - - - - - 65/-

WRITE TO-DAY FOR ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR.

Norman Franks
Ltd.
84, BAKER STREET,
London, W.1
also at
Chepstow Place, Bayswater, W.2
(Opposite Bradleys)

YOU NEVER DREAMED OF DAINTIER LACE

which gives a subtle sense of luxury to this soft, artificial silk underwear. To wear Conlowe is to enjoy the comfort of dainty, well-fitting lingerie, that ensures the right foundation for every **outer** garment.

Ask your Draper to show **you**:
Conlowe Crêpe-knit. First Quality.
(fully guaranteed)
Conlowe Crêpe-knit. . . Lightweight.
Conlowe Loc-nit. . . . First Quality.
(fully guaranteed)
Conlowe Loc-nit. . . . Lightweight.

CONLOWE Regd. UNDERWEAR

In case of difficulty write to:
CONLOWE LTD., CONGLETON.

Helena Rubinstein says
"Make your skin work"

This is the Secret of
Beauty and Youth

Helena Rubinstein

AND in her beauty creations, Helena Rubinstein, the world famous beauty specialist, has embodied this secret. You realise it the moment you use a Helena Rubinstein preparation! Your skin awakens, lines vanish, your pores close of themselves—and dullness gives place to radiant beauty and transparency.

To correct lines, wrinkles, hollows, crow's feet, nourish your skin daily with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle cream (Anthosoros). This marvellously rich feeding cream erases lines and wrinkles, fills out hollows, rejuvenates shrivelled eyelids and ageing hands. It is indispensable to the preservation of youthful beauty. (5/6, 10/6).

Before venturing outdoors, your skin should be protected with Helena Rubinstein's scientific creations:

Oily Skin—Large Pores—Blackheads.
Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste penetrates into the skin removing blackheads and other impurities. Closes large pores. Use instead of soap. 2/6, 4/6.

Drooping Chin—Baggy Eyes.
To restore a clear-cut contour, pat Valaze Contour Jelly into the skin. It is a remarkable muscle tightener. 4/6.

Cleanse and Mould
with Valaze Pasteurised Face Cream which is unsurpassed as a cleanser and general beautifier. Pore clogging dust and impurities disappear at its touch. It lifts away the tired, drawn look from eyes and forehead. It is the only cleansing cream which benefits an oily or disturbed skin. 3/-, 5/-.

Clear and Animate
with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin clearing masterpiece. Clears, whitens and refines. Removes tan, sallowness and light freckles. 4/6, 9/6.

Tone and Brace
with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion which closes the pores and tones and braces the skin, correcting and preventing fine lines. 5/-, 9/6.

Sunburn—Tan—Freckles.
Valaze Sunproof Cream prevents sunburn, tan and freckles. A most becoming powder foundation. 5/6

Beauty Foundation Cream
lends the skin a soft, alluring creaminess; makes rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 3/6, 6/6.

Valaze Powder.
Clinging, exquisitely textured, subtly fragrant. In a rich variety of smart and enhancing shades Novena for dry skin. Valaze for average and oily skin. 4/6, 6/6 12/6, 21/-

Water Lily Indelible Lipstick.
The epitome of chic. The very last word in cosmetic art. Two enchanting shades—Red Raspberry and Red Geranium. 4/6, 6/6.

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener.
Promotes the growth of the lashes and darkens them. 4/6.

FOR INDIVIDUAL BEAUTY ADVICE

—write to Helena Rubinstein describing your skin and she will prepare for you a special Home Treatment and send you a copy of her new booklet "The Secrets of Beauty." When in London visit the Salon de Beauté for skilled facial treatments. Here sagging contours are deftly moulded to classic outlines—the most obstinate blemishes, acne, blackheads, enlarged pores, blotches, are completely eradicated, Lifeless, sallow skins are rejuvenated. Special Lesson Treatment includes professional advice on the daily care of your skin and the art of make-up. A single treatment will be a revelation to you!

Helena Rubinstein

Salon de Beauté Valaze
24, GRAFTON STREET MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

PARIS
52, Rue du Faubourg, St. Honore.

NEW YORK
8 East 57th Street.

How you can look many years younger

AND

any irregularity of features be permanently corrected

Beauty Culture has never been more strenuously pursued by women than it is to-day, and rightly so, since Social and Economical competition has proved the importance of a prepossessing appearance; not only for the additional happiness it confers on its owner, but also as a vital factor in the everyday struggle for existence. Founded in Paris in 1865 as an Institut de Beauté on sound Medical and Scientific lines, LA MAISON KOSMEO has consistently stood, as it does to-day, in a class of its own.

BEFORE TREATMENT.

Advice regarding Treatments and Beauty Preparations is always impartial and sound; and all treatments are given by experts only. We were the pioneers of Painless Cosmetic Surgery.

Trained at King's College Hospital, London, and joining our staff in 1905, Mr. Charles Abbott-Brown, our chief, has had more experience than any other living Cosmetic Surgeon.
Verb. Sap.

It is thanks to Cosmetic Surgery that so many Leaders of Society and the Stage charm us with their appearance of perpetual youth. It is to Cosmetic Surgery that many a Professional Woman owes the obtaining or the retaining of her position. Cosmetic Surgery is entirely painless, and in most instances the results are permanent. In the majority of cases no abstinence from one's social or business duties is entailed, and thus, treatment can be kept a secret from one's closest friends.

AFTER TREATMENT.

The following are a few only of the imperfections we can correct or remove:—

Sagging Cheeks or Necks, Nose-to-Mouth Lines, Wrinkled Eyelids, Drooping Eyebrows, Scars, Unshapely Noses, Ears or Lips, Double Chins, and such minor conditions as Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Unrefined Skin, etc.

Glandular Treatment for Rejuvenation or Figure Reduction.

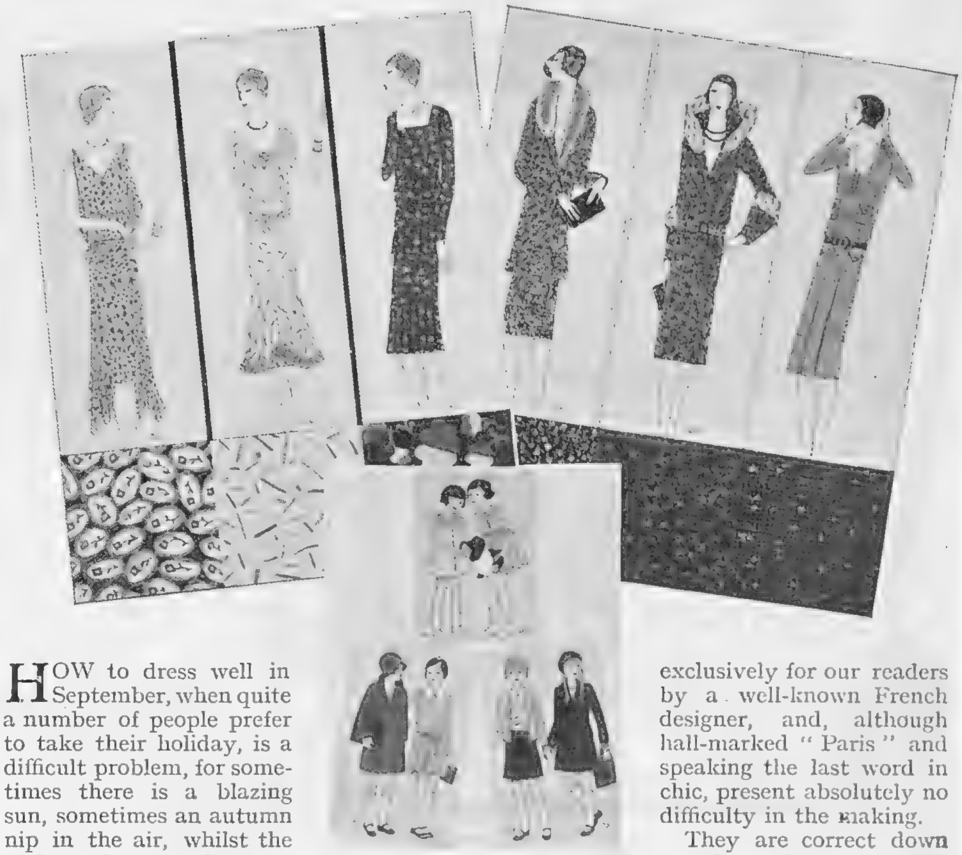
Our Cosmetic Surgeon, Mr. Charles Abbott-Brown, may be consulted daily, Free of Charge.

If unable to call, Illustrated Booklet (E) will be forwarded on receipt of visiting card.

La Maison Kosmeo
49, SOUTH MOLTON ST.
LONDON, W.1.
Telephone 0689 Mayfair

BRITANNIA and EVE'S

Better Paper Pattern Service



HOW to dress well in September, when quite a number of people prefer to take their holiday, is a difficult problem, for sometimes there is a blazing sun, sometimes an autumn nip in the air, whilst the nights, whatever the temperature may have been during the day, are invariably chilly.

Gossamer chiffon affairs will be worn at the parties that have as their backgrounds gardens that still speak of summer glories. Cool, washing frocks are needed for seaside and river wear. And yet no wardrobe will be complete unless it includes some suits of tweed or light-weight wool, and a snug overcoat for motoring, etc.

"Come out, 'tis now September," says the old song. And, thanks to the BRITANNIA AND EVE Better Paper Pattern Service, it is possible for the feminine contingent, without heavy expenditure, to "come out" in toilettes that are suited to the season.

BRITANNIA AND EVE hand-cut patterns are designed each month exclusively for our readers by a well-known French designer, and, although hall-marked "Paris" and speaking the last word in chic, present absolutely no difficulty in the making.

They are correct down to the minutest detail, the smartest effect being achieved in the simplest way. They cost only 1s. 3d. each and are post free, both in the British Isles and abroad, no extra charge whatever being made to overseas readers. The range includes six sizes: Four stock sizes, with 34 in., 36 in., 38 in. and 40 in. bust measurements; and two small sizes, 30 in. and 32 in., normally corresponding to the ages of sixteen and eighteen respectively. Children's sizes are also stocked in a very wide range, covering, according to style, ages from two to ten years.

WILL our readers please note that of the models depicted each month in our eight-page Colour Gravure Fashion Section, paper patterns are available only of those which bear a series number.

OUR PRICES

Paper patterns, hand-cut in Paris, price 1s. 3d. each. Children's paper patterns, price 1/- each. Post free all over the world.
No extra charge to Overseas Readers.

OUR SIZES

Four stock sizes, viz.: 34, 36, 38, and 40-inch bust measurements, with 36, 38, 40, and 42-inch hip measurements respectively. And 30 and 32-inch bust sizes for ages 16 to 18. These will also meet the needs of the small woman.

Children's patterns in various sizes, according to style.

Please remit to BRITANNIA & EVE'S PATTERN SERVICE DEPARTMENT, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

The fine flavour of "SUNRIPE" Cigarettes is due to careful selection of choicest golden leaf, sunripened and matured naturally.

To a discriminating smoker this fineness of flavour and smooth smoking are at once apparent—a combination obtainable only from the finest grade leaf.

To-day there is a general similarity in many of the standard brands of Cigarettes, but a trial of "SUNRIPES" will convince you that they are entirely different as regards blend, quality and flavour, satisfying and remarkably free from throat irritation.

SUNRIPE
The 'Quality' CIGARETTES
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/- Also in 50's & 100's
R. & J. HILL LTD. Estd 154 years LONDON.

Makers of Beautiful Shoes

H. & M. RAYNE LTD.

58 NEW BOND ST. 152 REGENT ST.
LONDON, W.1.

Choose them with care
SWAN 2 14CT

WHEN buying your "Swan" Pen remember that reasonable care in choosing the correct nib—a nib that really suits your style of handwriting—is just as important as care in the selection of a golf club to suit your particular style of play.

All "Swan" Pens are good pens, but their usefulness is greatly enhanced by the choice of a suitable nib.

MABIE TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

"SWAN" PEN

Jade with Rolled Gold Bands 22/6

Self-filling type from 15/- (black or mottled) artistic colours from 17/6. Other "Swans" from 10/6.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men & Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

FREE TREATISE

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of scurf or dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong and luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

THE ONE METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'**Facktative**' *certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use.*"—"*There are other points which commend it, its admirable effects upon the* **general health and condition of the hair,** *and so on; but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies.*"

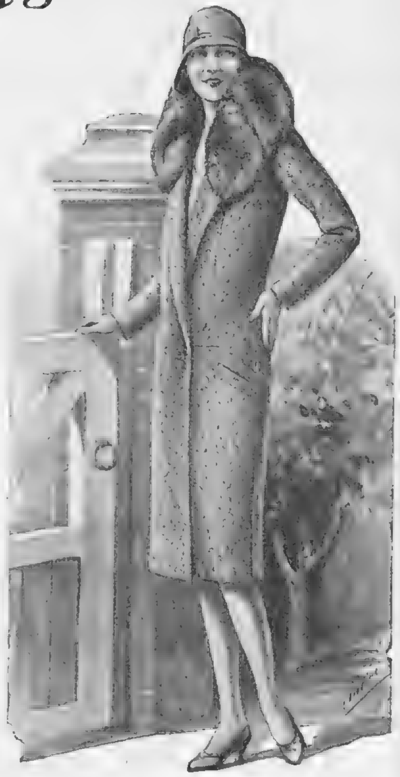
"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'**Facktative**' *is Nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. . . .* **I have personally used this restorative. . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish.**"—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty"*).

☛ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "**Facktative**" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to* **THE FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 31), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

BOOK OF HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write to-day to **The Facktative Co.** (Suite 31), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains. Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.



Durward's

Newest Designs
for
Autumn Wear

THE "CARLTON"

The Coat illustrated adapts itself to interpretation in a variety of woollens, Scotch and Irish Tweeds and homespuns, Shetlands and Cheviots. The new waistline is cleverly suggested, while retaining the approved slender silhouette. A large ringtail opossum completes this model, and is priced

From **15 Gns.**

Write for patterns, prices and self measurement forms, sent post free on mention of "Britannia & Eve"

KENNETH DURWARD Ltd.
37, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

SUNLIGHT MEANS HEALTH

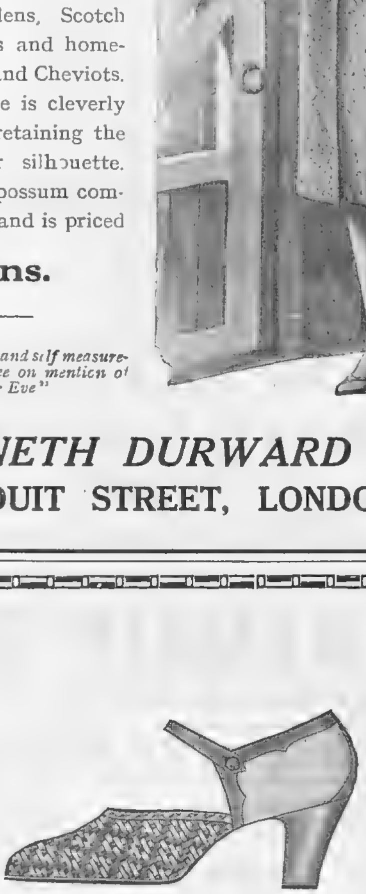
During the all-too-short sunny times we get in this country, those who take the fullest advantage of the sunlight store up the biggest fund of health for the duller months. But there is the question of complexion. Few can stand the full force of the sunlight with impunity unless fortified by the regular use of

larola

on hands, neck, face and arms. LAROLA, the skin tonic and emollient, effectively prevents peeling and roughness after exposure to the blazing sunlight. **1/6** and **2/6** per bottle.

THE COMPLEXION.
If your complexion is too pale, try LAROLA ROSE BLOOM—it's lovely. 1/- per box. LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box.

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct from—M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham. England.



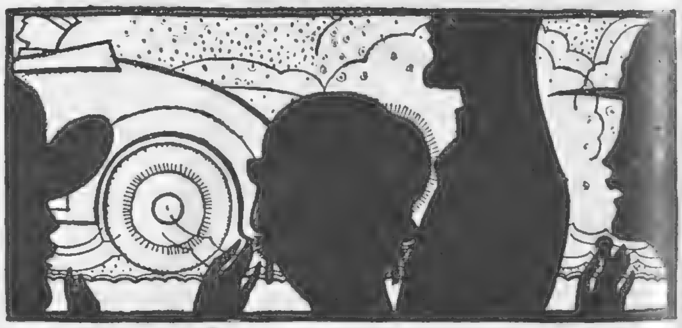
A dainty, pliant Lattice Model specially made for Hanan for Summer wear, in White and Tan, Grey and Navy or Beige and Marron - - - 38/6

Many other Lattice styles and colours are displayed in the Hanan Salons

New York
LONDON
and Paris

HANAN SHOES

328 Oxford St: 203 Regent St.



Dust is Unhealthy

You can't always avoid the other fellow's dust but you can avoid a dry irritating throat.

Dust is laden with germs and is a most efficient agent for spreading disease.

Keep your mouth clean and healthy with the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. You will like their refreshing taste of pure Black Currant Juice: their soothing properties are wonderful.

Carry a tin in your car
Your Chemist stocks them
In Tins 2 oz. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Michael Angelo: *by* Emil Ludwig

(*Continued from page* 21)

caricatures and grotesque heads, and in cynical verses about old women and conceited artists. While he kept his harmonious dream-world within himself and revealed it to outsiders as little as he did his drawings and his unfinished works, he showed to the external world a discreet benevolence, or a kind of defensive wit, whose sharpness saved him from isolation.

It is no wonder, then, that such a nature, proud, sensitive and exaggerated, fled from its first contact with the world, instead of fighting. He felt himself to be a second Tasso, and with greater right; he felt himself cheated, and kept fanning his wrath. Feeling safe in the haven of his own town he reported the story of the scene in the Vatican to San Gallo, and ended with the words: "I was in despair, but that was not the only reason for my departure. There was another that I will not mention. In short, I decided that if I remained in Rome it was not the Pope's tomb but my own that would be erected. That was why I left suddenly." He felt that he was persecuted, and was openly of the opinion that Bramante and his minions were after his life.

MEANWHILE he was too clever altogether to abandon the great work. He continued in his letter: "His Holiness should know that I am more than ready to finish the work. If His Holiness requires the work at all costs it should be all the same to him where I am working, as long as in five years' time something beautiful is erected in St. Peter's, as I promised. For it will certainly be erected some time or other, and it will have no equal in the world. If His Holiness wishes to continue the undertaking he should deposit the agreed sum here in Florence at a bank which I will name. I have many blocks of Carrara at my disposal, and will have those at Rome brought here. Even though this involves me in considerable loss, it will not prevent me from finishing the work here. The completed statues I will send regularly, so that the Pope can have the pleasure of seeing them just as if I were in Rome. It should please him better, indeed, for he will only see the finished work and will be spared all further annoyance. With regard to the deposit and the tomb, I will make an undertaking in accordance with His Holiness' wish, and place any guarantee he may require here in Florence . . . the whole of Florence will stand surety for me. Finally, if it were impossible to execute the tomb in Rome for the agreed price, it could be done here, on account of the many advantages which are lacking there. I should work a great deal better here, for I should have more time, and I would not have to think about so many other things."

In this letter to the Pope, for he expressly wished that the recipient should pass the letter on, Michael Angelo develops the worldly side of his character. His pride enabled him to dictate to the Pope the conditions of the task, for he felt that no one else could finish it. Independently, as a free Florentine, he will work at home, far from the intrigues and moods of Rome. Without anything to do, the artist sat in Florence, eating his heart out for the work which he had left, as if it had been a faithless woman for whom he still longed. At this time a Franciscan monk, who had just returned from Turkey, brought an invitation from the Sultan requesting that the famous master who made the David should come to Constantinople and build him a bridge from Pera to Galeta. Why not go to the infidels? Perhaps they were better men. With much difficulty Soderini, the first citizen of Florence, succeeded in pacifying the raging Achilles in his tent.

FOR he needed him; he was his greatest warrior. "Michael Angelo"—so it was written in a papal brief—"shortly and without reason as he departed from us, is, we have been told, afraid to return. We are not angry with him, for we know the temperament of such people. To dispel all suspicion, we request you to promise him immunity from punishment when he returns, and to assure him that we will hold him in the same apostolic grace as heretofore." But the Master refused the invitation. The Pope sent two further letters. On receipt of the third, Soderini said to the angry artist: "You have played a prank on the Pope which no King of France would have dared to do. Now, do not make the Pope request your presence any further. We do not want a war with Rome on your account."

Then he began to waver. Events now facilitated matters for him, for the Pope had recently conquered Perugia and Bologna, and entered the towns in November. He was therefore in the neighbourhood. "Now you must go," said Soderini. "We will provide you with letters of such authority that if the Pope does you any injury he will be inflicting it on the Council of the City as well."

HE decided to go. It was not to Rome. Bramante and his minions were far away, and a letter, such as usually only Ambassadors receive, guaranteed him sufficient security. In spite of this he said, with his usual exaggeration: "I went with a rope round my neck." In a second letter Soderini showed that he had an immense knowledge of the human heart, for he writes: "Michael Angelo is one of those from whom anything may be obtained by means of fair words and friendliness. You must show him love and affection, and then he will do work which will make the whole world marvel."

Hardly had Michael Angelo arrived in Bologna, when, before he even had time to change his clothes and boots, the impatient Pope summoned him, and gave him his blessing. But nothing was said about the tomb. Here was a newly conquered town, which should see its new master presented before it, and the Pope ordered a bronze statue of himself, seven ells in height. The Master replied that he understood nothing of bronze casting, but he was forced to agree to the proposal.

Unpleasantness, however, soon arose. He dismissed two clumsy assistants, and they agitated against him in Florence. The founder did not understand his work well, and half the model remained in the furnace because the bronze was not liquid enough. The furnace had to be destroyed, and the cast begun afresh. Thus money melted with the bronze, and more money did not come from Rome. At last the statue was ready. It was erected and, when the Master finally left, tired and worried after his fifteen months' work, he retained of the thousand ducats which he had received only four and a half. At the same time he felt that he was driven from Bologna by the hostility of his fellow sculptors, and once again he imagined that they were after his life.

HE had hardly returned to Florence, exhausted and embittered, and had rented a house in order to work quietly, for the town wished him to create a *pendant* to the David, when a new call reached him from the Pope. Michael Angelo still had the great work at heart, and his thoughts lingered on those blocks of marble, and on the forty statues still awaiting their awakening. He preferred the broad path which offered no security to the safe and narrow road. Had he forgotten caution? Had he forgotten the insults? Had the Pope promised him anything? Was Bramante banished? Did he not realise that a tomb from his hand was not wanted? Forty statues! And Michael Angelo went to Rome for the third time.

* * *

THE huge cathedral slowly began to rise from the foundations. Bramante's genius had conceived the plan, but his character imperilled the building; for, to build quickly, to save money for himself, thinking that the piles were sure to hold, was his sole idea. How long would be the life of this Pope, who squandered money in huge undertakings? And the next one would probably have other favourites. The signs were already visible that he would perhaps be one who turned away from the world, a Christ rather than a Pope. One must make sure of one's countrymen, one must make sure of Raphael, whose charm was able to handle the Pope. Already he had made sure of several sites in the Vatican, the painting of which would augment his reputation. Only that Florentine, of whom the Pope thought so highly, could, if he returned, eclipse the fame of both of them. Since Michael Angelo was unapproachable with the chisel, he ought to be forced to the brush, for then Raphael would beat him.

And what was already thought of before Michael Angelo's flight now began to take shape under Bramante's influence with the Pope. On account of the superstition which had once before been roused in him, the Pope shrank from the idea of a tomb. It must, however, be something on a colossal scale. The largest chapel of the Vatican, built by Sixtus IV, was still grey and undecorated. To paint the huge ceiling would be a task to attract the Master of the Giant. As soon as he came under the jurisdiction of Rome he should paint up there the twelve Apostles!

MICHAEL ANGELO stood in terror before the Pope. He was to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, to create a masterpiece for all time, a scope such as had never been given before to a painter. Thus the Pope tempted him. "I am no painter," replied the sculptor; "I cannot paint alfresco. Raphael should paint it." Julius, who by this

(*Continued on page* 154)

time had learnt to know this man, was careful not to irritate him with orders. He knew how to persuade. There were negotiations. The Pope quickly seized an opening, and flattered him by leaving him the sole choice of subject. The artist went away and inspected the domed ceiling, and three months after he had erected the statue of the Pope at Bologna he set to work on the new task in Rome.

The sculptor, who had always been plagued with matters relating to the marble, thought that in this task he would be spared the difficulties of his craft. He found, however, that he was troubled from the very start. As soon as he finished the first picture it started to mildew. He showed it to the Pope in despair. "I had already warned your Holiness that painting is not my craft. Everything is spoiled!" However, as San Gallo explained that he had only made the lime too liquid, he was held to the task. Two painters from Florence who were to teach him fresco painting immediately succeeded in disconcerting him. How could his nature endure any sort of co-operation! But shy as he always was in such cases he could not bring himself to send them home at once, and again he took refuge in a sort of flight: he locked himself in the chapel, leaving them outside, until they understood what he meant, and departed in a rage. So he remained, and thus was destined to live for four years in this hall, when he was not at home working over cartoons and drawings. He had painted in the chapel for twenty months: had locked himself in and allowed no one to enter. He had hidden himself in Rome so that he should not be questioned. Only a colour-grinder was allowed to enter the chapel.

To the Pope alone he could not forbid entrance. He sometimes came to the artist on the scaffolding, and asked: "When will it at length be ready?" "When I am satisfied with it." "Let our satisfaction satisfy you."

But the indomitable artist continued with his painting. Months later, the Pope, standing before the pictures, again asked when he would be ready. "As soon as I can."

THE old man went into a sudden rage: "As soon as you can! I will teach you to finish it. I will have you thrown down from the scaffolding." And he lashed out at him with the stick which he held in his right hand. At that the artist declared that he would not come again. The Pope sent a chamberlain to his house with five hundred scudi. He should not take it all so seriously: these were all signs of favour. The master continued to paint. At last he was forced to reveal half the work to the eyes of the public before the dust caused by the removal of the scaffolding had settled.

The Pope, who was again involved in new wars, had left no instructions as to the payment of the money for the completion of the other half of the work. Twice the artist had to follow him to Bologna to extract the money. When it was nearly though not quite finished the Pope forced him to take down the scaffolding, for he wanted to hold there a splendid Mass. What the Pope found to cavil at, in spite of all his admiration, was the lack of gilding on the clothing. "Holy Father," replied the painter, "at that time people did not adorn themselves with gold. These people were not all rich, and were holy and opposed to all display of pomp." Thus the mind nurtured in the classic ideals had to explain to the Pope both taste and customs of the early Christians, in order to throw a veil of Christianity over his own delight in naked bodies.

Now he was exhausted, and surrounded by a hundred and one troubles, he sends one line only to inform his people of his achievement: "I have finished the chapel which I had to paint. The Pope is very pleased."

* * *

AS Michael Angelo stood on the scaffolding which he had erected for himself he created the world for the second time. In five pictures he created it, as God before him had done in six days, from darkness over the waters to the creation of Eve. From the mind of this lonely man there rose up the figures of God and the angels, so compelling in form, expression and posture that all Christian mankind has learnt to believe in them as in the scriptures, and even the great sceptics bow before this vision. For four hundred years no one has been able to supplant this picture of the Creation by a fresh conception.

Almost naked, since he revered man in God's image, did the artist paint God as he created the first man. In the folds of his cloak rested angels, children with inquisitive and questioning looks.

A daring idea, which no one before had risked, led the artist to alter the legend; the sculptor understood the Creation as due not to the breath of the mouth but to the moulding hand. He was a creator himself. His deepest joy was to release figures from the marble and thus to give life to the divine.

BUT once again he is sunk in sleep. What was not possible for the mortal sculptor could be achieved by the magic word of One who was greater still. Once again the figure divides itself in two, and one half lifts itself like a swimmer toward the Creator. For moments, time seems to stand still. Michael Angelo, who for the twenty years since the days of his youth had kept away from women, feels himself exalted, and as he now paints the woman under the tree with her left hand raised towards the apple, he succeeds in depicting beauty such as no one before him had ever painted. Among a group of men she is the only naked woman, no line of her body recalling that of a youth, perfected as the counterpart of the world, stirring her creator and peopling the hall. Yes, it is Eve, who created all around: therefore she is perfect. Only he who has dreamed of mankind in beauty could raise the mother of all living to such a fullness and radiance as none of her sons have known. Searching, yet unknowing, longing, yet without thought, she reaches out to the forbidden fruit in order to bear the race of man.

And this race surrounds her now, here on the holy ceiling. At the apices of the twelve painted vaultings, where the artist had lavished a wealth of paint, with their heads touching an imaginary cornice, and again in niches and lunettes, sit sibyls and prophets reading, thinking, speaking, rich in oracles, wise intermediaries between God and man.

And on the plinth above them, as if dreaming of the story of the Creation, are crouching, playing, stretching genii, twenty naked figures symbolic of the beauty of the soul as it is not known by the noisy and hurried world. Here, if anywhere, the artist gave full expression to those profound feelings which stormed through the depth of his soul. If ever the ladder of human emotions, the ascent and descent of a heart, was made clear in a picture, it was done here, and only music could give life to this chorus. Nineteen of the figures are youths, and one appears to be feminine, but this one he has not painted, and the head above looks down. Did he leave her to the end and was he hindered by the impatience of the Pope? Or did he not dare to place a second naked woman next to the mother of all mankind?

Only in the triangular wedges, separated by broad frames, wait in expectation eight groups of another race, to whom it is not given to see the Creation from within, to listen to the prophets and to question the sibyls. Dull and heavy, staring in front of them or at marvellous trifles, they live here in darkness, exiled or waiting, far from God, from light and from beauty. It is as if a great madness had seized them, as if the triangular frames separated them from the emotions of humans, of intermediaries and of God; as if they were not descended from Eve, the naked beauty in the midst of creation.

(To be continued)

MEN—Fashion's Foils and Fools

By Lady Cynthia Asquith

(Continued from page 54)

appears on a hot day in something sensible, like white linen, is at once told he looks like a dentist or a tropical missionary.

Of course, as things are at present, men are very good foils to women, a crowd of them forming a dark background against which our cool, flower-like dresses are becomingly thrown into relief. But that, we may be sure, is not their intention. No, the explanation is that men are so sheepishly passive, and no master spirit has risen to lead a revolution.

Everyone is so afraid of not being dressed exactly like the other men who were at the same public school. And thus they stick in their wretched plight, suffering—not in silence—but in a slavery to Fashion.

Men remind me of a story about ants. A meddlesome naturalist, interested in their psychology, made an experiment on a community of these insects. Capturing one, he painted it bright scarlet and replaced it amongst its fellow citizens. With one accord they rushed at it and forcibly cleaned it, leaving it as plain and undistinguished as themselves.

The naturalist repainted the same unfortunate ant. Once more the other ants cleaned him.

The missionary persevered and when for the third time the wretched ant reappeared in scarlet the outraged communists saw red. They fell upon the offender and slew him.

Such obstinate singularity was not to be endured.

Hollywood Revisited: *By* KATHLYN HAYDEN

(*Continued from page* 31)

ground out films like sausages. That is the way they are now grinding out talkies. What else can be reasonably expected from sausage makers? One doesn't ask a road-breaker to repair a Swiss watch with his compressed-air drill! Mass production methods as regards the talkies are no whit less absurd. The inevitable consequences of Hollywood's present frenzied rush to complete the greatest possible number of imitations of "The Broadway Melody" in the shortest possible space of time will be to bring even the biggest and the richest of the film factories within measurable distance of the bankruptcy courts!

PRODUCING a talkie is essentially an individual job—and Hollywood's film magnates for too many years have been thinking in terms of gross output to be able now to adapt themselves to the new, revolutionary conditions.

And just here is our great opportunity. In this one fact lies the reason for my conviction that presently British talkies will be supreme.

By force of circumstances British producers of silent films have had to regard each new production as an individual entity. Lack of capital and a restricted market alike have contributed to this situation. The factory system has not been put into effect in this country. To make successful talkies British producers do not have to revolutionise their methods. And one British producer has already proved this—magnificently!

"Blackmail"—the first full-length British talkie—is as far superior to the best of the American talkies as the £1,400,000 "Ben Hur" exceeded in spectacular production values any of the contemporary, silent British films.

The original impetus which shot the whole American film industry into the forefront of the early struggle for world supremacy was gained from the acclaim which the world accorded "The Birth of a Nation"—the magnificent, *individual* effort of America's one great film genius, D. W. Griffith. British talkies need nothing more than the world's plaudits which "Blackmail" is certain to win—in order to send them off far ahead of all their foreign rivals. America has thus far produced no Griffith of the talkies; England has!

Alfred Hitchcock—inspired director of "Blackmail"—is himself an altogether sufficient reason for my conviction that the future will find British talkies first—and the rest nowhere!

RETURNING to the new Hollywood, let me first introduce you into the Haunted House Club—in more than one respect quite the most remarkable clique even Hollywood has ever known! To begin with it is the only *exclusive* club in all of Southern California—where everything, at all times, is "For Sale." The members don't boast about it, but the fact remains that the Haunted House Club is the one place in Hollywood from which the noted film stars, from Chaplin to Fairbanks, Davies to Pickford, are definitely barred!

Only because of my long friendship with the president of the club—newly organised during my absence in England—was I permitted to spend an evening within its walls. I learned afterwards that the privilege was even greater than I had thought; no other non-member has ever before passed the portals of the building!

The club's home—one of the most imposing of the old-time residences which are still left on Hollywood boulevard—had stood untenanted for upwards of three years because of a legend that the house was haunted. Having been the setting of a *triple* suicide pact (everything is bigger and more emphatic in Southern California, you know) the undeniably attractive mansion became a drug on the real estate market. One ghost, perhaps—even two— could be talked away by your glib Hollywood "realtor"; but three self-created ghosts were too many! Bootleg "licker" and nerve-racking days and nights of studio work are themselves sufficiently conducive of ragged-edged nerves without piling on the agony to the tune of a home embellished with a trio of ghosts!

And so the grass grew high in the spacious grounds; the house itself gradually took on the disused, eerie look of a mystery-melodrama, motion picture set.

Meantime, the vogue for foreign stars had come into being. The success of Pola Negri, Jannings, Baclanova and the others had resulted in the inevitable influx of scores of their fellow-countrymen and women, all fired with the hope of soaring to equal heights of success. Thus came into being a little group of Russians, allied by bonds of common adversity. Instead of stardom they had quickly learned that the very most they could hope for was a day's work, now and again, as "atmosphere." A few found jobs in cinema orchestras. But all of them were very poor.

Their really desperate plight came under the notice of Natalie Bucknell, a Russian girl whose husband is an officer in the Royal Navy, and who for years has been in charge of the research department at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Now Natacha (which is her real name) is a chronically sympathetic friend of the friendless. Her generosity is as limitless as her linguistic ability is amazing. (She speaks, reads, and writes eight languages perfectly.) Wherefore it was quite in the line of her usual way of doing things that she set about the task of making life a little less miserable for her own people.

So was born the Haunted House Club—its membership strictly confined to Russians in reduced circumstances. A *sine qua non* of membership is that at the time application is made the candidate must not be in receipt of a salary greater than £10 a week! Instant expulsion is the penalty laid down for the offence of arriving at the club in a motor car! And this in a community where an automobile is as much taken for granted as a tooth brush!

Baclanova cannot become a member of this most amazing organisation.

It was Natacha who drew up the rules; it is she who is the club's first president. It was through her great kindness that an exception was made in my case and I had the priceless privilege of spending an evening with the most interesting group of people I have ever met under one roof.

The Beauty Parlour: *By* ELINOR GLYN

(*Continued from page* 57)

are really revolting, and look as though the girl rushed out in all weathers, gloveless, to feed the dogs! And, in the evenings, the reddened paws you see reposing on men's shoulders in the ballroom—a strange anomaly with the lovely faces of their owners!

OF course, the intense cold of the English homes has something to do with the girl's ruddy extremities. They are trained not actually to suffer in the body from the icy passages and freezing dining-rooms, but their hands show the congealing of the blood. The American girls play just as much, or more, tennis and golf than the English girls do, but the Beauty Parlours counteract the effects of exposure, and that raw, meaty look, or skinny, discoloured set of fingers, like birds' claws, which you see here, is unknown.

Every treatment for the hair, every softener for the face, is understood in Beauty Parlours; every way to dress the hair more becomingly, or shingle with the right *geste*. The working girl has not time to think all this out for herself, but would willingly pay a reasonable sum for someone to do it for her. If this were the general custom here, it would certainly add to the self-confidence of the women, and indeed to their happiness. If poor, tired, depressed mother knew, when her week was drawing to a close, that she could walk to the end of the street and be made trim and comely for the Sunday, her spirits would rise and she would experience that uplifting sense of well-being, and who knows how this cheerfulness might permeate the home atmosphere. And if the Beauty Parlour had been a habit since her youth she would never have sunk into a state of drab hopelessness. The first lines would have been massaged out, the first discolorations eliminated: a Beauty Parlour makes you know your own shortcomings and perfections and just how to remove the first and enhance the second, and the subconscious mind takes on the necessity for loveliness by the weekly reminder.

ENGLISH girls are beautiful and have the natural charm of unaggressiveness and gentleness, but I am afraid American girls would often cut them out by their instinctive knowledge of the value of appealing to the senses, by *soigné* persons and dainty white hands, and the right "make up."

Sky High :

by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

(*continued from page 27*)

Buckingham on him, or you'll set him on fire, and we'll lose the camera. I don't care anything about the plane. We can knock down two-seaters every day, so don't get ambitious and smash the camera. Just use steel-jacket bullets and try to cripple his motor or hit his gas-tank. You know where it is. Anything I can do to help you ? "

" Yes, sir. Get me a new motor with a set of high-compression pistons. It won't last long, I know, but I can get more altitude with it. And I'll want a propeller with a different pitch. I'll need every foot I can get."

" All right, you shall have them. And if you can get me that camera, I'll get you a week's leave in Paris and send you down in my car. No, I'll take you down myself to make sure you get there ! "

CAROL got his new motor in a week. It had a hundred revolutions more than his old one. He changed the propellor to get more efficiency at high altitudes and stripped the plane of all extra weight. He took off his Lewis gun and its mounting. The Vickers would be enough for this job, as the German wasn't armed. He removed his armoured seat and only took up half a tank of petrol, with benzol and ether in it. He fixed a drain valve so that he could dump half his water after he got up where he wouldn't need it. He tried to go up without his usual weight of furs, but nearly froze before he got to fifteen thousand and had to come down for them. On his first test flight he got to twenty-one thousand. All right—he was ready now !

The next clear day he was fifteen miles out at sea opposite Nieuport at eleven-thirty. He was stalled, but he was higher than the German would be, and he'd have the advantage of position and maybe of speed.

He turned back toward Furnes and held his altitude, waiting. It was quiet and peaceful up there. The sky was clear of clouds below twenty-five thousand and it was an ideal day to get pictures. No one would believe there was a war on. He could see England as plainly as he could see Belgium and France and Holland.

Then suddenly he saw the white bursts of Archie between him and Dunkirk. There was his pet ! He turned slowly toward it.

Over Furnes he made out the two-seater headed back for the lines from Dunkirk. Carol felt like cheering when he saw that the German was below him. Good ! Now for the scrap.

Apparently the German did not see him, for he came straight on. It probably never occurred to him to look up. No one had ever been above him before. He was still getting some Archie and was preoccupied with that.

Carol warmed up his gun and made sure his sight was open and clean. The German was coming into range now, three hundred feet below him. It was the same type of Rumpler as before. He dropped down and opened fire head-on. The German turned sharply and lost two hundred feet. Carol held his fire and manœuvred between him and the lines. The German put his nose down and turned back to the lines but Carol was too quick for him, and all he got was a stream of lead for his pains.

Carol closed in and put another burst into the two-seater. Its motor stopped. All right, there was his game ; could he bag it ?

THE German put his plane into a steep dive. He was going to try to dive under him and get back to his own side of the lines to land. But Carol had a motor and overhauled him rapidly. A burst into his wing and the German turned. Carol followed him round until he was headed back for Dunkirk, and then switched his fire to the other side. Twice the German tried to dive away, but each time Carol headed him off. He could play with the motorless Rumpler like a cat with a mouse.

As a last resort the German went into a spin. But so did Carol, and when the German levelled off and headed toward his lines again, Carol was back in position on his tail in a second and forced him to turn again. By that time he was too low to glide back to the lines anyway, and the German gave up. He glided down escorted by Carol and headed for the beach near Zuydcoote. Carol saw him level off to land and then deliberately kick his rudder. The plane struck the beach and somersaulted on, a mass of wreckage. Stout lad, that pilot ! He wouldn't give up a good ship.

Carol immediately landed beside the wreckage on the beach to prevent any further damage to his precious camera. Some Belgian soldiers had already taken possession of the wrecked plane. The pilot was stretched out on the sand, and the soldiers were giving him first aid.

Carol rushed to the Rumpler to get the camera. To his amazement there was no camera in it. There was the mounting all right in the bottom of the fuselage. There were the plate-holders. But no camera ! What the hell ?

The pilot was on his feet now and shook off his captors. He walked over to Carol, holding his left arm, which was bleeding at the shoulder. He saluted Carol and held out his right hand.

" You are a brave pilot," he said in fair English. " You are a sportsman to have spared my life."

Carol shook the proffered hand.

" Spared your life like hell," Carol told him in disgust. " I wasn't after your life. I wanted your camera. Where is it ? "

The German smiled.

" We learned our little lesson. My predecessor could not get it loose from its mount. So we made the mount easily detachable. I dropped the camera when I saw I could not return. You will forgive me ? "

" Forgive you in a pig's eye ! " Carol told him. " I wish I'd seen you drop it. Then I'd have got credit for destroying a plane instead of one down under control. You hit badly ? "

" Only a flesh-wound in the shoulder. I am lucky. You shoot well, sir." He took the medal of the Order *Pour Le Mérite* which hung round his neck and held it out to Carol. " I would like you to have this," he told him.

" I don't want your medal," Carol informed him. " I'd have had one of my own if you hadn't jettisoned that camera."

" All the more reason for you to take this. I ask you to take it. If you do not, some one else will. I would prefer the man who conquered me to possess it."

" All right," said Carol and pocketed it. " Now I'll see that you get medical attention."

A Belgian sergeant guided them to a hospital. Carol left his prisoner there and went back to his plane. The tide had come in, and the tail and undercarriage were under water. Carol was enraged. It took him an hour to get help to pull the plane out, and then he had to wait until late in the afternoon before the tide went out enough for him to take off from the beach. Altogether he was thoroughly fed up with his day. News of his adventures had preceded him, and the whole squadron was ready to receive him. The bar was decorated with seaweed, and when someone gave him a life-preserver to wear at dinner he was infuriated.

NEXT morning the colonel sent for him.

" I'm sorry, Colonel," Carol told him. " I never thought of taking a net . . . The equipment officer and I figured out that if the camera was dropped from twelve thousand it would be buried nineteen feet, four and three-quarter inches in the ground. And probably the lenses are cracked. So we decided not to look for it."

" Oh, that's all right, Banks," the colonel reassured him. " Never mind about the camera. You did a fine job whether you got the camera or not. But did it occur to you to ask your prisoner his name ? "

" No, sir."

" Well, it might interest you to know that he's Captain von Koch."

" What ! "

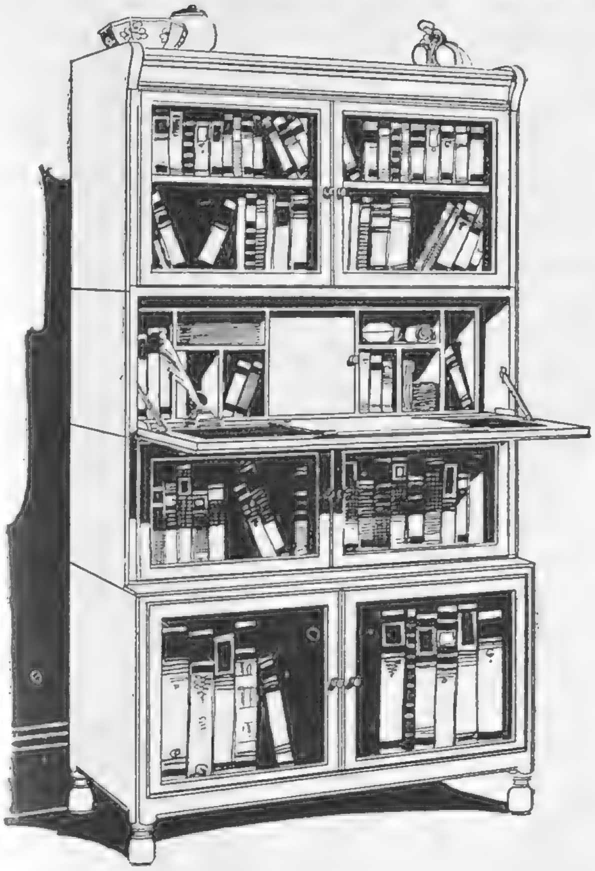
" Yes. Captain von Koch. He not only leads the bombers over at night but comes back next day to photograph his hits. I'd rather have him than the camera. He's the most valuable man in the enemy flying-corps. So you get your trip to Paris just the same. And maybe a decoration. Get ready to drive to Paris with me to-morrow morning. Now, here's the joker: We're going to take Captain von Koch with us."

" Why ? "

" Ostensibly to turn him over to the French who want to ask him a few questions. But really to take him on a party. We will stop at Boulogne and Beauvais on the way, and I want you to get him tight so that he will talk a little. Then I will rag him about his failures and watch his expression. Our chauffeur is a secret-service man. We want very much to find out how much he knows about the aerial defences of London and Paris, and which of them bothered him the most.

(*Continued on page 158*)

ALL QUIET ON THE LIBRARY FRONT



ONCE your books are housed within the friendly walls of the Minty Bookcase, their increase in number can be just as your fancy dictates. All is order and serenity. Even with an entire re-arrangement of furniture, the Bookcase can be adapted to various heights and widths and still be capable of extension.

In the Minty, the "sectional" principle is skilfully concealed so that the harmony of a room is never offended.

MINTY VARSITY OXFORD SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

With handsome figured timbers, expert British cabinet work and modesty of prices, the Minty range leads the market.

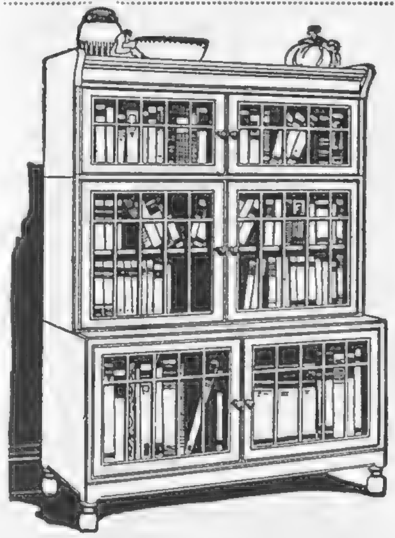
MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

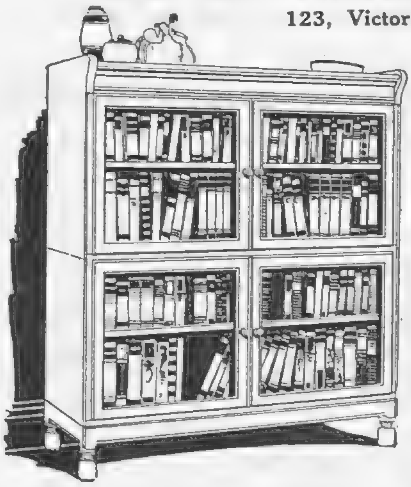
Write for NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases including double sections.

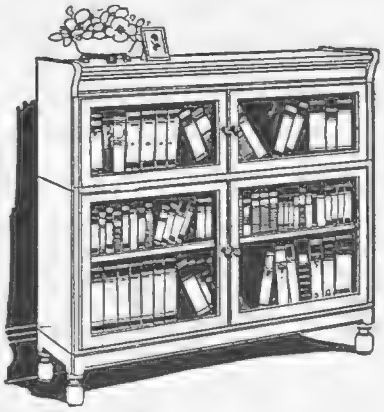
Minty LTD (Dept. 86), 44-45, HIGH ST., OXFORD.

NEW AND ENLARGED LONDON SHOWROOMS:
123, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

COMBINATION 6D. Stack comprising a double section, secretaire section, one 11″ and one 14″ section, in prime Oak, antique finish. Height 5′ 5⅜″, width 2′ 11″ **£10 : 8 : 0**





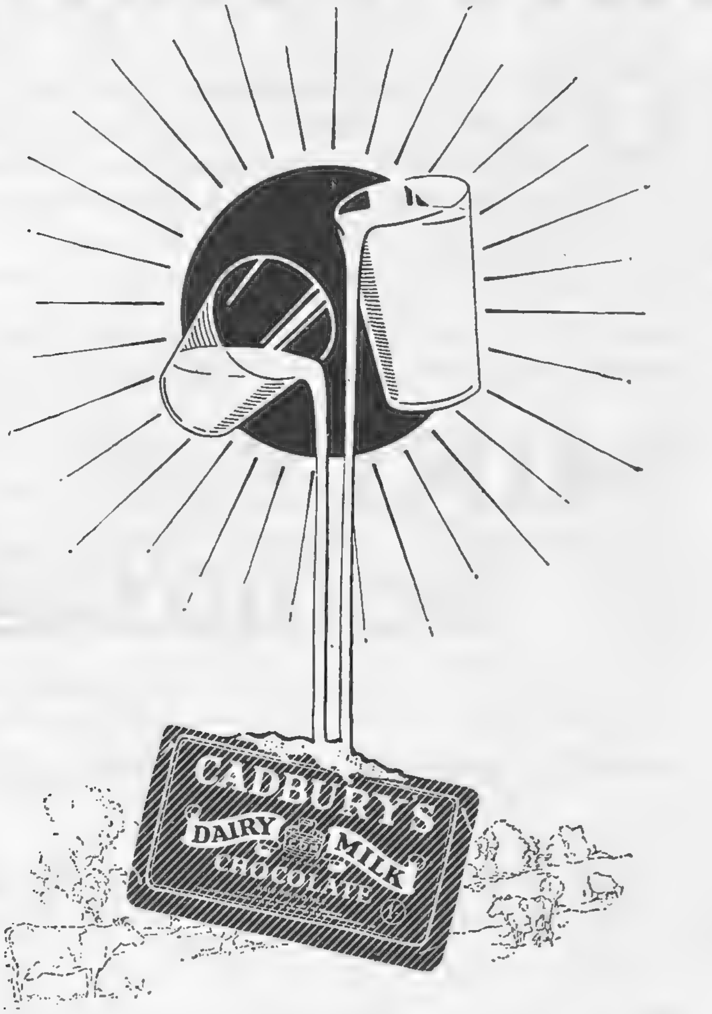


COMBINATION 3D. Stack comprising one 9″, one double section and one 14″ in prime Oak, antique finish. If with leaded lights as illust. 25/6 extra. Height 4′ 5⅜″, width 2′ 11″ **£6 : 16 : 0**

COMBINATION 2D. Stack comprising two double sections in prime Oak, antique finish. Height 3′ 7⅜″, width 2′ 11″ **£5 : 7 : 6**

COMBINATION 1D. Stack comprising one 9″ and one double section in prime Oak, antique finish. Height 3′ 0⅜″, width 2′ 11″ - - **£4 : 14 : 6**

HELP BRITISH AGRICULTURE



One and a half glasses of fresh, full-cream, English milk are used in every ½-lb. of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. The Vitamins natural to the milk, including sunshine Vitamin 'D' are retained in the chocolate. Milk from English farms only is used and every purchase of this famous sweetmeat is a direct aid to British Agriculture.

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

2ᴰ bars
6ᴰ packets

1/- ½ lb.

"Do you think you could persuade Captain von Koch to join you in your cups? I have been informed that you have had some experience in organising binges. Now is the time for you to turn your ability to good account. I trust you will not object to drinking with a German. It is in line of duty—in case you hesitate. In Paris we will arrange to pick up a couple of French girls. I trust you will have no objection to that, as they also will be in the secret service. In case we fail to get our information, they may succeed. I might tell you that the women of the secret service are usually chosen for their beauty."

"Sir, this is the first time I ever heard of a soldier who was ordered to get drunk and disorderly by his superior officer. I regret that I have only one life to give for my country or yours. If you will get me a gallon of that Naval-issue rum, I can make a drink that will open the lips of the Sphinx. Captain von Koch will tell you all he knows and a lot he doesn't. The only trouble you will have will be to stop him—or me. But please promise me that nothing I say will be used against me. And if I don't put that squarehead under the table and make him spill his brains, just leave me on the beach where the tide can get me. That's all I'll be worth."

Let us learn the Art of Loafing

By WARWICK DEEPING

(Continued from page 55)

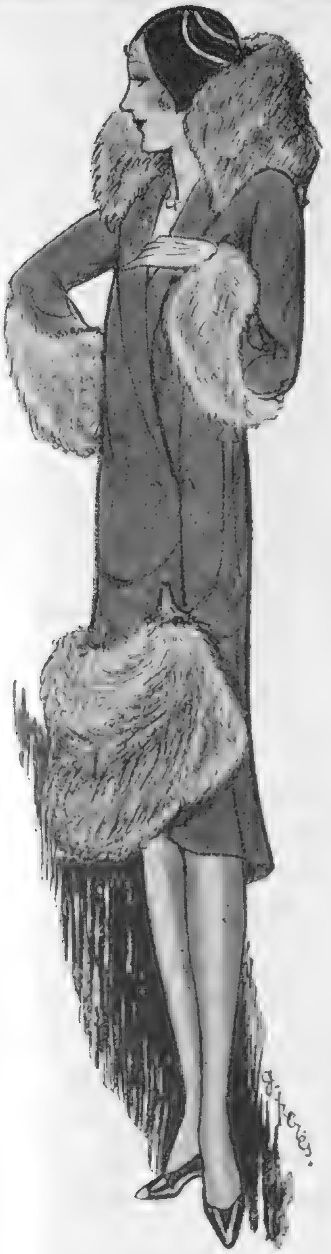
it as "his." He drags us here, and he drags us there, until we comprehend that the very garden is but a place in which his egotism flowers too freely.

MAN, the little megalomaniac, created God in his own image, but now that science has refused to allow God to walk the earth, man has lost the voice in the garden, and a mirror in which might be reflected the more mysterious of his dreams. Our urge is to express ourselves, and if we cannot express ourselves in terms of God, we are apt to do it in terms of test-tubes. Phœbus and his chariot are out of the sky, and man has his own little chariot. His egotism is on wheels, a restless, unreflecting vanity that must travel as fast or faster than the other fellow's.

Not merely are we behaviourists; we are in danger of becoming a generation of exhibitionists. We cannot let life come to us down green lanes, and across still water, and from the green glooms of the woods. We have not the humility that can stand and wait and, in waiting, see.

I have a friend who soberly drives a high-powered car. He prefers to see the landscape whole, and not stirred into a green porridge by the spoon of speed, but even he is human. I have heard him

(Continued on page 160)



This exquisite "Ninette" coat in best-quality French fancy cloth of wine-colour is richly trimmed Grey Baby-Fox, with two Fox-heads at rear of collar and one at flare. Also obtainable from stock in black, trimmed brown Baby-Fox, and in other colours to order. A most appealing example, at the truly-economic price of

20 gns.

Ninette

79, Shaftesbury Avenue,
and Branches, London, W.1
Phone: Gerrard 2244 & 8141

We have also, in stock, an extensive selection of tweed coats from 3½ gns., and face-cloth coats from 4 gns.

Gazelda SUPER-LEATHER
is smarter . . .
for Golf

Gazelda is the accepted media for golfing clothes—Gazelda tailored by Leather Craft of Malvern. There's service besides smartness in Gazelda Suede wear. You revel in its freedom and convenient weather-proofness, comfortably assured that it will practically never wear out. And you may have heard the Doctors say a good word for Gazelda — how it keeps off chills and maintains an even body temperature. Brushing is all that is necessary to keep a Gazelda Suede garment clean and fresh like new.

Gents' Windbreakers in Gazelda Suede from 3½ gns.
Ladies' Tailored Coats from 5 gns.
See Gazelda garments at better-class shops everywhere.

Gazelda Wear
REGD TRADE MARK
by LEATHER-CRAFT *of* Malvern

Free catalogue of newest models, cuttings of leather and names of nearest retailer from Leather-Craft, Dept. E., Malvern

M. & C.

Founded 1851. Incorporated under Royal Charter

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
Fulham Road, London, S.W.3

NO LETTERS *NO PAYMENTS*

The FIRST Special Hospital in London for Cancer.

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of this dreadful disease.

A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** FOR BUILDING EXTENSIONS, THE FIRST PART OF WHICH WILL BE WARDS FOR "MIDDLE-INCOME" PATIENTS WHO CAN CONTRIBUTE TOWARDS THEIR COST.

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. I. Courtney Buchanan, Secretary

Diploma
DIPLOMA CRUSTLESS
CHEDDAR CHEESE
ENTIRELY WITHOUT CRUST OR RIND
CHEDDAR
PORTIONS

Miss Diploma
says :—

You can't have a real picnic without 'Diploma'

'Diploma' Crustless is now recognised as the standard foodstuff for outdoor meals. It is so handy to carry, so delightfully and invitingly packed, and there are sufficient portions for everybody. This *English* cheese converts the 'frills' of a picnic basket into a wholesome, satisfying meal. *Try a 12-portion box to-day.*

Cheddar or Cheshire
BOX OF
6, 8, or 12 portions
1/4½

DIPLOMA
The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Ask also for 'MOONRAKER' BUTTER

D 97a

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

describe how he has been vexed and challenged on the road.

"Some little poop-car comes trumpeting at my tail. There is a man in it, and a girl. Usually he has a longish pipe protruding like a proboscis from the centre of a soft, pink mouth. He passes me—vaingloriously. I see the two young creatures look at each other. 'Ha—what about it! We've put paid to that.' And I confess that the base and venal ego sometimes stirs in me. I put my foot down on the accelerator and swoop past that little car and its two exhibitionists. Silly, isn't it? But soon I say to myself, 'You ass. Must you blow your tin trumpet with those two children?'"

As exhibitionists we are such liars. We lie about our incomes and our fortunes, and about the speed of our cars, and about the game of golf we played yesterday. "Did the 9th in three," and we think that the other fellow believes us. He doesn't. He does not want to believe us. All boasting may be childish and offensive, and its offence is all the more nauseous to the other fellow if the boast happens to be true. As exhibitionists we irritate each other; we become like a lot of bawling louts kicking an empty tin to and fro across some piece of derelict land.

Intelligent loafing is otherwise. It is the mood of the mature. It demands mellowness, wisdom, a nice sense of humour, a dignity of its own, a feeling of balance and proportion. The loafing philosopher is not out to be seen, but to see. He is not exhibiting himself to nature; he is asking nature to show him more wonderful things than Mr. Bert Bloomer of Balham driving his 9 h.p. Blog-Wog. Even rabbits at play in some green dell are more suggestive of other worlds. The loafer understands humility. He is happier than the Honk-Konk brotherhood, because the very essence of his philosophy is unsensational. He is not disappointed when he sits under a tree and looks upon other trees in their stillness and the greenness of their grandeur. The mere restless exhibitionist knows so many little quirks of chagrin. Some other fellow has a bigger car, or some other fellow's wife has a shaved lamb coat.

"Well, anyway, let's go and tear up some bluebells. We can impress ourselves on the flowers. They shall understand that we really are important people, and they shall wilt in our presence."

IMPORTANT! For the loafer's philosophy teaches him the divine importance of feeling unimportant. In the spirit he is an anonymous super-tramp camped on life's heath. He need not be vexed by little vanities.

Then it is that one lives and loafs in the spirit with all the essentially great ones of the earth, and with the bird on the bough, and with the rabbit nibbling downland turf, and with the cow chewing the cud in a valley meadow.

This age of ours will have to recover the art of loafing. The days must come when our crude speed will be transmuted into a noiseless, lazy glide or hover. At present our very machines compel us to exhibit ourselves and them. They clamour for it. The machine will have to be taught silence in order that we may learn to loaf and listen to ourselves.

THE IDEAL GIFT

The same Personal Touch given to your
COCKTAILS
is necessary for your
COFFEE
All you require is a
PERFECT MACHINE
and
PICARDS'
celebrated coffee.
For catalogue and sample
Apply :—119, Regent Street, W.1

OSTEND

and its Palaces

"OCEAN"

"LITTORAL"

"CONTINENTAL"

"ROYAL PALACE HOTEL"

Racing Daily
8,000,000 Frs. Prize Money

TENNIS GOLF
YACHTING

Can you do this — to-day?

WOULDN'T you be glad to have back the suppleness you once had . . . the easy, springy step . . . the litheness you never valued until it was too late?

We cannot stop Time. But we *can* carry many of the advantages of youth (slimness, for instance) into middle age—even into old age.

That is, indeed, just what "Ryvita Crispbread" helps us to do.

By making you fit and keeping you slim, "Ryvita" makes you younger and keeps you younger.

By giving vigour to your digestion, it keeps *you* vigorous. By nourishing muscle, bone and sinew, it makes you hardy, able to resist illness and disease. By helping in the absorption and elimination of fat and starchy foods, it enables you to retain elasticity and poise; whether your age is 25, 45 or 65.

Try "Ryvita"—the wonderful daily bread of Sweden.

Eat some every day. It's delicious with butter, cheese, jam, marmalade, celery—or with milk to make rye-porridge. But it is more than a delightful food, it is a *complete* food, rich in phosphates and vitamins. Eat "Ryvita" as your daily bread and you need never really part from Youth.

"Ryvita Crispbread" is sold by all good grocers and stores at 1/6 per 40-50 slice (1-lb.) cartons ; also in ½-lb. cartons, 10d.

"RYVITA CRISPBREAD"

—makes you fit and keeps you slim

FREE SAMPLE

CUT AND POST TO-DAY ½d. STAMP

CUT AND POST NOW
RYVITA CO. (511), RYVITA HOUSE, 96, SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E.1
Please send Sample and Ryvita Book Free to—
NAME ....
Write very plainly
ADDRESS ....

R 8

HOLIDAYS IN CALIFORNIA

Southern Pacific

Offers a wide choice of Routes and opportunity of seeing the principal places of interest. You can go one route and return another.

LOW RETURN FARES

in connection with any Atlantic Steamship Line, thence one of Southern Pacific's Four Great Scenic Routes across America to

THE GOLDEN WEST

Write for Booklet, "HOW TO SEE THE UNITED STATES"
Sent post free on application to

Southern Pacific Lines (Dept. B.E.)
49, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3
(A. B. REYNOLDSON, GENERAL AGENT)

VISIT INDIA

The Land of Sunshine and Colour

India's "cold weather" (November-March) is a season of summer skies and sunshine, in which the visitor may travel, or tarry, with perfect enjoyment. In her cities, on her plains, upon the margins of her sacred waters, among the moving millions of her peoples, India presents an unending series of pictures whose colour and beauty are without parallel in the whole world.

First-class railway travel in India is inexpensive and comfortable, by night or day. Private railway coaches with dining saloon and bedrooms, bathroom, servants' quarters, etc., may be hired.

The Indian Railways Bureau (A. T. Stowell, C.I.E., Manager), 57, Haymarket, S.W.1, will supply information and assist intending visitors to plan their itineraries. Cut out the detachable coupon and post it to-day.

For statistical or commercial information, application should be made to the Trade Commissioner for India, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1

Lamson

The Manager, Indian Railways
Bureau, 57, Haymarket,
London, S.W.

Please forward one copy of each booklet named below against which I have placed a mark

Agra
Ajanta
Benares
Big Game Shooting in India
Budh Gaya
Darjeeling
Delhi
Ellora
Gwalior
Kashmir
Khajraho
Kyber Pass
Poona
Sanchi
Scenes from a Railway Carriage Window
North-West Frontier
Vijayanagar
The Road to India's Past
India Beckons
India — Old *and* New

NAME........................
ADDRESS........................
....

B/E. Sept.

Stout British Wood

to withstand British Weather.

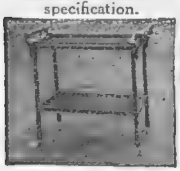
English oak and ash are the woods used for Rowlands fencing, gates and garden furniture. Sound Woods, sound designs, sound workmanship—these are the reasons why Rowlands are foremost for "everything in wood outdoors."

Seats, Tables, Arches, Trellis, Sundials, Shrub Boxes, Wheelbarrows, Service Wagons, Fencing, Gates, etc.

Write for Catalogue—Free.

ROWLAND BROS. (Dept. Z), BLETCHLEY Estd. 1874.
London Showrooms; 40-42, Oxford Street, W.

From 3/6 per foot lineal of pergola, according to specification.



In English Oak or Ash, fitted with loose plywood tray, and swivel rubber-tyred castors, from 58/6

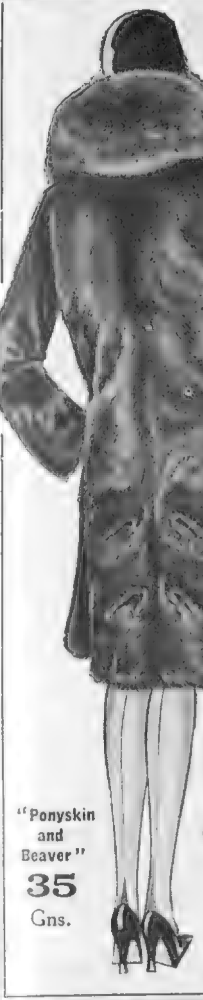
English Oak, Oiled:
Seat **84/6**
Chair **50/-**
Table **55/-**

Famous Women *of* History

(*Continued from page* 46)

turned out a good many *epithalamia* of the highest quality, marriage songs for her patrons, which expressed in faultless language all the correct sentiments. And no doubt her pupils learned from her the tricks of the trade. But what made her a poetess was a capacity for emotion much more intense than that roused by seeing other people getting married. She loved her pupils with passion: "And now, Anactoria, remember, even if we are not present with thee, I should prefer thy beloved step, and to see the splendour of thy bright face, to all the chariots and armed footmen of Lydia"; "I command thee to return as soon as possible, Gongyla, my rosebud, wearing thy milk-white mantle. In truth the desire of my heart flutters around thy beautiful self, for even the sight of thy robe excites me and I rejoice." She was jealous of them and furious when they deserted her. "Once I loved thee, Atthis, long ago"; "The thought of me, Atthis, has become hateful to thee; thou didst hover around Andromeda." She scorned her rivals, sneered at their style in dress and at their reputation as bores. "In truth they were exceedingly weary of Gorgo." She boasted of her favourite's prowess, "I was the teacher of Hero, the swift runner from Gyara." It must have been an exciting business belonging to Sappho's House of the Muses; there was a great deal of emotion about. Atthis and Telesippa and Megara, and Anactoria and Euneica, as they sat at her feet and listened to the poems she wrote about them, must have found in her anything but the conventional schoolmistress.

IN fact, to understand Sappho, we must go back to the seventh century B.C., to the youth of the world. We must see her in the springtime of lyric poetry, snatching the torch of Lesches and Terpander, and her other predecessors, and discovering in herself a finer instinct than theirs for the words in which to tell, not the stories of heroes as Homer had done, but the story of her own heart. We must imagine her at the centre of a wealthy and leisured society in touch with the great empire of Croesus's Lydia, with its oriental luxury and splendour, but far closer in sympathy to the sturdy islanders, her own people, the Aeolians, who had brought down from the north manners and customs based on aristocratic freedom. As the career of Alcaeus shows, these Aeolians did not readily submit to despotic rule, though it was a necessary step, no doubt, in the development of their culture, and Pittacus, the ruler of Lesbos in Sappho's day, was, if an autocrat, a wise and moderate one. So the little island had peace and prosperity under his rule, and became a centre of that cult of beauty which was somehow innate in the Greek character. If anyone had this love of beauty it was Sappho. She saw it in Nature and in human form and character, and being an artist she had to express it in words. Like Michelangelo she was most susceptible to it when she saw it in her own sex, and, though she may well have been a good wife doing her duty as a self-respecting Greek woman would, her heart went out to her women friends and to her beloved daughter. She is the poetess of beautiful Lesbos, that earthly paradise, and of passionate friendship.



"Ponyskin and Beaver" 35 Gns.

Buy your Furs

WHOLESALE

& save the retailer's profit

YOU cannot buy better furs than those made by Fraser and you save money at the same time. The low prices at which our furs are offered are possible because we are the actual manufacturers, having no shop but inexpensive first-floor showrooms only. Our guaranteed furs pass direct to the wearer at strictly wholesale prices.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free

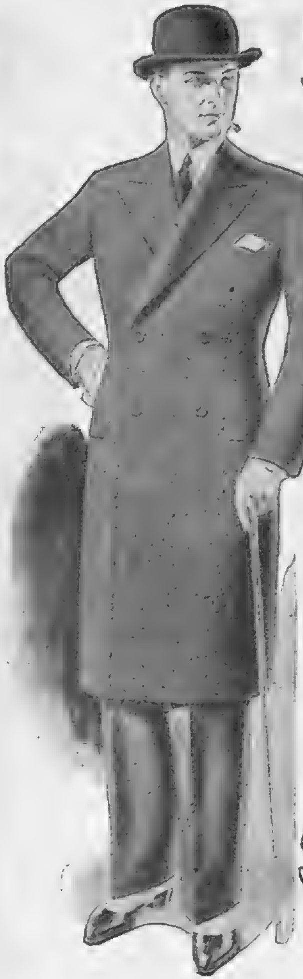
Typical Fraser Values

Beige Ponyskin Coat trimmed fine Beaver Collar, well marked skins (as illustrated)	35 Gns.
Black Ponyskin Coat Collar and Cuffs of natural skunk, hard wearing	24 Gns.
Silver Fox Stoles well silvered skins, double fur, very fashionable	29 Gns.
Grey Squirrel Stoles carefully matched skins, double fur, 2 yards long	8½ Gns.

FURS GLADLY SENT ON APPROVAL

It will pay you to visit our 1st floor showrooms and personally inspect the large and varied stock of furs. If you cannot call let us send you a selection of Furs and Fur Coats on approval.

THE FRASER FUR Co.
(JAS. FRASER & Co.)
237, REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1.
A Second from Oxford Circus *Corner of Princes Street.*



STUDINGTON

HAND-TAILORED
TOPCOATS

Secure the Satisfaction of a "Studington" Overcoat

for Style, Value and Appearance, thus providing a lasting pleasure to the wearer and a continuous advertisement for the Makers.

Ready-for-Service or Made to Order.

5 guineas to 10

STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED
MAKERS OF FINE CLOTHES
51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.
81, GRACECHURCH STREET E.C.
ABBEY HOUSE, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Sunny!

See him—a picture of happiness, with the heat of the "ESSE" a sure protection against chills. Does he want to go to bed? Not he—it's far too comfortable here!

Dining-room, sitting-room, bedroom, any room—every hour of the twenty-four, the "ESSE" will radiate its healthy, safe and easily regulated warmth, at a mere fraction of the cost of the gas or electric stove's occasional heat and only five minutes' attention night and morning—instal one or more now and

KEEP SUMMER WARMTH
THE WINTER THRO'

Prices from, Plain £4 : 9 : 0. Enamel finish £5 : 18 : 6

Ask your ironmonger or Stove Dealer for a copy of the interesting Book of the "ESSE" for anthracite, or we will post direct to you with name of the nearest "ESSE" dealer.

"ESSE"

Sole Patentees and Manufacturers:

Smith & Wellstood
Est. 1854. Limited.
Bonnybridge, Scotland.
Showrooms at LONDON, LIVERPOOL, EDINBURGH and GLASGOW.

THE
"GAZEWAY"

ON THE

Portsmouth Road, Surbiton, is a wonderful centre of ideas showing what can be accomplished in Decorating and Furnishing by consulting Gazes on any reconstructional problem.

ADVICE AND ESTIMATES ARE FREE.

W. H. GAZE & SONS LTD

Builders, Decorators and Furnishers,

10, Conduit Street,
London, W.1.

High Street,
Kingston-on-Thames.

MATERNITY FROCKS

THERE is always a charming selection of smart Maternity Frocks at Treasure Cot in all the newest colours and designs. Each model is fitted with a simple but effective adjustment which the wearer can expand as required.

MODEL 1715

Becoming Maternity Frock made in wool marocain, with collar of soft fichu; front of contrasting shade of Georgette. Bodice prettily tucked. In all the newest colours, including Reseda, Saxe, Bois-de-Rose, Lido, Navy, Black, Sable.

PRICE 3½ Gns.

Also in Charmelaine 4 Gns.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO CALL, write for Catalogue M.1, which illustrates all our charming new Maternity Models and other Maternity wear.

INVALUABLE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES

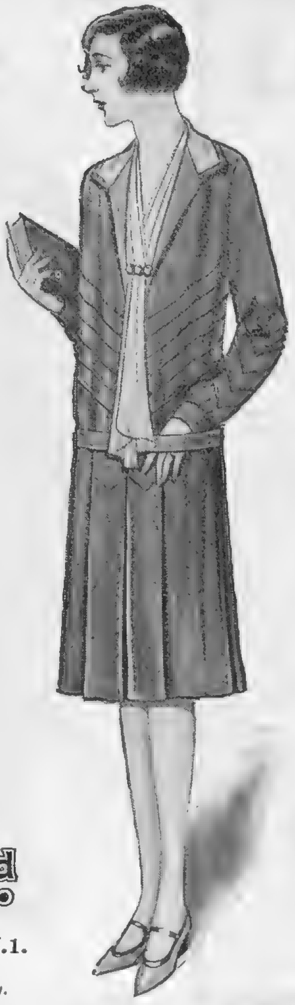
Sent Free on Request in Plain Envelopes.

M.1. Maternity Wear (*Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.*)
A.1. Everything for the Event (*Cots, Baths, Layettes, Accouchement Requisites*).
B.1. Everything Baby needs from 3 months to 3 years (*Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Children's Clothes, Hats, etc.*)
D.1. Everything for Children from 3 to about 7 years.
P.1. Baby Carriages (*Pram Rugs, etc.*)
X.1. Chilprufe for Children.

Agents for Harringtons Squares.

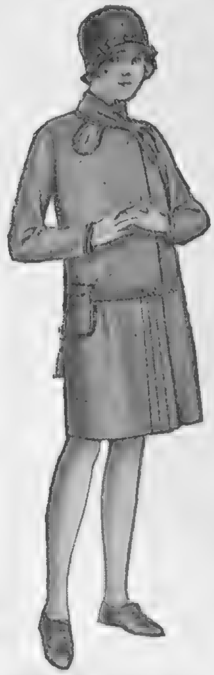
Treasure Cot Co. Ltd.

Specialists in Everything for Mother and Baby,
(Dept. S.V.2), 103 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.
NEARLY opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's.
Telephone: Regent 2104 (3 lines). *Lady Assistants only.*



By Appointment.

EDMONDS, ORR & Co., LTD.
LADIES' & CHILDREN'S OUTFITTERS



Red and Brown tweed Coat, trimmed red and brown leather ..	7½ Gns.
Plain tweed coats can be had from	6 Gns.
Velour Hat, trimmed faille ribbon and velour	59/6

3-5, Duke Street,
Manchester Square, W.1.

LADIES', GENT'S & CHILDREN'S RIDING CLOTHES

of good quality, smart cut and perfect fit.

AT JUST ABOUT HALF THE PRICE YOU USUALLY PAY

Be wise, give us a call and see for yourself, or, if unable to call, send for our range of cloths and perfect self-measure chart. Our Guarantee is—absolute satisfaction or cash promptly and courteously refunded.

Our Prices :—

RIDING BREECHES	*from* 21/-
LADIES' RIDING JACKET & BREECHES	*from* 83/6
GENT'S RIDING SUIT	*from* 84/-

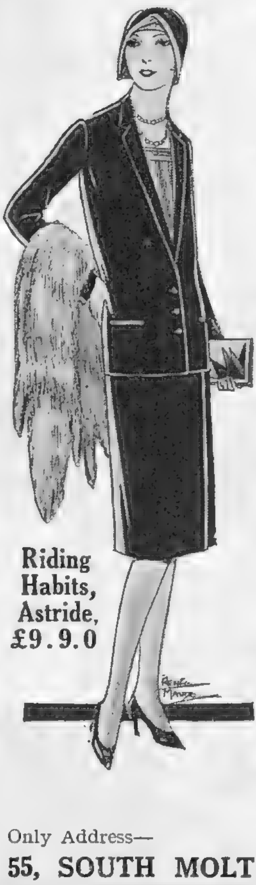
Every garment cut to your special individual measurements.

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.

DEPT. 46. (*E. Turner, Ltd.*) *Est.* 1908.
19, NEW QUEBEC ST., MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1.

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543.



Riding Habits, Astride, £9.9.0

Spécialité:

£6.6.0

Costumes and Coats.

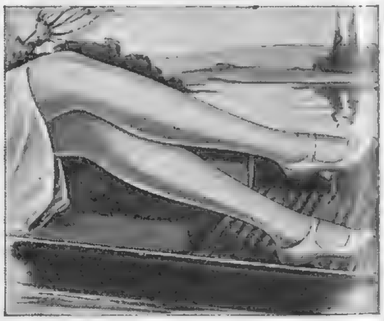
LADIES! A Tailor-made must be cut and fitted by an expert! So don't fail to get a "SMEE'S"—when you will have personal and individual attention.

Materials for Town, Country and Sports.

If not able to call, write for my S. M. Form with patterns. Mr. Smee will give same personal attention. Mrs. J. writes: "I am quite satisfied—keep measurements for future orders."

Only Address—
55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

Solving the Problem of Unwanted Hair



River girls, bathing girls, tennis girls, in fact every girl, will find Veet a quick, pleasant, satisfactory solution to the perplexing problem of superfluous hair. Razors make the hair grow faster and thicker and merely remove the hair *above* the skin surface. Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet is a wonderful perfumed cream which has been used by millions to get rid of those disfiguring growths of hair which destroy charm and daintiness. Simply spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white, Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere.

Free Trial. Sample size in plain wrapper by post, 6d. in stamps. Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 652A), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality Beware of Cheap Foreign Imitations.*

T*he* Fork *in the* Road : *by* ALLAN SWINTON

(*Continued from page* 80)

VIRIES, General commanding the Moonch brigade, was waiting when the regiment and the Camel Corps returned from that grim valley where the vultures tugged their comrades to and fro about the sand. He was a slim, dried, wry-mouthed panther of a man without fear or sentiment. Hugh Trope dismounted stiffly and limped across to him. Trope's face was haggard, his eyes tired and wistful. " Well, Hugh ? "—they had been subalterns together with Tony's father.

" Bad business, sir. Thirty-two dead, and eight we brought in, all cut up. They hadn't a chance. These devils split 'em by a ruse, pitched in a volley and charged. A hundred strong, at least."

The two paced over to the mess. " But how the deuce . . ." Viries protested. " There's been no Rohilla trouble since we cleaned 'em up eight years ago ! "

" No," Trope gritted. " They took us in. 'Should have known. They were much too quiet. Seems there's a son of old Hlat Prumar come on now. Goin' to revive their ancient glories, an' all that. I've been trying to identify the party. Young Carteret says——

Viries was instantly concerned. " He was with Hatton ? "

Trope nodded.

" The *devil* ! Was he cut up very badly ? "

Trope met the shrewd eyes of his general and his lifelong friend. " He's not touched, Bill."

For a long moment the two faced each other ; Trope, hurt and miserable, and Viries much perplexed. Then, " *What ?* " he snapped. " How the . . . here, what the devil do you mean, Hugh ? "

Trope said deliberately, " Carteret was with 'em. It was he brought the news. Turned up here spick and span without a scratch on him and his horse dam' near dead and fairly butchered with the spurs." Trope's lips shook like a woman's with bitterness and anger.

The general stared incredulously. " Are you trying to tell me . . ."

The orderly officer entered without ceremony. " There's been a fight, sir. Old Dhuleep Singh was here when we came in. Apparently the old man struck a ressaldar of the Camel Corps and attacked him with the sword. Of course, the ressaldar handled him easily, but he slipped, and before he could recover Dhuleep killed him. There was a general rough-house. We just got 'em stopped. We've a man killed, and the Cameleers two more."

The general's oath was quite original.

Outside the guardroom milled an excited crowd of lancers and camel-sowars, who clicked to attention as their commanders came. Tony and two other officers rose as they entered the bare, whitewashed chamber. He was haggard and pale, with big blue circles round his eyes. Life had become a nightmare, from which he was unshakenly convinced he would soon awaken.

They brought in Dhuleep Singh between two sowars, armed and gauntletted and grim. The ancient man held his head high, and in a way touching to see, essayed the swagger that is the immemorial affectation of the Rajput. Behind his bent shape stalked the mighty frame of his son Shabu.

The general said, " Dhuleep Singh, what is this ? "

" Nought, Sahib, save that I slew a dog with lies and blasphemies on his foul lips."

" What lies ? "

" He said, this thrice foul dog, that Carteret Sahib fled from the fight. Therefore I killed him."

Then Viries and Trope knew the thing they had refused to credit was indeed true.

" And is it for thou, Dhuleep Singh, to dispense justice ? Thou knowest the law ? Thou knowest what comes to murderers ? "

" It was no murder, but a fight. Yet I know thy law—to dance on nothing at a rope's end ! But not I ! I am Dhuleep Singh, Khan Bahadur of the *thakurs* of Durghandi in Oudh, and friend of Carteret Sahib who made this regiment. I am an old man, ripe to die. Salaam, huzoor ! Salaam, young Carteret Sahib ! Thy sire and I meet soon ! " He called into the mass of *sowars* at the door. ' Oh, Harnam ! My son Harnam ! Remember thy promise ! " A young Rajput stepped back and tossed over the heads of all a glittering object, which the father caught deftly. The old man's voice rang, strong, triumphantly. " Rung Ho ! my lords, I go ! " He struck his clasped hands to his bosom. They dropped, and a turquoise-studded dagger-hilt stood planted there.

TONY stood dazed among the throng and watched the huge Shabu Singh, the limp form of his father childlike in his arms, striding across the court towards the red west.

Dry-tongued, and deathly cold at heart, he slunk from the crowd and through the dusky courts toward his quarters, toward the rooms where three other Carterets had grown from subaltern to colonel, forging a name six hundred swords would leap to hold unsullied.

The west glowed dully. The dusk was full of eyes upon him with varying degrees of scorn or bitterness or doubting. He could not be free of them for an instant. Hatton's, contemptuous, while yet they burned with the lust of fight and were resigned to death ; Hugh Trope's, misty, incredulous and pleading ; those of old Dhuleep Singh, as he drove home the dagger, ablaze with loyalty and pride ; Viries', level and measuring and grim ; the amber eyes of six hundred *sowars*, haughty, blue-blooded *thakurs* of ancient Rajput principalities.

He had no sleep that night.

Next morning there seemed no place for him in the intense activities that ruled Moonch palace. The Camel Corps departed, split into patrols, seeking news of the raiders. Frantic emissaries of the Maharajah tore in on lathered horses, demanding instant action ; while the regiment grimly whetted swords, and waited, holding its seething rage with a restraint that boded ill for whomsoever they should fall upon. A new event transpired. Among the dead, a live Rohilla had been found pinned under a horse. He had been brought in to hospital. Now he was gone alone, without clothes, in the night, with sword-cuts and a broken leg, no man could surmise how.

Dhuleep Singh died before noon. And soon after, the rumour ran that Ressaldar-Major Shabu Singh was missing, had not been seen since the previous night, was absent without leave—and with the regiment held in readiness for action—an incredible, preposterous thing. Viries snapped like a terrier, while Hugh Trope maintained a silence that was the most portentous omen of all.

LATE that afternoon the general summoned Tony. He was impersonal and succinct. He spoke of the regiment, and the meaning to it of the name of Carteret. He concluded, " . . . I'd have given my right arm that this should not have happened to you. But there it is. I'm only glad that you've been in the service so short a time that we can avoid formalities that would have been inevitable. You are granted six months' leave. Go home. Send in your resignation. It will be accepted."

Tony paced slowly to his room, where he lowered himself to the edge of his bed and stared unblinkingly before him. Abruptly life, till now so delectable, had become a grim, pitiless inquisition, with which he was in nowise equipped to cope. He was not conscious of any culpability on his part. What had happened—had *happened* ; quite fortuitously, had been imposed on him by a malignant fate. He *was* going home. Home ! Home ! Away from all this. In six weeks it would be immeasurably behind him ; he would be back to the tennis and the polo and the tea-cups, and to complaisant loveliness nightly beside him in his car beneath London lights.

THE glow of afternoon waned to dusk, but he did not move. Trumpets blared ; and there went by his window the clack and rattle of a troop of lancers. He put his fingers in his ears.

When he arose next day the regiment was gone. Tony was glad. He prayed no one would return till after his train left—three days yet, for the small-gauge line ran but two trains a week. That meant it was over. There would be no good-byes. He would not have to face the steady eyes of his father's comrades, nor the grim glances of the swaggering desert men.

At weary last the day arrived. His gear was packed by noon, though the train did not go till ten at night. By four o'clock he could endure no longer, called for a horse and rode through the gardens and across the square, out of the great main gate. The sentry, rigid by his lance, saluted. He pushed his horse to

(*Continued on page* 166)

a canter, but lost interest and let it drop to a trot, a walk. The familiar sense of unreality gripped him, as though it were all a scene in a London theatre. But reality returned when he passed the carcase of a bullock, covered with black vultures, flapping and scuffling. The sight conjured up a vision of the valley where had lain all that remained of Nicky Hatton and his *sowars* . . . Bah! He set his teeth. He was a fool. Who cared. It was not of his choosing, this Indian adventure. He was going home, and would forget it all.

PRESENTLY he saw a horseman, converging on his path. No, it was a woman. By Jove, that Julie Masterman! He broke into a canter and ranged alongside her, raising his helmet. "This is a most unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Masterman!"

She turned to face him. Tony looked into her eyes eagerly, seeking what he had found there before. But in their depths was ice. Her lips curled as she said, "Ah, *you*! You go, it mus' be, seekeen' your good frien' 'Atton!" She lashed her horse and galloped off.

The blood draining from his face, he held his mount and watched her go. He—*he* had been cut dead by a woman, and by such a woman, who three days ago had been all invitation. He cursed, set spurs to the mare, and galloped madly till she tired, then drove her till, when at last he pulled up, she breathed distressedly and shook, plastered with white sweat and the brown dust of the plain.

THE great hall of the mess was empty. Some power he could not stay drew him to stand before the portrait of his ancestor. Of all the eyes that he had feared, these were the most unbearable. Yet he could not avoid them. They drew his like a lodestone, and as he met them he received that dread sensation that had gripped him that first day, when Hugh Trope led him there.

Tony's gaze fell, and he licked his lips. There was a lump in his throat. His palms were wet. His breath came fast.

He turned and swiftly slipped away, afraid even of the sound his feet made on the tiles. He finished packing, walked his rooms, walked the echoing courts, now strangely empty of the spurred tramp of heels. He had dinner—dust in his mouth. The sunset. Afterglow reigned and died. Dark closed down and the stars came out. He sprawled in a long chair, waiting. His heart was a scrambled chaos of rage and bitterness and self-pity. Alternately waves of fury and dejection swept him.

Then he started, as his servant salaamed at the door. "Gora hai, Sahib!" Ah, good! At last! The horses. He was going home!

Outside he mounted and led off into the gloom. There came a rush of hoofs, and a voice hailing urgently. The syce pushed up beside him. "Huzoor, a sandstorm. We must take shelter. It will pass soon, and the train must wait."

"No, blast you! Get on!" Tony was going home.

With a hollow wail a dust-devil swept up the street, tearing at his clothes, filling his eyes and mouth with grit, and enveloping him momentarily in whirling sand that bit like fire. Then it was past, and the hush settled.

"Huzoor, you have seen. It will be very bad. The train must wait."

He wheeled and cantered back to shelter in the blue-tiled messroom. The wind moaned and died, rose again, higher, higher, into a demoniac howl. Utter dark reigned. His nerves were strung near breaking point. He was frantic, lonely to nausea, striding the room with feverish impatience.

By and by the wind sank to a fitful moaning. Windows showed outlined dimly by faint stars, till soon a native appeared in the doorway, and a deep voice called, "Huzoor?"

HE seized his hat and crop, in thankful eagerness to make an end. The waiting man loomed strangely huge, and did not step aside for him. Instead, he loosed the silks about his head, releasing showers of sand. A black bearded, yellow face with amber eyes above a great hooked nose appeared. Startled, Tony stared into the gaze opposed unblinkingly to his, like a wild hawk's in a cage. It was not his servant, but Shabu Singh, wearing instead of uniform the silken garments of a desert *thakur*.

"The fates sent this wind, Huzoor," the Rajput said, as he shook sand from his green silk cloak. "My brothers with the regiment said thou wert going on a journey. I have ridden all day, killing a good horse, to be here before the train. Yet, but for the storm, I should have been too late."

Tony listened with exasperated hostility. "Well?"

The yellow eyes held his unwaveringly. "Because of that for which my father slew Rung Bhup Rao, it seemed to me this matter of the King's treasure was for our house and thine, my lord, alone; wherefore I stole the hurt Rohilla from the hospital, to learn what he might know. The dog was stubborn; but there are in our village certain old women hating all hillmen for sons slain and daughters ravished. I gave him to them, and in a little time he thought well to speak. It is better than I had hoped for, Sahib. The chests are hidden till the pursuit shall tire, buried at the oasis of Kulmeer, guarded by a dozen men passing as camel-herders. It may be we shall find death there, my lord; it may be with good fortune we will destroy these men by stealth and win free. In either case, all will be well, for their words will be in the teeth of these camel-driving pigs, and that shadow shall be wiped out and forgotten."

So pregnant a message fell cold on Tony's ears. He heard the words, but did not sense the spirit that inspired them, nor its import. He was fevered with his desire to see the last of India. That Shabu Singh had broken a Rajput's oath and was a deserter, in order to keep unstained the name of Carteret and Carteret's regiment, mattered no jot to him. He was going home, to the bright lights and the music, soft lips and brimming eyes and perfumed hair.

"BRING only thy pistol, sahib," urged the ressaldar. "I have horses here, and camels waiting at the desert rim. Weapons and clothes also, for it is better that thou shouldst march as one of us."

The syce appeared at the door. With a muttered excuse Tony shoved past Shabu Singh, who followed him. "This way, Huzoor; my horses are without the gate!"

Oh, damn the fellow! Was there no end to him?

His syce salaamed. "Huzoor. The sand is past, and I have cleaned the horses."

The tactics of his mother came to Tony from long habit. He turned to Shabu Singh, smiling, as only he could smile, "Go thou and untie the horses. I follow when I have got my pistol."

"Achha, Huzoor!" The Rajput turned and went, and with vindictive satisfaction Tony watched the mighty figure fade. Good! That was the end of him and of all his gaudy crew; and this was the end of Moonch. Tony was going home!

The syce went toward two shadowy horses, and Tony stood waiting impatiently, beating on his foot with his crop. There was some little delay by his man, and presently out of the dark boomed the voice of the ressaldar. "Huzoor. Huzoor. This way."

The syce was leading up the horses. "There is a hurry, Sahib," he urged. "We can just catch the train!"

Again Shabu Singh called "Huzoor. My lord! Where art thou? Wallah, the night is thick! This way, through the postern gate."

Then Tony discovered himself to be walking toward the postern. It was the most astounding and disconcerting phenomenon. He did not want to go. His limbs moved of their own volition, while his mind cried out in blind revolt. That way lay everything he hated. And yet he went riding by the huge Rajput's side.

The night was clearing fast as, at a steady pace, in silence, they swept through the ancient city. The dwellings thinned, and soon the clack of hoofs on cobbles changed sometimes to "thud, thud, thud" in sand.

Tony was not thinking. His mind seemed to have ceased its struggles, to have abandoned itself to a strange new power that dominated him. His horse felt the uplifting of its rider's spirit and swept forward ever faster.

ALL night they rode through the eerie dark, till near dawn they halted at a brake of date palms, black against the paling east. Figures rose from the earth with deep-voiced greetings and hands took charge of Tony, unbuttoning his clothes. He submitted in silence while they attired him in the tight satin trousers, curl-toed red shoes, kaftan and pugaree of a desert *thakur*. They put over each shoulder a cartridge belt, heavy with full load, a venomous curved dagger in his sash, and gave him a rifle. They brought food, and before they had finished eating, the weird snaky heads of camels stalked in the dawnlight from among the trees, and knelt.

Tony and the Ressaldar mounted, and Shabu Singh led away from the village, heading east.

Hour after burning hour without rest they marched till falling dusk. Then Shabu Singh gave Tony water, a handful of dates, and a piece of millet cake.

"Eat and sleep, my lord. Take off thy shoes and sleep."

It seemed only a moment before firm shaking woke him, and the Rajput's deep voice said, "The moon is up, sahib.

It is time to march." His first movement sent stabs of agony through his joints, and it was with infinite pains that he contrived to don his shoes and clamber into his saddle. Then they were off again, lurching in silence through the aching waste.

A DAY and a night and a day went by, till it seemed to Tony that he had never in all his life done anything but climb endlessly and descend the heaves of glistening sand, while the sun gnawed into his body and the running sweat made channels in his dust-caked face. It seemed he was in hell. But yet through all his travail, vital within him sprang that joyous voice that sang and sang and would not die.

ON the third night the camels showed signs of excitement.

Shabu Singh halted. "The beasts smell water. We are close, and we dare not take them nearer."

They knelt the camels, and Shabu Singh hobbled them carefully, tying over their heads cloths brought for the purpose. Shabu Singh handed his rifle to Tony. "Wait here, my lord. Sleep if you can. I go to see what waits for us."

Then he was gone, and Tony was alone with the two camels, in a silence so profound as to amount to pain. He leaned against his camel's flank and strove to think, to elucidate to himself what had befallen him, but he could *not* think. Feeling, instinct, emotion, these were the only things he knew. But he knew also that the glow within his heart transcended any joy that life till then had offered his delighted body, and he was wafted on thundering wings into an oblivion of sleep.

He awoke with a desperate start that stabbed pains through his limbs. It was cold. He felt in the saddle bag for some dates to munch, till by and by the black mass of a crouching form bulked on the skyline, and Shabu Singh plunged down the slope in an avalanche of sand.

The Rajput squatted by his side and drank deep from the goatskin saddle-bag. "Come, my lord. The night is old and there is a hurry. Follow close and carefully."

Shabu Singh led up the slope with Tony close behind him. To move on foot across that loose-piled sand was gruelling labour. Sweat poured down Tony's body, and he gasped for breath in his endeavour to keep close behind his leader. Tony was reeling by the time they stopped.

"Over the next crest, sahib. Follow me most carefully and look."

They peered above the crest, till Tony saw a sharp depression, a saucer in the waste, in its bottom a dark swath of date palm, and beyond a flat, bare plain, with camel thorn and cactus, reaching toward where the barren hills began. The dark shapes of a hundred camels squatted in the thorn on the far side of the palms, while along the hither side were two black tents and a spark of fire. To Tony's left, on the rim of the oasis, facing westward, whence danger might come, squatted the figure of a sentry.

WHEN he had looked his fill, Shabu Singh drew him back into cover. Tony listened to a desperate, fearless plan to achieve an object which the Rajput set first of all things on earth. Then Shabu Singh led upward again, and pointed to the sleeping camp. "See, sahib, the tent pole to the eastward. There is a saddle lying close. When the shadow of the tent pole touches that I shall be ready."

He left Tony, clambering crab-wise through the soft and running sand. Tony lay on his face, the curve of his head fitting into the skyline, gazing down into the oasis of Kulmeer, which held his fate.

It was almost an hour before the shadow touched the saddle. Tony slipped down behind the crest, and, taking no chances of being seen by the sentry, travelled in a wide sweep west and south, till he was fairly in front of him. Then he turned east, and with no attempt at concealment, marched steadily in his direction. Up and down the dunes he struggled, half-knee-deep, till at last, topping a crest, he saw his man, and his heart plunged. But the song within it did not quaver. He went down the slope out of sight and up the rise, and as he topped this crest he saw the waiting man jerk upright. He raised his hands above his head as if in greeting, and kept on steadily toward him.

NOW the sentry was on his feet, rifle ready, watching the lone man given thus strangely up by aching sands. Suddenly behind him rose a mighty figure, rushed with a crouching swoop, and bore him down. Tony broke into a run. He saw his comrade's arm go back and strike. Then, to his horror, a third shape reared, a curved blade flashed in the moonlight, and Shabu Singh went down with the Rohilla who had slept beside the sentry, concealed in a fold of sand, unseen.

Tony's limbs moved of themselves, and with an agonised burst of energy he covered the intervening distance, snatched out his knife, and hurled himself upon this man. Then he was rolling in the sand, fighting for life with a foe of incredibly ferocious energy. His knife-hand was held vicelike, an awful grip was on his throat, and a hooked-nosed face glared down on him. His head swam, his lungs were bursting, and his strength ebbed fast, when, with a flash of inspiration, he stopped tearing at the grasp on his throat and stabbed his thumb at one baleful eye. It sank sickeningly in softness, and the fellow loosened his throat and screamed. His hand was free; and he struck upward, again and again and again, till he realised it was no longer necessary. He rolled the heavy body off him and rose to his knees, sick and sweating, covered with his enemy's blood. The camp below lay sleeping still in the clear moonlight, and in all that landscape nothing moved.

SHABU Singh lay face down on the body of his victim, and the knife hilt stood up between his shoulders. Tony turned him over. He was quite dead. Tony knelt with the body of his comrade lolling at his feet and stared up and beyond earth into space. Two men, great soldiers, father and son, had died because of him. He was alone at Kulmeer wells, three days of burning sands from Moonch, with four fierce enemies asleep below him, four of the butchers of gay Nick Hatton.

The dead face of the Ressaldar looked up at him. Its eyes were open. As he looked into them something inside him broke. He sheathed his knife, took Shabu Singh's from his belt, and put it on. Then he picked up his rifle, blew the sand from the breech, and, out of sight of the tents below, circled to get the brake of palms between him and his enemies.

SHABU Singh was dead. But his will should be carried out. His hovering spirit should see it done—and the spirits of his father and of certain Carterets. And now all of his cunning was bent upon this thing. He stalked that camp with all the finesse with which he had been wont to stalk his women, till from the palm brake rim at twenty yards he looked down on a dying fire, two tents, the ancient parapet of a well, and four sleeping men, four of Nick Hatton's murderers.

He lay down, working himself methodically into comfortable position, examined his rifle breech with great care, blowing out the last speck of sand, cocked it, then, as though shooting on the range at home, fired at the farthest sleeping figure.

Tony could shoot. "*Crack.*" A man kicked convulsively beside the fire. "*Crack,*" and another. "*Crack,*" and a third. The fourth by this time was on his feet, glaring in panic about him. Tony dropped him in his tracks. The second man, only wounded, now was up, running in pain and panic straight for Tony, not knowing whence the bullets came. Tony dispassionately cut him down with his last cartridge. Then from the tent, and unexpectedly, for Shabu Singh had said four men were in the camp, another man burst. Tony flung down his rifle, drew his knife, and with terrific impetus given by the steep slope down which he ran, descended on him.

FOUR days later, Hugh Trope paced the path before the mess, between the rose bushes. He felt tired and very old. Life at the last was bitter, dust in the mouth. He was consumed with aching for the futile death of comrades, for the faithlessness of Shabu Singh, and the failure of his dearest hope that in the end a Carteret would again lead Carteret's Own.

He heard the sentry challenge, and turned to see two thin and weary camels file through the ancient arch. The first bore a huge man's body slung across the saddle. The second, two ancient coffers. The dolorous train was led by a slim, tall man afoot, in the blood-stained garments of a desert *thakur*. He came very slowly, reeling as he walked. A downy yellow beard hid a face whose lips showed blackened and cracked, and his grey eyes, seared by desert glare, peered bloodshot between lids swollen under yellow brows.

Tony tottered up the path, stopped and rocked upon his feet before Hugh Trope, who stood frozen and incredulously glaring, not able to believe what his eyes beheld.

THE END.

The Chance of Adventure: by SIR PHILIP GIBBS

(Continued from page 23)

greatly stirred. It would give a new purpose, a stimulating idea, the chance of a big adventure to this younger generation of ours, and the older folk as well, who after the war have been without any inspiration to national service and depressed by lack of faith in the future. Above all the nation and the Empire could not let the Prince down if he offered his leadership in this adventure, as I dare to think he would, eagerly, if he were assured of the right support.

It is not that we have lost our old spirit and quality. Those young miners are of splendid stuff. The younger crowd to-day in all classes have latent in them the same courage as those who recruited for the war in every branch of service.

But the whole country has been disheartened for some years past by an atmosphere of pessimism, by lack of heroic opportunity, by this creeping paralysis of unemployment and by uninspired leadership. They would respond to a call which would lead them out of this slough of despond and offer them a plan and an ideal in which the whole nation would be enlisted, for service and support.

It would cost a lot of money, but it would be a good investment. Mr. Lloyd George proposed raising a national loan of £200,000,000 for road-mending, bridge-building, and other forms of work for the relief of unemployment. Practicable or not, this work would have had but temporary effects. It was not greatly productive. It would not have relieved the pressure of population in these islands or built up new sources of future wealth. But the same amount of money put into some New England overseas, fertilising new fields, raising new harvests, building new homes and a new way of life for a pioneer stock, would, before many years, produce good returns.

With such a loan subscribed by rich and poor it would be easily possible by enthusiastic organisation and leadership to create a settlement overseas in some No Man's Land of Canada or Australia—if either of those Dominions would not cramp the scheme from the outset by pettifogging hostility —where there would be at first little townships of wooden huts linked together by light railways, and providing the amusements and resources of civilisation to the agricultural workers. There would be cinemas, entertainments, reading rooms, dance halls, within reach of the farmsteads. There would have to be churches and schools and hospitals.

Such things were done in the war behind the lines on an enormous scale. They could be done just as well for a hundred thousand settlers, increasing perhaps to two hundred and fifty thousand, if there were the same national drive, the same spirit of service, the same gaiety of enthusiasm for an adventure of peace. Why not?

There is only one reason against it, and that is the will to do it. The money could be found, for there is plenty of money for high-class loans. The men and women could be found, for there are thousands who would volunteer if they were assured that it was not a political dodge, or a bogus job, or a scheme for shifting them out of the old country into some frightful desolation where they would be exiled from all social life. The land could be found, for in Canada and Australia there is room for an enormous increase of population. To ensure success three things are necessary, and they all belong to the mind and not to material resources. They are leadership, organisation, and enthusiasm.

In my scheme—or my dream—this new colony would have to be organised very much on the same lines as the Expeditionary Force in France and Flanders, applied to the purposes of life instead of death and construction instead of destruction. There would have to be a G.H.Q. staffed by administrators and experts, including engineers, agricultural officials, and surveyors, and social organisers.

They would have to appoint their intelligence officers for each district and these men would be instructors in charge of training centres with local knowledge of agricultural conditions. There would be camp commandants and town majors, who would be responsible for the elementary discipline required for the smooth working of these community settlements. There would be pioneer battalions of single young men who would prepare the hutments for the families to follow them. Carpenters, road-makers, railway men, engineers would make ready for the farmers and foresters. It is an essential part of the plan that light railways should link up the small townships so that there could be centres of social life easily accessible from the farmsteads. Agricultural machinery and general co-operation would relieve the settlers from much of that slow, back-breaking, individual labour which had to be faced by pioneers of an earlier age who fought nature with their hands and finger nails.

When we think of the five hundred million pounds that we have spent during the past ten years in poor relief, getting nothing in return except the increasing demoralisation of unemployed men, and when we envisage the next ten years with an increasing population of young workers and no rosy prospect of greater opportunity in this congested country, the financial side of a scheme like this does not seem fantastic or unprofitable. It would be substituting productive work for wasteful charity, and an adventure of hope for stagnation and despair.

It must be on a large scale plan. One hundred thousand settlers seems to me the minimum that should be proposed as the founders of the new colony. The bigger the plan the easier will it be to achieve, because the spirit of the whole Empire would respond by offers of money and service, by combined effort, by the old comradeship for a common purpose, which was the one inspiration of the war, if the idea is big and bold enough to stir the imagination of the race and to appeal to its old spirit of adventure and enterprise.

One could count on the women as well as on the men. They would like to take a hand in the building of that new England overseas. They would go out as farm girls, as milk maids, as lorry drivers, and as housewives, to those young men who had the pluck to take this chance instead of lounging round street corners, outside labour exchanges, waiting for the dole. There would be volunteers from thousands of middle-aged men who did a good job in the old war and would step out again to serve the country in this adventure of peace. There would be concert parties, theatrical companies, entertainers of all kinds, eager to keep up the spirit of the pioneers. Girls who find themselves without much purpose in the social round would rally up for work in canteens as their elder sisters did fourteen years ago. I honestly believe that there is more than a dream in this; I believe that with the leadership of the Prince of Wales it might be the way of escape from that despondency and doubt which lately has been creeping over England and saddening many of our minds.

I STRESS the value of the Prince as the leader of this adventure for many reasons. If he went down into the distressed areas and said "Follow me" they would go with him. They believe him to be on their side, to be deeply sympathetic with their distress, to be keen to help them. They like his courage and his sense of humour. They like the way he puts things. He has a supreme position in the mind of the world's youth. But, apart from that, the Prince is the only man who could break down the political opposition of the Dominions and rally them up to a new ideal of service on behalf of the Mother Country. At the present time, as I cannot disguise, Canada reports unfavourably on all plans for a big scale settlement from these islands. Australia takes a narrow trade-union view of wages and marketing. They are afraid of lowering their conditions of labour by allowing any large number of new settlers. It is probable, however, that the present Labour Government may overcome some of this prejudice and hostility, and a lead given by the Prince would have an immense effect.

No one can ask him to give that lead unless he is utterly assured of national support and the practical possibility of any plan with which he is willing to associate himself.

But I dare to believe that if the present Government under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were to adopt some such scheme as this, putting it forward with an imaginative and emotional appeal, they would stir a tidal wave of enthusiasm among all classes, including their political opponents, and get the support of the best brains and the best hearts in this country of ours for something which would be bigger than any party catchword or any class interest. Then the Prince of Wales could call for the pioneers, or the new crusaders, who would not, I am certain, hesitate. The heart of England, and of Scotland, would leap up to this chance of service.

Or is this scheme just a dream which has no reality because the city streets have choked the spirit of the younger men and the dole is good enough, and adventure no longer calls to youth? . . . No. I decline to believe it.

MAKE YOUR WINDOWS TO-NIGHT THE ENVY OF THE NEIGHBOURS

Wouldn't you like a change—something prettier, nicer, smarter, more artistic? After all, those curtains have been up such a *long* time. You're *sure* to be "fed up"—always having the same colour staring you in the face. Why not change them before hubby comes home? What a delightful surprise for him! Make your windows "the envy of the neighbours" —TO-NIGHT!

After all, it's so *easy*—with Tintex. 27 colours to choose from—*fast* colours. You simply wash the material in the ordinary way, and "tint as you rinse." But suppose the curtains are dark and you want them *lighter?* Well—that's equally simple. You first rinse out the old colour with Tintex Colour remover and then "rinse in the new." Impossible to fail with Tintex. No streaks, spots, or patches. A child can use it.

27 LASTING TINTEX COLOURS!

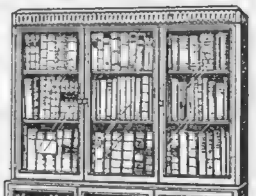
GREY BOX 6d.—For tinting and dyeing silk, cotton, wool and linen.
BLUE BOX 6d.—For lace trimmed silks (tints the silk—cotton lace remains white or original colour.
COLOUR REMOVER 6d.—For taking out dark colours when you want to dye things lighter.
WHITEX 6d.—Restores the original whiteness to Silks, Artificial Silks, Cottons and Woollens.

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES
"Tints as you rinse"

Sold at Chemists, Grocers, Drapers and all Stores. In case of difficulty in obtaining, send remittance with name of your dealer to—British Tintex & Dye Products, Ltd., 252-260, Regent St., London, W.1.

YET ONLY 6D

BAKERS NEW 'OXFORD' Sectional Bookcases



The dignified appearance of these well-known improved Sectional Bookcases will enhance the appearance of any room.
One of the new improved Sections, with cornice and base, will make a very artistic and useful Bookcase, and forms the foundation for building a larger Bookcase when required.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue showing full range of styles and prices.

Wm. BAKER & Co. Ltd.
LIBRARY SPECIALISTS, **OXFORD.**
London Agents: DULAU & Co. Ltd Booksellers, 32, Old Bond St., W.1.

WOULD YOU SPEND 6D.

—to SAVE SIX SHILLINGS
Undoubtedly....

Then send your laddered stockings to Macnab's to be invisibly repaired and you will save a BIG sum during the year on your stockings.
Do not attempt to soap the damaged spot and drag it together yourself, you will only weaken the threads and cause further early ruin.

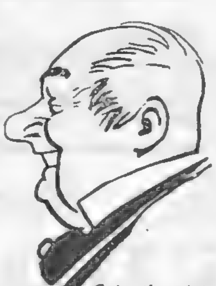
Copy of Leaflet on Invisible Mending sent free on request.

Send your laddered hose to Macnab's Invisible Mending Dept., you will get them back in 1 week showing no trace of the damage, every stitch perfectly replaced. The cost is only 6d. for the first 3 inches and 1d. for each succeeding inch. Knitted and woven fabrics of every description Invisibly Repaired at reasonable cost..... Macnab's for PERFECT results.... estimates for special jobs FREE.

MACNAB
Slateford Dye Works, Edinburgh.
By Appointment o His Majesty the King.

Be a Successful ARTIST

There is Joy and Profit in Creative Art



Copy this sketch for free criticism.

TAKE the "John Hassall Way" of learning to draw. In your own home, follow this fascinating, leisure-time pursuit which enables all who have a natural inclination towards Art —young and old—speedily to acquire a gratifying and highly profitable skill in the use of pencil, pen and brush.

By the "John Hassall Way" men and women in all parts of the world have entered upon a remunerative career in commercial art, while countless others have found it the means to a lastingly pleasurable pastime for their leisure hours.

Consider the intense satisfaction of regarding a really fine work from your own pen or brush. This is the Joy of Creative Art—*and it can be yours!* If you have the desire to draw, do not hold your ambitions in check; opportunity here and now awaits you.

TAKE THE HASSALL WAY

Send a copy of the accompanying sketch (or a specimen of your original work) together with coupon below, and you will receive, without charge or obligation:—

1. An *expert* and quite candid criticism of your work.
2. A handsome BROCHURE containing many illustrations of the work of Mr. Hassall and his pupils. This book gives graphic details of the John Hassall Postal Course; what it is, what it has done, and what it will do for you.

COUPON—*Post Now!*
The John Hassall Correspondence Art School, Dept. H9/1, St. Albans.
Please send me—without charge or obligation—a copy of the Illustrated Brochure, "The John Hassall Way," and free criticism of enclosed sketch (my own work).

NAME ....
(in Capitals)
ADDRESS ....
Brit. & Eve.
Sept., 1929 ....

The John Hassall Correspondence Art School, Dept. H9/1, St. Albans.

TOILET COMMONSENSE
Practical Ways to Good Looks and how to obtain results

Many New Hints and much Sound Advice in the Interesting and Instructive

New Toilet GUIDE

JUST PUBLISHED
By PHILIP H. MASON, PH.C.
Author of "Face Massage," "The Hair," etc

A FREE Copy
will be sent gratis upon request. This book explains how to improve the Complexion, Hands, Figure, Eyes and Hair at home; how to choose and use the right preparations; and how, in a word, to become
"The Specialist of one's own Toilet."

The Contents include:

HOW TO DO AWAY WITH—
Large Pores, Shiny Skin, Moles, Warts, Wrinkles, Double Chin, Superfluous Hair Down, Blackheads, Red Veins, Puffiness.

SELF-MASSAGE, Illustrated—HOW TO MASSAGE FACE, NECK AND SHOULDERS—
With full Directions for Reducing or Building Flesh, Figure Improvements, etc

THE HAIR—HOW TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR—
To stop Fall of Hair,
To Check Greyness,
To Increase Growth,
To Remove Greasiness
etc., etc.

WASHING AND THE BATH—
What Soap to Use,
How to Soften the Water
An Improved Bath Salt

HANDS—HOW TO MAKE THEM SOFT AND WHITE—
Manicure fully Described.

EYES, LASHES AND BROWS—
To Increase Beauty, Growth and Colour.

This 96-page Guide sent Gratis and Post Free.

PHILIP H. MASON
Pharmaceutical Chemist
17, BANK PLAIN, **NORWICH**

THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL LOUD-SPEAKERS

CELESTION

Now obtainable at big price reductions

MODEL	OLD PRICE	NEW PRICE
C.10	£5 10 0	£3 15 0
C.12	£7 5 0	£5 12 6
C.14	£13 10 0	£11 0 0
C.24	£24 0 0	£20 0 0

These substantial reductions are made possible only by reason of the greatly improved production facilities, made available in the new and extensive Celestion factory.

Obtainable from any high-class Radio Dealer.

Write for free Booklet to:

CELESTION, LTD.,
DEPT. Q.,
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

THE VERY SOUL OF MUSIC

Swiftly, Safely, Surely

GENASPRIN

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

Makes Pain Fade Away

In all cases of

HEADACHE, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, SLEEPLESSNESS AND ALL NERVE PAINS

At all Chemists, 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH LEICESTERSHIRE

REAL HARRIS AND LEWIS TWEED: DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

SUIT-LENGTHS CUT TO ORDER.

TWEED DEPOT: 537, James St., STORNOWAY, SCOTLAND.

Ideal Clothing for Golf and all Sports Wear.

Patterns and Prices on request on stating shades desired.

RADIONE SHAMPOO

A Nestlé Product

No powder, no mess, no bother. 12 invigorating shampoos in a tube for 1/9. From hairdressers, chemists and stores. Send 3d. for free sample to Nestle, 48, South Molton St., London. W.1.

T*he* Queen *of* Spain

by EVELYN GRAHAM

(*Continued from page* 33)

carefully trained. The Queen has been instrumental in getting new hospitals built all over the country and in Morocco.

She also started the league to prevent tuberculosis, and now there are splendid sanatoria near Madrid and in different provinces in Spain. Her latest creation is the cancer league. The first charitable institution she introduced was the Needlework Guild, which is known as "Ropero de Santa Victoria," which gives thousands of articles of clothing to the poor at Christmas, not only in Spain, but in Morocco.

THE destruction of the palace at La Granja was a great blow to the royal family. It was here the King and Queen could feel themselves "at home." It was here they retired every year for two months, where they could enjoy a life of charming simplicity and out-of-doorness. The Queen is quite an expert fisher but she will not bait her hooks!

In general, Her Majesty is called at 8.30 and retires at midnight. They keep late hours in Spain. While the Queen breakfasts, her six children come in and say, "good morning." After that the Queen visits her hospitals and sanatoria, or walks or rides. She will then receive audiences. Lunch is at 1.30, and if there is no special function she plays golf, or tennis, in the afternoon. The King and Queen have tea together. Dinner is at nine o'clock.

SPANISH court etiquette has been mentioned. The eldest son of the King and Queen of Spain was the first son born to a reigning King of Spain for four generations. And Spain insists on witnesses to the birth of the heir apparent. King Alfonso, as a proud father, presented the newly born child on a silver salver to the ministers and grandees with the words: "He weighs four kilos!"

With six children the Queen has naturally many domestic problems to occupy her. Happily she has exquisite taste in dress. She knows what suits her and she knows what she wants. Also, she knows what suits her daughters. As a matter of fact, the Infantas now choose their own clothes, and it is no doubt due to the example and advice of their mother that they too dress with such excellent taste. Queen Ena's favourite colours in dress are grey or blue, generally soft pastel shades, and many of her dresses are made in Madrid.

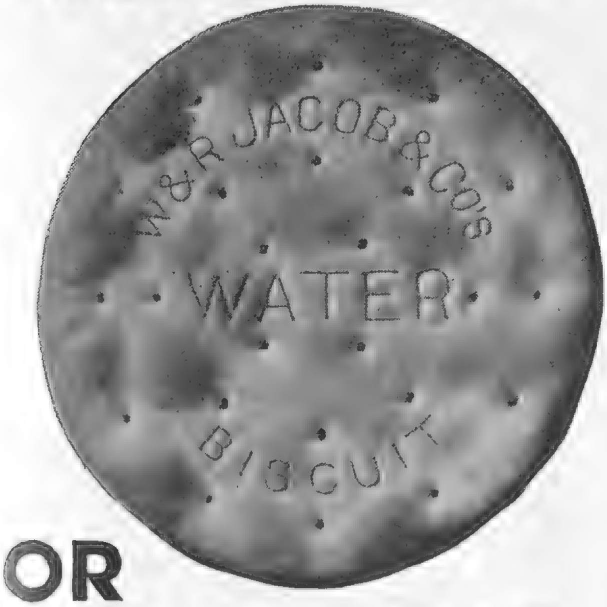
Her dresses are simply but faultlessly cut. She has an eye for line. Tall and exquisitely formed, she is a figure that any artist would love to dress.

English people still refer to her as Queen Ena because they called her Princess Ena. But in Spain she is called Queen Victoria and signs herself "Victoria Eugénie." As in many households, pet names have found their way into the Spanish royal family. The eldest son is generally called "Alfonsito," then come "Jimmy" (Jaime), "Baby" (Beatriz), "Christa" (Maria Christina). The two youngest, Juan and Gonzalo, so far, have not been nicknamed, though Gonzalo has been called "Kiki."

The early days spent at Balmoral and Osborne have doubtless left their mark on Queen Ena. Her mother, Princess

(*Continued on page* 172)

DO YOU LIKE
JACOB'S
WATER BISCUITS



OR
JACOB'S
WATER BISCUITS

W&R JACOB & CO'S
WATER
BISCUIT

SOME like them "*high-baked*"; some like them "*ordinary*," but everybody insists on Jacob's. It's the nice nutty flavour that makes Jacob's a different Water biscuit—and a specially good one.

Sold loose, in half-pound packets or in the new 2/- tin

Service Advertising

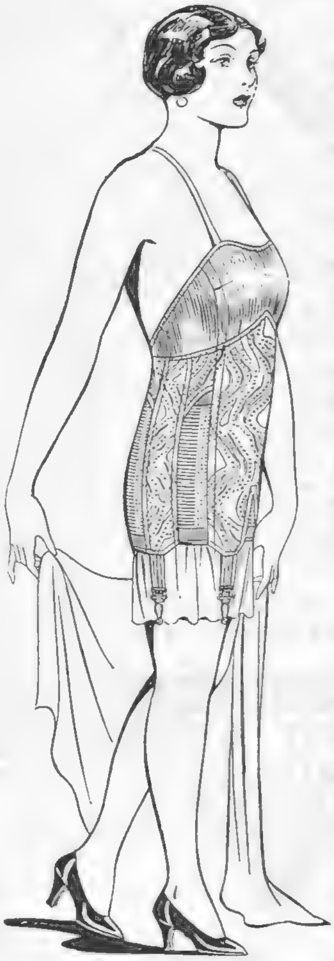
ROYAL
WORCESTER
AND
BON TON CORSETRY

Introducing a brilliant series of new designs for Autumn modes

THEIR SUPREMACY IS A RECORD OF THE PRESENT AND A PLEDGE FOR THE FUTURE.

WARNING!

On the application of the ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO. an Order was made by Mr. Justice Maugham, in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, for an INJUNCTION until the Trial of the Action, to restrain A. & E. FRANKLIN, Ltd., of NORTHAMPTON, from "PASSING OFF" copies of ROYAL WORCESTER GARMENTS as of genuine Royal Worcester manufacture.



Model 804E.
Entirely new Backless Bon Ton "Dualistc" perfectly shaped in handsome pink or silver beige Broché, with special Soft Top and twin knit-elastic panels. Bust sizes 32-40* - - **42/-**
**Registered in Great Britain.*

ROYAL WORCESTER & BON TON models—*and model numbers*—are extensively copied.

While appreciating this "unsolicited testimonial," we urge you to insist on seeing on every garment the Trade Mark "ROYAL WORCESTER" or "BON TON"—the guarantee of fine Corsetry for more than half a century.

IMMEDIATE LEGAL ACTION WILL BE TAKEN AGAINST ANY PERSONS WRONGFULLY APPLYING OUR TRADE MARKS "ROYAL WORCESTER" OR "BON TON"

AVOID OLD STOCKS OR IMITATIONS SOMETIMES DESCRIBED AS "ROYAL WORCESTER" OR "BON TON." THE LATEST GENUINE MODELS ARE OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM OUR RECOGNISED AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

LOOK FOR THE BRANDED TRADE MARK

For name of nearest Agent please write to:—

WORCESTER CORSETRY *Ltd.*
ONE HUNDRED, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Write for the book that has brought Success to more men than has any other book published. A postcard will bring it to you

FREE—

LET ME SEND YOU
THIS FREE 180 PAGE GUIDE TO SUCCESS
THE DIRECT WAY TO SUCCESS
J. D. C. Mackay,
Principal of The School of Accountancy.

A printed guide to Success! This is a phrase to make the sceptic smile; yet it is a proven fact that many thousands of men date their successful careers back to the day when they invited J. D. C. Mackay to send them the free 180–page prospectus of The School of which he is Principal, No book that was a dry-as-dust prospectus only could have such an influence on men's lives; but this is more—far more—than a prospectus. It is in truth a guide—detailed, explanatory, absorbingly interesting—to the paths through the hitherto uncharted spaces that lie between the ill-paid office worker and the solid, material business success of which he dreams.

"The Direct Way to Success" allows the reader to see Business through experts' eyes. There are contributions from famous Business Leaders; and the careers that business offers and the avenues that lead to success are made absolutely clear. The need for training is explained; and the results of School of Accountancy training are shown in instance after instance that would read like a romance were they not duly attested correct by a Chartered Accountant.

Incontestable proof is given that The School's tuition is the most efficient for commercial and professional examinations and for training for executive positions. Further, this book explains how the personal advice of the Principal can be obtained, how fees can be paid by instalments, and how examination success and qualification can be definitely guaranteed. This is the book that can lead you to success. Write for it to-day.

ABOUT SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY TRAINING

The School of Accountancy gives specialised postal training for all Accountancy, Secretarial, Banking, Insurance, Commercial and Matriculation Examinations, and for appointments such as Genera Manager, Company Secretary, Accountant, Works Manager, Cost Accountant, Office Manager, Auditor, Cashier, and Chief Clerk. Also Courses for youths and ladies and in all business and general education subjects.

Below are a few instances selected at random from thousands of fully attested cases of the successes gained by School of Accountancy students.

Woodburn, once an engineer, is now a Director of a company of Naval Contractors. Radcliffe, who was drifting along at £150 a year, is Director to a concern whose name is a household word. Milligan is Cost Accountant to a Railway Company. Dale is Accountant to a Departmental store. Donaldson graduated from an ordinary position in a Law Office to the position of Director and Secretary to an eminent firm of publishers. Nelson climbed from a clerkship in an electrical concern to management of a big Engineering Company at over £2,000 a year. French, a municipal clerk, became a City Treasurer at a progressive salary starting at £1,000 a year. Simpson is Secretary to a Water Board. Tulloch is Treasurer to a Film Corporation. Appointments as Accountants, Secretaries and Executives are the normal attainments of School of Accountancy students. There are thousands of them in good, progressive positions, with salaries of from £350 to £1,000 a year. Every year the list of students gaining and improving upon such appointments as these grows larger Every year another big squad steps out from the ranks of the routine workers and joins the well-paid executive staff of Business.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF THE SCHOOL'S 180 PAGE GUIDE TO SUCCESS. MARK YOUR REQUEST "GUIDE.

Division of The

THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY

SECRETARYSHIP · BANKING · INSURANCE

National College

111 MOORGATE,
LONDON, E.C.2.

2 WEST REGENT STREET,
GLASGOW.

37 Victoria Buildings, Deansgate, Manchester
Standard Buildings, City Square, Leeds

22 Sir Thomas Street Liverpool
8 Newhall Street, Birmingham

MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE

DRY IMPERIAL *VINTAGE 1919*

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY

Messrs. Moët & Chandon are the owners of the largest acreage of vineyards in the Champagne District and are the biggest distributors of that Wine in the World. They export to this Country a greater quantity of Champagne than any other house.

The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

Beatrice, was, in the later years of the reign, Queen Victoria's almost constant companion. This meant that the little Princess Ena was very much under the influence, both direct and indirect, of Queen Victoria.

And Princess Ena, as a child, was not made for a stiff and cardboard discipline of rules any more than other children. Things to be done and things not to be done were naturally impressed on her girlish mind. Sometimes sadly. A distinguished Victorian statesman, arriving for an audience at Osborne, once found Princess Ena in tears. They were the bitter tears of childhood "Things to be done" or "Things not to be done" had something to show on a small girl's face. The statesman forgot his statesmanship for the moment (and one feels that the tears of a child were worth *that*) and asked what was the matter. Princess Ena was in disgrace with Queen Victoria. What was the cause of the disgrace we do not know, and, after all, these things matter little. But the statesman was quite equal to that situation. Probably he wished other problems were settled so easily. He went out, came back with a bag of sweets and . . . .

It is pleasant to think of. This stately, regal lady as a child dropping scalding tears which suddenly cease to drop. She has better drops—"acid" maybe . . . .

Princess Ena being the only daughter—she had three brothers—had naturally that rounding off which the girl gets who has brothers and no sisters. Also, perhaps, a little spoiling, though that is stoutly denied. They shared lessons and showed they were not equally talented. Princess Ena early showed a marked ability fo music. That is not surprising. All th children of the late Queen Victoria were intellectually and artistically much above the average. Princess Beatrice, Queen Ena's mother, was a most excellen musician. Queen Ena therefore merely reflected her surroundings and inheritance in possessing this talent for musi

THIS love for music Queen Ena has never lost. She still plays the piano But she has not, as so many people who were brought up either on classical or pseudo-classical music, a hatred of jazz. Queen Ena admitted recently that she liked classical concerts and modern syncopation. It shows her catholicity. When asked to name her favourite composers she said, Wagner, Schubert, Chopin, Tchaikowsky, Granados, and Albeniz.

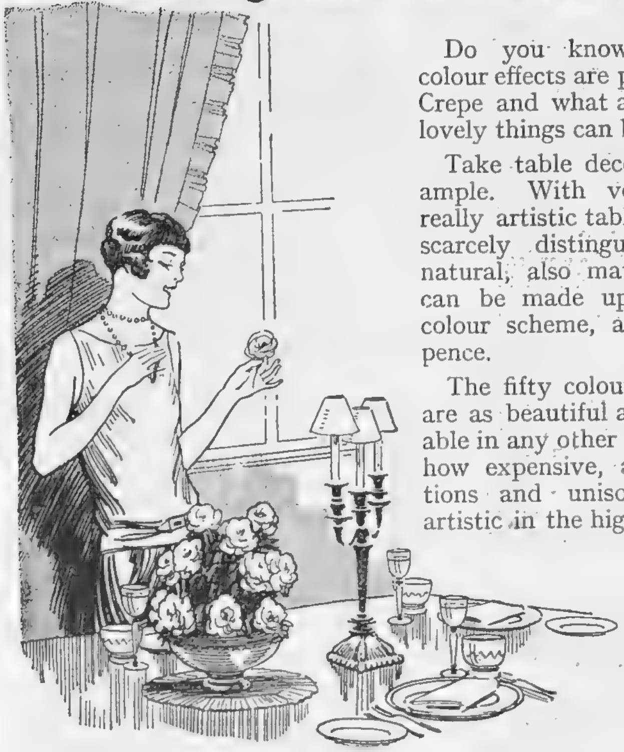
One of Queen Ena's brothers found practising a bore. He had not inherited a love for the piano. There was naturally a disposition between sister and brother to relieve each other of disagreeable trifles. She suggested—a suggestion he welcomed and endorsed—he should do her sums and she should do his practising! That it was not acceptable to the authorities is, at this date, not of great moment.

It is perhaps no wonder that Queen Ena loves hunting. She has always been fond of animals, and was naturally accustomed to them from an early age. She had a "seat," if one may call it so, that stamps the horsewoman. She could only mount a small pony, but it was enough. She could handle it so as to get the most out of it. In fact, she got so much out of it that her guardians were afraid she would meet with an accident, and bound her to prudence; she was positively forbidden to race. Disobedience meant she would be condemned to

(*Continued on page 174*)

Colourful good taste

—to gladden heart and home



Do you know what beautiful colour effects are produced in Victor Crepe and what a number of truly lovely things can be made with it?

Take table decorations as an example. With very little trouble really artistic table centres, flowers, scarcely distinguishable from the natural, also mats, serviettes, etc., can be made up in one beautiful colour scheme, and all for a few pence.

The fifty colours of Victor Crepe are as beautiful as anything obtainable in any other material no matter how expensive, and the combinations and unisons available are artistic in the highest degree.

The number and variety of articles that can be made is only limited by the artistry and ingenuity of the user.

Whole Schemes of Table Decoration are most effective in Victor Crepe.

Your home will have new charm for you and an added interest for visitors if you give your good taste and colour sense full play in the many ways possible with Victor Crepe, so beautifully soft and fine in texture and in such glorious colours. You can create a whole scheme in an hour and replace it when you wish at negligible cost. Victor Crepe truly transforms and beautifies any home.

A SIMPLE COMPETITION

£5 will be given every month until January for the best description of how to make any kind of article from Victor Crepe. Do not send the article itself unless asked to do so. No entrance fee and any number of entries can be sent, provided the picture of St. George (cut from the Victor Carton) accompanies each effort. Each month's competition closes on last day of the month, and envelopes must be marked Comp. B.

A Few Things that can be made with VICTOR CREPE

Flowers.
Hats.
Work Baskets.
Telephone Covers.
Lampshades.
Fancy Costumes
Handbags.
Waste Paper Baskets.
Tea Cosies.
Table Centres
Table Mats.
Table Covers
Fire Screens.
Curtains.
Children's Frocks.
Belts.
Shelf Covers.
Festive Decorations.

VICTOR CREPE

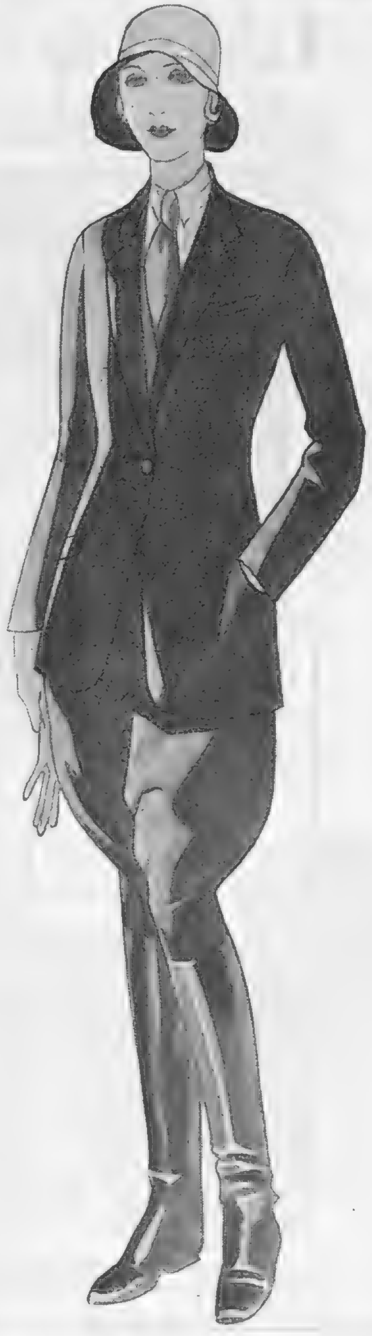
MADE ENTIRELY IN ENGLAND

THE VICTOR CREPE COMPANY

Showrooms: 6, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Ask any Stationer or Fancy Goods Dealer to show you Victor Crepe. If he does not stock it, send us his name and address and we will send you a 5-foot sample and see that supplies are available for you at your nearest dealer.

6D PER 10 FT. FOLD



The Smartest

RIDING KIT

distinctively correct and affording perfect style and comfort in the saddle. . . .

Ready to wear or made to measure
7 Gns. to 10 Gns.

Breeches a speciality.
Riding Boots, Saddlery.

MOSS BROS

& Co., Ltd.

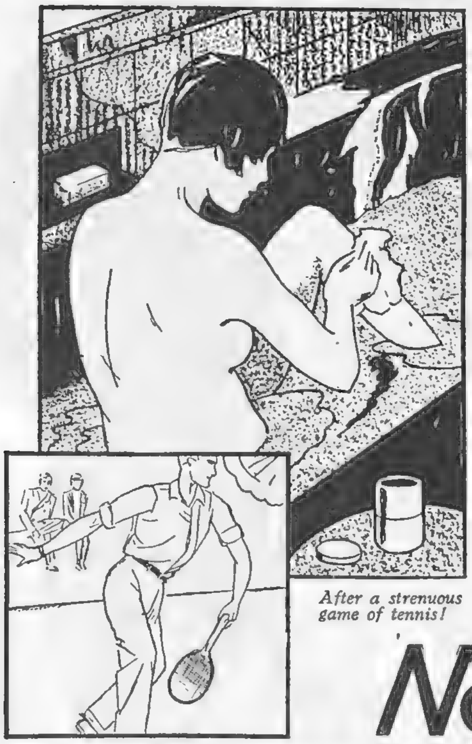
ONLY ADDRESS

Corner of **KING ST** and Bedford St
COVENT-GARDEN
(JUST OFF THE STRAND) W.C.2

Telephone: Gerrard 3750 (3 lines).
Wires: "Parsee, Rand, London."

Take your TONIC in your bath this new way!

—and see for yourself how fresh you will feel



After a strenuous game of tennis!

"*Marvellously refreshing and health giving*"—that is the unanimous verdict of thousands of men and women now using these remarkable Tonic Pine Bath Tablets.

And, the fact is, that until you have actually tried them you simply cannot *believe* how soothing and invigorating they are.

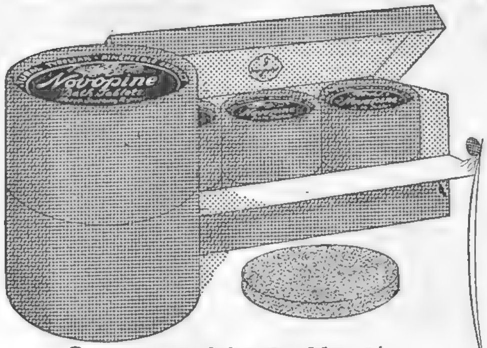
Novopine Sparkling Tonic Pine Bath Tablets are not bath salts in the ordinary sense at all—they contain all the wonderful properties of the oils extracted from the Austrian Tyrol Pines.

For ragged nerves, tired limbs, rheumatic stiffness, after a tiring day's work or play, or *any* strenuous exercise—just try the effect in your bath to-night or to-morrow morning. Just see what you think yourself!

Boots the Chemists, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all good chemists can supply you, or 4d. in stamps will bring you, post free, a sample direct. Order a carton to-day, or fill in the coupon below for sample. Natural Products, Ltd., London and Glasgow.

Novopine

Sparkling Tonic Pine Bath Tablets



Cartons containing 6 tablets 2/-
Large Boxes containing 3 cartons 6/-

Messrs. NATURAL PRODUCTS Ltd.
40, Furnival Street, London, E.C.4.

I enclose 4d. in stamps for sample of Novopine Sparkling Pine Bath Tablets. Please send at once to address below.

Name ....

Address ....

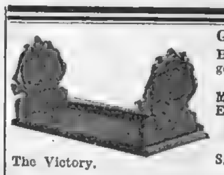
.... B.R.4

Send this coupon to-day!

HURCULACES
The LACE WITH THE EXTRA LONG WEAR
No 40 FOR 4d PER PAIR
LUCKY FOR BOOTS

No. 40 for 4d. per pair is a lace of silk finish, extra strength, made in all styles for ladies' and men's boots and shoes, ordinary or invisible eyelets.
OTHER QUALITIES:
No. 30 for 3d. per pair, extra super glace yarn.
No. 10 for 2d. per pair, strong glace yarn.
YOU NEED HURCULACES IN YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES.
Made in England and obtainable from the leading Boot Shops.
Manufactured by FAIRE BROS. & CO., LTD., LEICESTER.

"KISSINGA"
ANTI-CORPULENCE TABLETS
A safe and certain cure for obesity, compounded from a vegetable base with the addition of the famous Kissingen Spring Salt. They do not contain thyroid or iodine and cannot affect the heart.
Recommended by the Medical Profession.
Price 4/- per box of 100 tablets, obtainable from your chemist, or post free from
THE PHIL-SANO COMPANY, LTD.,
Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



The Victory.

GALLEON BOOK-RACKS.
Hand made and carved from genuine old ships' teak timber.
Drake - 15/-.
Mayflower - 15/-. Victory - 20/-.
Elizabethan Galleon - - 25/-.
Postage Paid.
Write for ships' Curio Catalogue.
S. J. LETHBRIDGE, Sutton Wharf, Plymouth.

ride a donkey. We have never heard from Queen Ena herself whether she risked the donkey . . . . It is quite likely.

A GIRL with three brothers does not generally lack temerity. One sees that in the swimming lessons. The Battenberg boys were taught to swim by sailors from the Royal Yacht. And Princess Ena was taught with them. She puts swimming to this day amongst her cherished sports.

Her days in the Isle of Wight when her father was Royal Governor were not only happy: they were foundation days for the future. She saw the public life of her parents, even if she took little part in it. It was fortunate for her that her father had wise views about the education of girls. He did not believe in seclusion: Princess Ena was brought up with her brothers, and so got the full view which is frequently missed by those who see too little of the other sex till they have grown up.

Queen Ena, with her views of queenly matters, of things national, philanthropic, and big, may occasionally smile, as we all do, at our young desires. The Battenberg children loved their visits to Balmoral. It was real country, in the sense that there was for them a feast of glory in the hills and valleys, on the rivers, and on the lochs. They could roam almost at will, fish, and feel akin with nature.

There is a shop at Balmoral where three generations of royal children have made their purchases. A tuck shop for the very young. Princess Elizabeth will soon be going there. It soon became the place where the young princes and princess could buy their fishing tackle. And Princess Ena was so enamoured of this shop that she declared that when she grew up she would keep a shop up there. "I spoke to the lady this morning," she said solemnly, as if she had been planning out her future with great care, "and she says she's sure I'll do well!"

Queen Ena is the first cousin of King George, and therefore second cousin to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. She has many recollections of them both at Balmoral and at Osborne.

"The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York," she said, "used to ask me to come round and play with them, bath them and put them to bed."

MEMORIES of old days never fade. They come back with an added ting every time Queen Ena visits England, which she loves, naturally, next to Spain. On her visits to London Queen Ena generally does a lot of shopping. She and her daughters dress with exquisite taste, as we have already remarked. It does not matter what the season is or what the occasion, they have so sure a tact in the matter of dress that they never go wrong.

Queen Ena realises she cannot afford to be badly gowned. It would be an offence. But few can hope to have her almost immaculate judgment. It is obvious that the Queen of Spain, with her multifarious duties and obligations, cannot indulge all her hobbies.

She is very fond of dancing, and likes the modern style. She is also very interested in gardening, and has a distinct preference for roses and carnations.

As one looks at this gracious, handsome lady one feels there is no wonder that, with her noble bearing, her sense of duty, her sympathy, and her tact, she has won the admiration and respect of her subjects.

WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly. London.W.1.

HATS FOR THE TROPICS.

530E. "The Sahara" Feather Weight Double Terai Sun Hat, in Woodrow's fine quality unspotable felt. The upper hat is in champagne and the under in nut brown. The crown is finely tucked and trimmed ribbon to match the under hat, brims bound together, **4 gns.**

This hat can be supplied in all sizes from stock. Also in flesh and mushroom, and stone and almond green, or any shade dyed specially in 10 days. These hats have an air space between, which gives safe protection against tropical sun, also sun-resisting linings.

Tropical Catalogue on Application.

By Appointment.

SPORTING HAT SPECIALISTS.

322E. "The Warwick" Lady's Hard Felt Riding Hat, with the new short back for shingled hair; made in best quality felt with soft silk head lining, very tenacious and comfortable, **35/-.**

A variety of other shapes in silk and felt Riding Hats always in stock.

Soft Felt Hats for Riding, in all colours from **29/6**

Hunting Stocks from **9/6** each.

A Selection of Hats by Post on receipt of London Trade Reference or an amount on deposit.

LADIES' DOUBLE TERAIS CLEANED AND RENEWED, 25/-
DYEING 7/6 EXTRA.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION. 'Phone: Regent 0189.

Do Men Prefer Blondes?

What 100 Married and 100 Unmarried Men Say.

Tests made by a noted psychologist with 100 married and 100 unmarried men show that in their preference for women a good complexion is the first consideration. As a matter of fact, about the same number of men prefer blondes as brunettes. But no man likes a woman with a shiny nose—he feels that she is careless and slovenly in her personal appearance—yet he does not like to see her continually powdering. You can make your face powder cling to your skin all day in spite of gusty winds, rainy weather, or perspiration while dancing or playing tennis, simply by blending a little mousse of cream with it. The mousse of cream also acts as a tonic to the skin and its continued use greatly improves the complexion, imparting a new and natural beauty.

In Poudre Tokalon the mousse of cream is scientifically blended in just the right proportions with the finest air-floated powder. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Invisible on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion, and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fascinating. It is the greatest complexion discovery made in 50 years. The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions. Over three million women now use Poudre Tokalon — the mousse of cream powder—every morning. 1/- a box. Compacts 1/3.

Free Trial. De-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in various shades and Crème Tokalon Skin Foods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing etc.) Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 931A), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

KEEP A YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

It is much simpler to look young than one imagines

THE Parisiennes have for many years had the secret of eternal youth, but they kept it to themselves. Now, however, it is common property that **DR. DYS'S SACHETS** do the deed. With the aid of certain **CREAMS, POWDERS,** and **'MAGIC' WATERS** that Darsy provide from Dr. Dys's recipes, there is now no reason to look a day older at **50 THAN AT 20.** To the uninitiated this may seem exaggerated, but those who have taken the habit of washing night and morning with these sachets know there is nothing to equal them. The **CREME DE BEAUTE** and the **CREME IDEALE** are the accessories that make a woman charming—delighted with herself—which is all-important. Send for price list and brochure **"PLUS QUE BELLE."** To be obtained from **Harrods, Marshall & Snelgrove's,** and all **Leading Hairdressers and Stores,** or from the London Agent—

R. SERVENTI, 23-25, MADDOX STREET, W.

When your Face and Hands are tanned with Sunburn and Sea Bathing, or Rough and Freckled, use Clark's

GLYCOLA

Obtainable from all Chemists and Hairdressers, 6d., 1/-, and 3/- per bottle. Sample of "Glycola" Cream for two 1d. stamps from Clark's Glycola, Ltd., 65, Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

LAUGH AS YOU READ

"ONE AT A TIME" *By* R. S. HOOPER

(Simple Simon) **Author of "And the Next."**

"Mr. Hooper is no imitator or plagiarist. His gaiety is the genuine article and bubbles up naturally from its own source. In fact, the chief charm of his writing is its freshness and spontaneity . . . , irresponsibility of this kind is a young man's talent."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

6s. net ❖ **JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head**

"I Look Ten Years Younger."

The above is an extract from a recent letter received from an enthusiastic user of VIVATONE RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR RESTORER. There is nothing more distressing than premature greyness, do not resort to dangerous dyes or stains, which are most obvious when they have been used. With VIVATONE detection is impossible even by your nearest friends, as the change is gradual and natural. VIVATONE, owing to its wonderful RADIO-ACTIVE properties, not only restores the hair naturally, but, at the same time, dispels dandruff and promotes the growth.

FREE.—Splendid Radio-Active Booklet, No. 23, on request.

INSIST on VIVATONE and you will be sure of a genuine RADIO-ACTIVE preparation.

VIVATONE

REGD.

RADIO - ACTIVE HAIR RESTORER

Price 7/6, post free, in plain wrapper.

Obtainable from Boots (all Branches), Timothy White's, or direct in plain package from

ANDRÉ GIRARD ET CIE (ENG.), Ltd., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

WRINKLES INSTANTLY REMOVED.

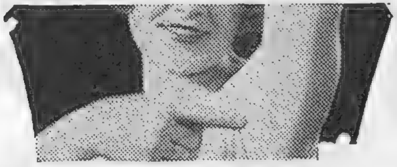
Those ageing wrinkles and crow's feet fade utterly away, leaving the face smooth, firm and young, by means of VIVATONE (Regd.) Radio-Active Wrinkle Remover. Prepared by an eminent Paris Beauty Specialist. *In Tubes, 2/6. Pots, 6/6 (triple size). In plain wrapper from Boots (all branches), Timothy White's, or direct. Andre Girard et Cie (Eng.) Ltd., St. Albans, Herts*

FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographic prints of models of all ages for the use of Artists and Students. Catalogue gratis to applicants stating full particulars of Business or Profession and Age.

E. A. LEON PUBLISHING COMPANY.
6, Norton Street, Liverpool.

GONE
Safely-Forever
Superfluous Hair



OBJECTIONABLE hair on face, neck, arms, under arms, or legs can now be removed—roots as well—in an amazing scientific way that finally destroys the growth for good. No electricity; no bad smells or unbearable pain. This new method (perfected by the Dermal Research Institute) is an entirely new discovery—extraordinary—yet absolutely safe and harmless. It does not merely remove hair temporarily, but gets at the real *cause* of hair growth, gently easing away the *very roots* so that they will never grow again. The whole process is quick and simple—as easily applied as cold cream. Simply apply a soothing balsam—and the hairs lift out in a minute—leaving the skin adorably smooth and clear.

***FREE* BOOKLET EXPLAINS.**

FREE Booklet describes this remarkable new method and tells how it will quickly, easily and inexpensively rid you of superfluous hair for ever. Write at once for your copy. There is no obligation. Dermal Research Institute (Dept. D 439), 3, Lower John Street, London, W.1.

Shetland Wear

A delightful 3-piece Suit hand-knitted in real Shetland Wool, and hand embroidered in contrasting colours. In Fawn, Grey, Morrit or White, in many fittings.

MODEL
No. 197
5½ Gns.

We sell our splendid selection of Shetland and Scotch Tweeds by the yard.

Write for copy of catalogue.

C/SHETLAND
INDUSTRIES
92, George Street, Baker Street,
London, W.1.

The Gift: *by* DOROTHY BLACK

(*Continued from page* 40)

SHE struggled with a Hindustani primer, but she made little progress. She had never been clever at learning.

"She's a queer child," said Sir Giles to his spouse. "Quite an interesting mind. If she'd been my daughter, I'd have her trained for politics. I've sometimes thought a woman out here—with grit and imagination and a grasp of idiom . . ."

"My dear Giles, don't for Heaven's sake put odd notions into her head."

"She would have gone far. . . ."

"As far as she will go will be back to Ireland to poor Blanche. I fear we aren't going to marry her off. Not a single offer. No young men come near her. And what do you think I discovered the other day? She has been going up the hill, riding there alone, and talking to the priests up there. Also into the bazaar. . . . To talk to the people. She might easily have had her throat cut in the bazaar, and I, personally, never trust priests far, for all their piety. . . ."

He laughed.

"She'll come to no harm."

"You always say that. You are so casual. You won't be content until we are all murdered in our beds."

"I suppose you forbade her."

"Most certainly. I have the prestige of the white woman to think of. In the bazaar. A young girl. Alone. What would they think? We all know their views on woman."

Ursula was sorry she could not go to the bazaar any more. It had helped her a lot with her Hindustani; besides, she liked the people. She had gone down and sat on the white cloth-covered shelf of Shirez Khan's stall, and talked to them. Old men with white beards, young men with oily hair, little boys in gold hats and clean white coats, their eyes rimmed with khol. They had congregated round her. What had she talked to them about? She really could not remember. A lot of the time had gone in ragging Shirez Khan. She baited him gently, to the intense delight of the crowd.

"The time of the white people is finished. We shall soon have the country to ourselves again, Baba. You will see." That was his battle cry.

"And when you've got it, what will you do with it?" asked Ursula in her funny abrupt little manner.

SHIREZ KHAN had a different idea every day. He was of poor physique, with a sparse moustache and thin hair that straggled on his bony head. His chin receded and his eyes bulged. He reminded Ursula intensely of Sallie the ferret, so that often when she looked at him she had to laugh, and Shirez Khan, seeing her, would laugh back at her, without knowing why. At Government House she heard Sir Giles speak of Shirez Khan as a dangerous man. A wild fellow. She never said she knew him.

The women brought her their sick children and their naughty children. She was credited with having cast a devil out of the Chettie's youngest born, whereas in truth all she did was to give it a dose of castor oil. They were all genial and kind and friendly, and oh so anxious for a little knowledge, a little understanding of what things meant.

But Lady Crabtree forbade her to go there any more. She met Shirez Khan once, up on the hill side beside the school kept by the Brothers of St. Ignatius.

"You come no more," he said.

"Not allowed to."

"Of course. We are unclean dogs. Why should you come anywhere near us."

"Don't be after being an idiot, now. We've been good friends."

"Good friends until it suits you, Baba. How can we ever be friends your people and my people."

She nodded. "One can. The Brothers here know how. Ask them, some day, Shirez Khan, perhaps they will tell you."

She rode away, and left him looking after her. A miserable little man. Very like Sallie the ferret.

THE troubles began in the spring. There was brawling in the bazaar. There were riots in the streets over the mill strikes. It was no longer safe to ride abroad alone.

"Of course," said Lady Crabtree, "you'll put off the garden party. We don't want a whole lot of bloodshed."

"I wish you would not talk in that loose fashion. There is no question of bloodshed."

"You won't listen to me, of course. Not until we all lie murdered in our beds."

Sir Giles stood firm. He held his garden party on a Friday afternoon, just as Ursula had hoped he might. And for a time it looked as if things were going to be nasty. The mob with banners rushed the gates just as the band played "God Save the King," on the Governor's arrival. A wretched motley crew they were, unshaven and unarmed. Why, oh why, did not someone get up and talk to them. Explain to them the nice relations between the stomach and work. It seemed ridiculous, but Ursula's face burned with the certainty that she could do it. But they were calling out the military instead.

Calling out the military. And this wasn't intended to be a battle. It was trying to be a conversation. Why couldn't Sir Giles speak to them? She stood there, alternately hot and cold at the stupidity, the heartlessness of it all.

On the platform, keeping perfectly cool, looking as if nothing had happened, sat Sir Giles. He chatted to a man in a grey frock coat. Slowly the soldiers made their way round the platform, with rifles in their hands. She thought, "It's just like showing the poles to Torpedo. It makes them wild, and they trust nobody." The sun-tanned faces of the soldiers were entirely blank, entirely without animosity. They might have been Robots functioning to the pressing of a distant button.

(*Continued on page* 178)

With slim summer frocks

wear the Roussel Elastic Belt

Cool and light as the sheerest summer lingerie, yet giving all the support and gentle control your figure needs. The Roussel elastic belt is as carefully designed and fitted as a model gown, so that your filmiest frocks may "hang" perfectly. Each order is treated individually. Prices 16/- upwards. The dainty Roussel Brassière which gives the bust the modern outline without restriction is designed to be worn with the Roussel Belt, The Queen of Elastic Belts. Call or write for free booklet.

To assure you a perfect fit all our creations are

On Sale only at J. Roussel of Paris
177 Regent St. W.1.
& 8a, Thurloe Place, opp. Brompton Oratory

Invest Your Savings Wisely

and secure 5% interest

FREE OF INCOME TAX

With perfect security, facilities for easy withdrawals, free from expenses of Stamp Duty or Commission, and **without depreciation.**

THE

Reliance
PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY

(ESTABLISHED 1862)

Has always afforded these advantages, and any sum from £1 to £1,000 may be invested.

Send this Coupon for particulars.

To THE SECRETARY,
RELIANCE BUILDING SOCIETY,
25 & 26, PERCY ST., LONDON, W.1.

Please send your free Booklet, dealing with investments in the Society, to:

Name ....

Address ....

....

B

Fed on Cow & Gate

Take my advice!

Feed your baby as my mummie fed me—She thought I was a "handful" at first . . you see, my food wasn't quite to my liking. But as I couldn't explain, my doctor did. Ever since then, I've had regular feeds of "Cow & Gate" . . . and I look pretty satisfied and well, don't you think?

Cow & Gate
Milk Food

is made solely of milk from the breezy, succulent pasture lands of Dorset and Somerset. Pure, fresh and reliable.

Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 Per Tin.

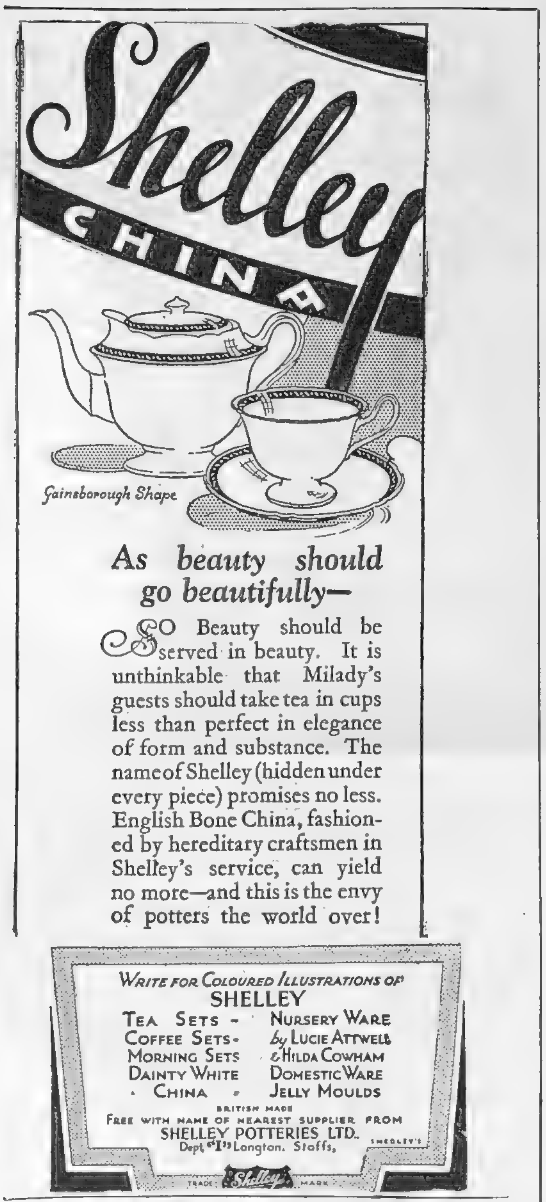
Some babies cannot digest rich milk. They should be put on Cow & Gate half cream (BLUE TIN) **2/6.**

Cow & Gate Milk Food specially packed for Export is obtainable in the following countries. Name and Address of Agents on Application.

Spain, Spanish Morocco, Canary Islands, Ceylon, India, Japan, China, Cyprus, Siam, Burma, West Indies, Singapore, Federated Malay States, Sarawak, South America, Borneo, Java, Penang, Sumatra, Egypt, South Africa, Gibraltar, Malta. North Malay, France.

COW & GATE LTD.
Guildford.
Wincanton, Sherborne, Beaminster, Evershot, Kildorrery, Somerton, Carmarthen.

Babies Love it!
Cow & Gate
Milk Food
FULL CREAM
FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS



As beauty should go beautifully—

SO Beauty should be served in beauty. It is unthinkable that Milady's guests should take tea in cups less than perfect in elegance of form and substance. The name of Shelley (hidden under every piece) promises no less. English Bone China, fashioned by hereditary craftsmen in Shelley's service, can yield no more—and this is the envy of potters the world over!

WRITE FOR COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS OF
SHELLEY

TEA SETS - NURSERY WARE
COFFEE SETS - by LUCIE ATTWELL
MORNING SETS & HILDA COWHAM
DAINTY WHITE DOMESTIC WARE
CHINA JELLY MOULDS

BRITISH MADE
FREE WITH NAME OF NEAREST SUPPLIER FROM
SHELLEY POTTERIES LTD.
Dept. "I" Longton, Staffs.

TRADE Shelley MARK

Carton
Roll
Packet

Thin—Soft—Strong and Silky are four essential points that have made Novio the **most perfect toilet paper** ever produced. A roll contains three or four times as much as thick cheap inferior qualities.

NOVIO

Obtainable in Cartons, Rolls and Packets from Stores, Stationers, Drapers, Chemists, etc.

Wholesale, 26 Grove Park, London, S.E.5.

See the "Lancet's" opinion 27th July, 1907.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

Quickly cleans and restores the colours of soiled carpets. 9d. ball. *Sample 1d. stamp.* F. Chivers & Co., Ltd. 41 Albany Works, Bath.

AS they came the people got angry. The whole tone of the crowd changed. Someone began shouting.

Ursula was hustled here and there in the crowd. She thought, "It's those guns. They oughtn't to have brought out guns. You don't bring guns against children."

Then someone fired.

She looked round. Close beside her stood Shirez Khan, more wild, more Sallie-like than ever, a smoking revolver in his hand. He had fired at the Governor. He was shouting, and about to fire again, when close beside him Ursula laughed, and caught at his hand.

"Here, you . . ." she said, "and what do you think you are after?"

She wrenched the revolver from him, and slipped it into the deep pocket of her white silk coat. Not a soul saw them. It happened in the twinkling of an eye. Then someone seized her to rescue her from the stampede. The last she saw of Shirez Khan, he was being rounded up with a score of others. His protruding eyes were bloodshot. He was shouting, but she could not hear what he said.

On the raised platform the Governor sat, calm and aloof. A trifle pale, but still carrying on, with complete composure, a conversation with the man in the grey frock coat.

"I WANT you at the jail this morning," said Sir Giles, next day. "You're sure you could identify the man?"

"Quite sure."

"He had me as near as anything. The bullet sang past my ear. I feel sure we must have him. They caught every blackguard in the place. What surprises me is that we couldn't find the revolver. They were all searched, and it isn't anywhere about the grounds. That, of course, would show us our man at once."

The jail yard smelt of curry, and of lilies and dust. The prisoners came, a motley collection, and fell into line under the pepil trees. Short men, tall men, brazen men, cowed men. Shoulder to shoulder they stood. And amongst them was Shirez Khan, his thin hair a-straggle on top of his bony head, his protruding eyes bloodshot and wild.

"They will march past in a moment, then you can have a good look."

They marched past.

Ursula said: "I don't get him."

The Police Inspector said: "He must be here. We got every one of them."

"I saw him as close as I see that man," said Ursula. Her light blue eyes met the eyes of Shirez Khan, and she smiled.

"He is not here?"

"He is not here."

The policeman said: "Then we must concentrate on that revolver. Once we get that we shall run him to earth. I'll have the place searched again to-day. He must have thrown it into the bushes." He said, "I was convinced we would hear it was Shirez Khan. We have had our eyes on him for some time. He's been talking very wildly."

The Governor left. As his party entered their cars there was a commotion in the yard. Someone had fainted.

SHIREZ KHAN walked up the hillside. He was free as air. The Police had returned him his own clothes, given him a meal, and let him go. With a crowd of others he left the jail gates. They went off in groups, yammering and chattering. Strange that the Missie Baba had not recognised Shirez Khan. Good that things had fallen thus. For now Shirez Khan would shoot another day, and straighter. His followers laughed covertly, telling one another that.

Shirez Khan did not come with them. He went up the hill. He had no plan in his head at all, and only one idea. A poor broken muddled sort of an idea, but it was something. As if for the moment he had seen, through a window, a view of life different from any he had known before. Or heard, for one moment, through the opening of a door, music that he knew meant something, but he did not understand what it meant.

Why had the Missie Baba stayed her hand? Why had she hidden his revolver, and looking him full in the face, told them all she did not know him? She had nothing to gain by it. No form of advantage could accrue to her therefrom. It was wonderful. Like a mother towards her child. What was it, working inside people, made them do things like that? Shirez Khan wanted to understand.

Ask the Brothers of St. Ignatius. The Missie Baba had said to him once, laughing. He turned in at the school gates. There was a service going on in the church. Strains of music stole out into the ho air. Shirez Khan sat down in the porch, burying his face in his hands.

Later, one of the Brothers found him there. He knew him. Everyone kne Shirez Khan, the agitator and seditionist A jolly red-faced man was the Brothe Paul.

"Well, Shirez Khan, and what are yo looking for?"

Shirez Khan said: "How should know what I am looking for?" And hi voice was like the voice of a sick man, and not like the voice of a paid agitator

"Come inside and let us teach you," laughed Brother Paul, and he went on hi way. But when he came to the sacrist he was surprised. Shirez Khan was at hi heels.

URSULA often wondered what becam of him. All she knew was that h was heard no more in the bazaar. Sh made the revolver into a brown paper parcel and threw it into the river ten miles out of the station on a moonlight picnic one night.

She went home in June. Her mother was sorry to see her, minus both husband and tiger.

"I was too hopeful," she sighed. "Poor Ursula. She had better take the farm."

Ursula did. She wore a blue pinafore, and there was usually manure on her boots, just as her mother had known there would be. She and her parent seldom met.

Ursula never married. To the end she could do anything she liked with animals. She seemed in some queer way to understand what other people only guessed at.

No one ever realised how she was wasted.

[THE END.]

THE 'SOLAR' SYSTEM LASTS

Kitchen utensils made shoddily from out-of-date materials have a short and unhappy life. The enamel chips off; the sides crack; they rust and flake; and finally the bottom falls through and the contents with it.

SOLAR Ware cannot chip or break. It is tough and durable, made from pure cast aluminium—so easy to scour and keep clean and bright. And its heat-retaining properties save fuel. There are so many utensils made in SOLAR Ware that it is worth asking your dealer to show you them.

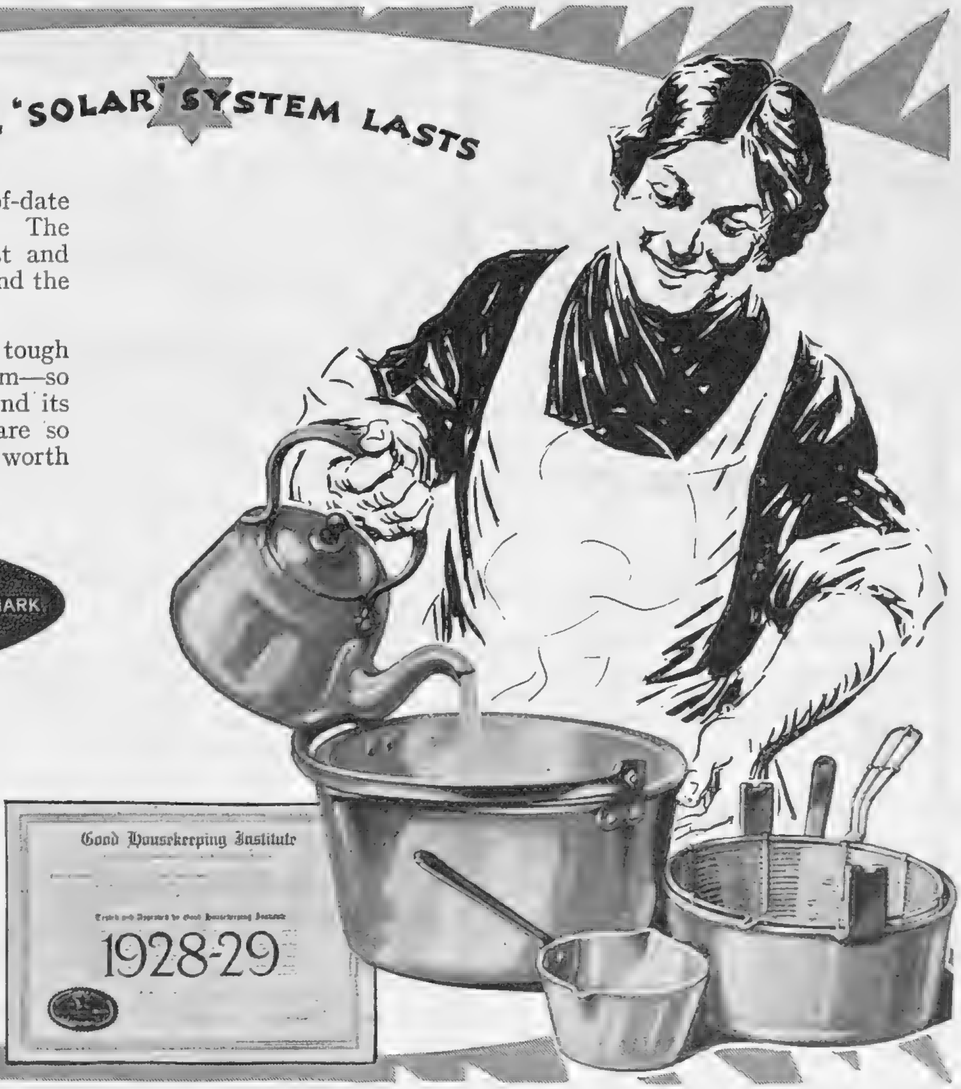
TRADE **SOLAR** MARK

SO LASTING!

Obtainable from all the leading Stores.
Largely used by the Principal Caterers.

Manufactured by
The ALUMINIUM CASTINGS
CO., LTD., GREENOCK

And at
1 DYER'S BUILDINGS,
HOLBORN, LONDON.


Good Housekeeping Institute
Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute
1928-29

"COCKER"

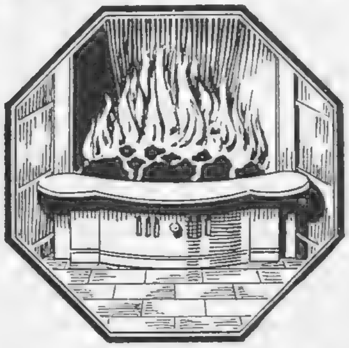
BRONZE BY RENÉ PARIS

Price £5.5.0

This charming example of the work of the brilliant French sculptor RENE PARIS is 3½ inches high, and is mounted on a marble base measuring 4⅜ inches by 3¼ inches. A delightful gift for all lovers of dogs.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, where orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £5.5.0; packing and postage (inland) extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2



'A thing of "BEWTY" and a joy for ever'

BEWTY-FY your grates and get the comfort of a modern, economical fire by removing the bars and fitting a "BEWTY" FIRE-FRONT. It saves *half* the coal, gives twice the heat, and the hearth is always clean and tidy. Fits any grate, lasts a life-time and pays for itself in a single season.

THE
"BEWTY"
FIRE-FRONT

PRICES
from
17/6

See BEWTY FIRE, PASCALL'S PATENT is on the article you buy. It is double the weight and strength of all imitations.

Write for Free Booklet and nearest Agent's address:—
INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD. (Dept. 11A), 156, Charing Cross Road, LONDON, W.C.2.

EVELEIGH NASH & GRAYSON

THE BEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE BOOK ON BRIDGE.

AUCTION BRIDGE MADE CLEAR

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Eighth Edition. Pocket Size. Price 3/6 net. With a section on "Contract Bridge" and the laws of 1929.

MY MEMOIRS

By PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA,

Daughter of the Empress Frederick and Grand-Daughter of Queen Victoria.

Royal 8vo. With Portraits. Price 21/- net.

Intimate reminiscences of Queen Victoria, King Edward, the Empress Frederick, Kaiser William II., and many other famous personages.

Sunday Times: "A capable, sincere, and friendly book."

THE TOWN OF CROOKED WAYS

By J. S. FLETCHER

Price 7/6 net.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher's novel deals with modern life in an ancient Yorkshire town and with the last doings of an old Yorkshire family. It is a strong and finished study of country life.

St. John Ervine in the *Daily Express*: "This book is excellent reading."

THE WHISPER OF A NAME

By MARIE LE FRANC

Price 7/6 net

The Times: "There is a singular and delicate beauty in the novel which Marie le Franc called 'Grand-Louis l'Innocent,' and which carried off the Femina Prize . . . a very uncommon story."

Sunday Times: "A polished vignette."

Daily Herald: "Rendered pure and exquisite by the masterful handling of the authoress."

TOUCOUTOU

By E. L. TINKER

Price 7/6 net.

Sunday Referee: "A remarkable story, both in the breadth of its sympathies and its craftsmanship; an ideal holiday book."

Daily Sketch: "As arresting as its title."

Times Literary Supp.: "A moving piece of work, written with imagination and a sincere feeling for the humanities."

THE PAMPAS ROSE

By VALERIE NELSON

Price 7/6 net.

All who love a fine straightforward story will take THE PAMPAS ROSE to their heart. It is the kind of novel, once opened, that cannot be put down.

Sunday Dispatch: "Full of colour and movement."

148, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

But People DON'T Know

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

(*Continued from page* 51)

"It would be so uncomfortable for me. I should always be thinking that I might have done something, and yet I really don't know what I could have done."

"You are the oddest woman."

SHE looked at him, and she seemed to see, with a sudden, dreadful pain, through the tunnel of his life down to the pitiful core of him. She ached to salvage and comfort. All the pictures he had presented to her were rendered up to her like a cry of pain; and everything in her answered, and all her training and self-discipline forswore.

"Why am I telling you these things?"

"You had to tell someone, you're in that state."

He was very tired physically. He was not very strong, and he was shivering.

"Come to my rooms for a drink, and then you'd better go home."

Narrow houses in a narrow road, full of narrow lives. She turned her key.

"I say, had I better? Do you know it's long past midnight?"

"Oh, that's all right."

As they went upstairs he stumbled a little. The door of the maid's room opened a bit. Tonie Earle saw it open. She knew the mind behind the eye that was applied to the narrow slit. People, she thought, do NOT know.

She turned the electric light on in her tiny sitting-room, and lit the gas stove.

"I will give you a glass of hot milk."

"Nothing. I must go."

She turned and locked the door. Her bedroom had an inner door. There was only the one exit through her room on to the landing. She crossed to the window, opened it, and flung the door key down. They heard it click on the pavement far below.

"God! you're crazy."

"I cannot let you go to do anything stupid to-night. I know that you'll feel better in the morning. This is only an emotional crisis. It will pass."

"But if I must."

"But you need not do anything so stupid. It is myself I'm thinking of."

He crumpled up then and began to cry; helpless tears that wrung him.

"There, it's passing now. Tears are always the wind up. Go into my room and sleep. I will stay out here, and when you're ready call, and I'll bring you a glass of hot milk and a couple of aspirins."

"Promise you'll stay out here?"

"How can I go away? I have thrown the key out of the window."

"Am I being a terrible nuisance?"

"Not as much a nuisance as you wanted to be."

She loved him so. It would have been so beautiful to break the glaze of her quietness, and get out into life—to gather his emotional reaction to her, to savour its sweetness; to gather just a little of this strange evening unto herself. She loved him with all her heart and soul.

She suffered for him terribly—not wild, lovely pain, but just like dying a little, or growing old.

"What will your landlady say?"

"Quite a lot, I imagine."

"What will you do?"

"Oh, there are other rooms. I shan't be so sorry. I found a black-beetle in the boot cupboard the other day."

SHE would give him nothing, nothing. Her strength alone was his, although it drained away her own vitality.

"How long have you lived here?"

"Years!—ever since I was young."

Yet she was young—sap and even spring in this strange winter of her own creating.

"Get to bed now. I shall sleep out here on this sofa. Go along."

* * *

THEY were dressed when the landlady knocked at the door. Tonie heard her breathing at the keyhole during the night. She knew the maid had brought the news to her with her morning tea.

She thought, "Yes, you think you know everything. What a lot people know!" and her smile was rather sad.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Blogg. You cannot get in. I have lost the key this side, but you have got one."

The landlady jerked the door open. She saw them sitting there quietly over toast, eggs and marmalade.

"You can clear out both of you."

"We expected that."

"And this morning."

"Certainly."

"Of all the barefaced . . ."

Yet something about the girl daunted the old cat. If she hadn't known she might have thought—but people *DO* know.

* * *

"I cannot thank you."

"You have no need to, and listen: Blackwell of Blackwell, Stimmins and Burger was in at our place last Thursday. He is losing his clerk—one who speaks French. Didn't you tell me last night that you had two years at the Sorbonne?"

"Yes, I speak French like a native."

But for the good of his soul she would not even let him go away with *that*.

"So do hundreds of others! You'd better reply this morning."

WHEN he had gone, she stood in the middle of the room and the tears poured down her face, and when the landlady, coming upon her unexpectedly, saw them, she thought she knew. She was crying for a moment she had denied herself; for an ecstasy that had withered unclaimed. She had very few illusions. She knew definitely that Justine Drydell would take that job, that he would not lose sight of her, that in the end they would probably marry. She knew that she would never know the joy of his clinging to her as he would have done last night, that he was not really a clinger—and oh! she would have savoured it so richly, as a life's memory.

Yet, even the maid who fetched her taxi, she thought *she* knew, and the office thought *they* knew when they arrived together three hours late; and a year later, when Justine Earle's ex-wife saw the announcement of their marriage in the paper, she thought she knew.

And, most of all, Alicia, when she returned the black frock, she thought *she* knew.

No, people *DON'T* always know!

THE END.

BREAST SUPPORTER
invaluable for all purposes
Not only improves figure and keeps appearance **Youthful**, but **Guards** against **Cancer, Tumour, Mastitus, Pain,** and the many evils arising from neglected breasts, which happen when tightened by wearing substitute bodices.

JOUJOU CORSETS, BELTS, etc.

The illustration shows right breast supported and left unsupported. Only JOUJOU gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night.
(Regd. Design) *(Copyright Reserved)*

"JOUJOU"
Right

Left
32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1

With and Without.
Most beneficial for sports and bathing
Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free Illustrated Circular. If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

White, fine material,
15/6
For Bathing or during Maternity, rubber or waterproof, from
25/6
Small Figures only.

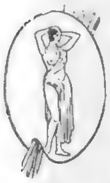
Pink Silk or Net detachable straps, from
37/6 and **47/6**
White Silk Material
32/6
For Heavy, Full, Loose Figures or Maternity.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.
Post Free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from—*
"JOUJOU" Co. 99 Dept. B.E. 205
32, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.1

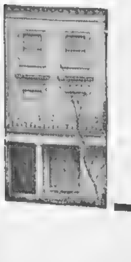
Tel.: Byfleet 274.
Lt.-Col. Richardson's
Pedigree AIREDALES
(best protection against burglars)
ABERDEENS, CAIRNS, WEST HIGHLAND, WIRE AND SMOOTH FOX, SEALYHAMS, COCKERS, all colours.
On view daily, or seen London
Clock House, Byfleet, Surrey
(Station: Weybridge)

DOG MIXTURE
In Bottles from 2/6
BENBOWS
THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
2, BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE
LONDON: E.C.1.


Art Photographs
and Anatomical Works for Students of Art and others, as an aid to study.
World's Largest Collection.
Catalogue Free.
B. E. JAMES & CO., Burton Chambers
79/81, London Road, Liverpool.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
NOT a Depilatory
NOT Electrolysis
HOME TREATMENT

My method is painless, harmless and permanent in its effect. At first treatment all hairs are removed — a definite cure started. If you cannot call, I will send Home Treatment with instructions and advice

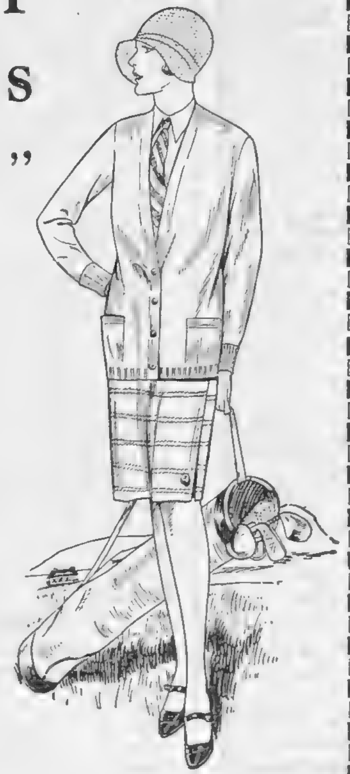


Helen Lawrence
81, Earls Court Road
LONDON, W.8. (Kensington)

'Phone: KELVIN 8363.
Home Treatment, 12/6. Post and Packing for abroad, 2/6 extra.
Personal Treatment at Kensington, 10/6. Sample Treatment, post free, 2/- Hours: 10—5; Sats.: 10—1

Braemar
Fine Scottish
Knitwear
for Ladies

The "Braemar" Cardigan
(as sketch)



Made from real Cashmere Wool, smartly tailored and fully fashioned. Stocked in a wide range of all the newest shades.

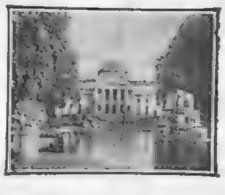
Sizes 36", 38", 40" - *45/11*
Outsizes - *49/11*

Also in Lambs' Wool, same style,
Stock Sizes - *23/11*
Outsizes - *26/6*

Carriage and C.O.D. charges paid on orders of £1 and over in the U.K.

LIST OF BRAEMAR GOODS ON APPLICATION

COPLAND & LYE, Ltd.,
Sauchiehall St. & Bath St., GLASGOW, C.2.


THE WORLD SPA WIESBADEN
Germany's greatest Medical Baths. Notable performances in the Kurhaus and State Theatres. WORLD-FAMOUS THERMAL SALT SPRINGS AT 150°, CURE GOUT, RHEUMATISM, nervous disorders, metabolism, diseases of the respiratory and digestive organs. Station of Rhine Steamers at Wiesbaden-Biebrich.
Good accommodation at moderate prices.
Salts and pastilles for export.
Hotel lists (8,000 beds) from the Municipal Information Office and Travel Bureaux.

LE CHATEAU FRONTENAC
RUE PIERRE CHARRON (CHAMPS-ELYSÉES)
THE ARISTOCRATIC "HOME."
PARIS
RESTAURANT,
"MARIA CHAPDELAINE"
SAME MANAGEMENT:
LAUSANNE
HÔTEL VICTORIA.
J. G. METRAILLER, Man. Dir.

Knocke-Zoute, Belgium.
KNOCKE-ZOUTE PALACE HOTEL
Facing sea; all comfort: Five minutes from Links. Tel. Add.: Palace-Knocke.

ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES
THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTÈLE.

TAYLOR'S
CIMOLITE
The Perfect
TOILET POWDER

Recommended by eminent doctors and used in the Royal Nurseries. The purest powder for Mothers and Infants and general toilet use. Invaluable for all cases of excoriations, chafing, and roughness of the skin. Rose or Violet scented.
Prices from **1/1½**
Ask for Taylor's Cimolite Toilet Powder in the new Sprinkler Tins, 1/6 and 3/-
CIMOLITE TOILET CREAM
Tubes 1/3, Pots 1/6 and 2/6
UNSCENTED AND VIOLET SCENTED SOAP
2/- in Boxes of 3 Tablets.
Made by
JOHN TAYLOR
30, BAKER STREET
LONDON, W.1
(Established over 70 years)
Obtainable direct and at Boots' Branches, Taylors Drug Co., Whites Ltd., Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, etc., and all Chemists and Stores.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE
RED
WHITE
& BLUE
FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-
J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

HINDES HAIR WAVERS
"Nature alone won't wave the hair,
Hindes Wavers, too, must do their share."
Pattern No. 4 for Shingled Hair

HALFORD'S
CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

Index to Advertisers

SEPTEMBER, 1929

Page

A

Abdulla Cigarettes 16
Achille Serre, Ltd. 119
Aladdin Industries 145
Allenburys Diet 12
Allenburys Pastilles 152
Aluminium Castings Co., Ltd. .. 179
Anthracite Radiation, Ltd. .. 128
Antwerp, Hotel De Londres .. 181
Aquascutum, Ltd. 119

B

Babers of Oxford Street 100
Baker, Wm. 169
Barker & Dobson, Ltd. 91
Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd. 138
Bedford Riding Breeches .. 164
Benbows 181
Bird's Custard .. .. Cover iv
Blue Star Line 144
Boots Pure Drug Co. 12
B.P. Spirit 131
Bratt Colbran & Co. 86
Buchanan's Black & White Whisky 104
Burberrys, Ltd. 145

C

Cadburys 158
Cancer Hospital 159
Carr's Biscuits 120
Casineo de Pau 132
Celestion, Ltd. 170
Chivers Carpet Soap 178
Cimolite 181
City Fur Store 13
Conlowe, Ltd. 149
Copland & Lye 181
Cornish Riviera (G.W. Rly.) .. 147
Corot 1
Cow and Gate Milk Food .. 177

D

Debenham & Freebody 7
De Reszke Cigarettes .. Cover ii
Dermal Research 176
Diploma Cheese 160
Drew & Sons, Ltd. .. 13 & 147
Durward, Ltd. 152

E

Electrolux 108
Ellerman City-Hall Bucknall Lines 148
Elvery's 142
Eveleigh Nash & Grayson .. 180

F

Facktative Co. 151
Fortnum & Mason 147
Fraser Fur Co. 163
Fur Renovating Co. 182

Page

G

Gaze & Sons 163
Gazelda Wear 159
Genasprin 170
Glycola 175
Goddard's Plate Powder 181
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co., Ltd. 137
Gorringes .. .. .. 10 & 15
Guinness .. .. .. Cover iii

H

Halford's Curry Powder 181
Hanan Shoes 152
Harry Hall, Ltd. 143
Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd. .. 8
Hassall Art School .. 169
Heath, Henry, Ltd. .. 127
Heath, Robt., Ltd. 116
Herculaces .. 174
Hindes Hair Wavers .. 181
Houbigant .. 107
Hystogen .. 112

I

Indian Railways 162
Interoven Stove Co. 120 & 179

J

Jacobs Biscuits 171
James & Co. 181
Jelks 14
Jenners 2
Joujou Co. 181

K

Kestos, Ltd. 123
King George IV. Old Scotch Whisky 147

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to:—

The
Advertisement Manager,
Britannia & Eve,
Inveresk House,
Strand, W.C.2.

Page

Knocke Zoute, Palace Hotel .. 181
Koko 182
Kosmeo, La Maison .. 150

L

Larola 152
Lawrence, Helen 181
Le Chateau Frontenac 181
Leon Publishing Co. 175
Lethbridge, S. J. 174

M

MacNab 169
Mackintosh .. 128
Madame Brenner 13
Madame Rubinstein 149
Maison Nicol .. 111
Maison Ross 10 & 116
Mappin & Webb, Ltd. 5
Marshall & Snelgrove .. 11
Mason, Philip H. 169
Minty Bookcases .. 157
Moet & Chandon 172
Moss Bros. .. 173
Mothersill's Remedy .. 13

N

Nestlé 170
Nicoll, H. J., & Co., Ltd. .. 4
Ninette 159
Norman Franks, Ltd. 149
Novio 178
Novopine 174

O

Orr & Co., Ltd., Edmunds .. 164

Page

Ostend Kursaal 161
Ovaltine 103

P

Pepsodent 123
Perfumeria Gal 115
Picards 161
Pond's 99
Poudre Tokalon 175

R

Rayne, Ltd., H. & M. 151
Red, White & Blue Coffee .. 181
Reliance Building Society .. 177
Richardson, Lt.-Col. 181
Rolls-Royce 138
Roussel of Paris 177
Rowland Bros. 162
Rowntree's Chocolates 85
Ryvita 161

S

School of Accountancy 172
School for the Blind 12
Selectors, Ltd. 92
Serventi, R. 175
Shell Oil 141
Shelley China 178
Shetland Industries 170
Smee 164
Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. .. 103
Southern Pacific Lines 161
Southern Railway 14
Stewart, Ltd. 112
Studd & Millington 163
Sunripe Cigarettes 151
Swan Pens 151
Symphony Gramophone 143

T

Tintex 169
Treasure Cot Co. 164
Tudor Manufacturing Co. .. 9
Tuscan China 146
Tweed Depot 170

V

Vapex 182
Veet 164
Victor Crepe 173
Vivatone 175

W

Wakefield Castrol 132
Warwick Wright 132
Whiteleys 6
Wiesbaden 181
Woodrow 175
Woolland Bros., Ltd. .. 8 & 15
Worcester Corsetry Co. 171
Worth 124
Wright's Coal Tar Soap 124

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/8	9/3	18/6
Canada	3/6	7/	14/-

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
Inveresk House,
346, Strand, London.
W.C.2.

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for .... months commencing with the .... issue for which I enclose...............

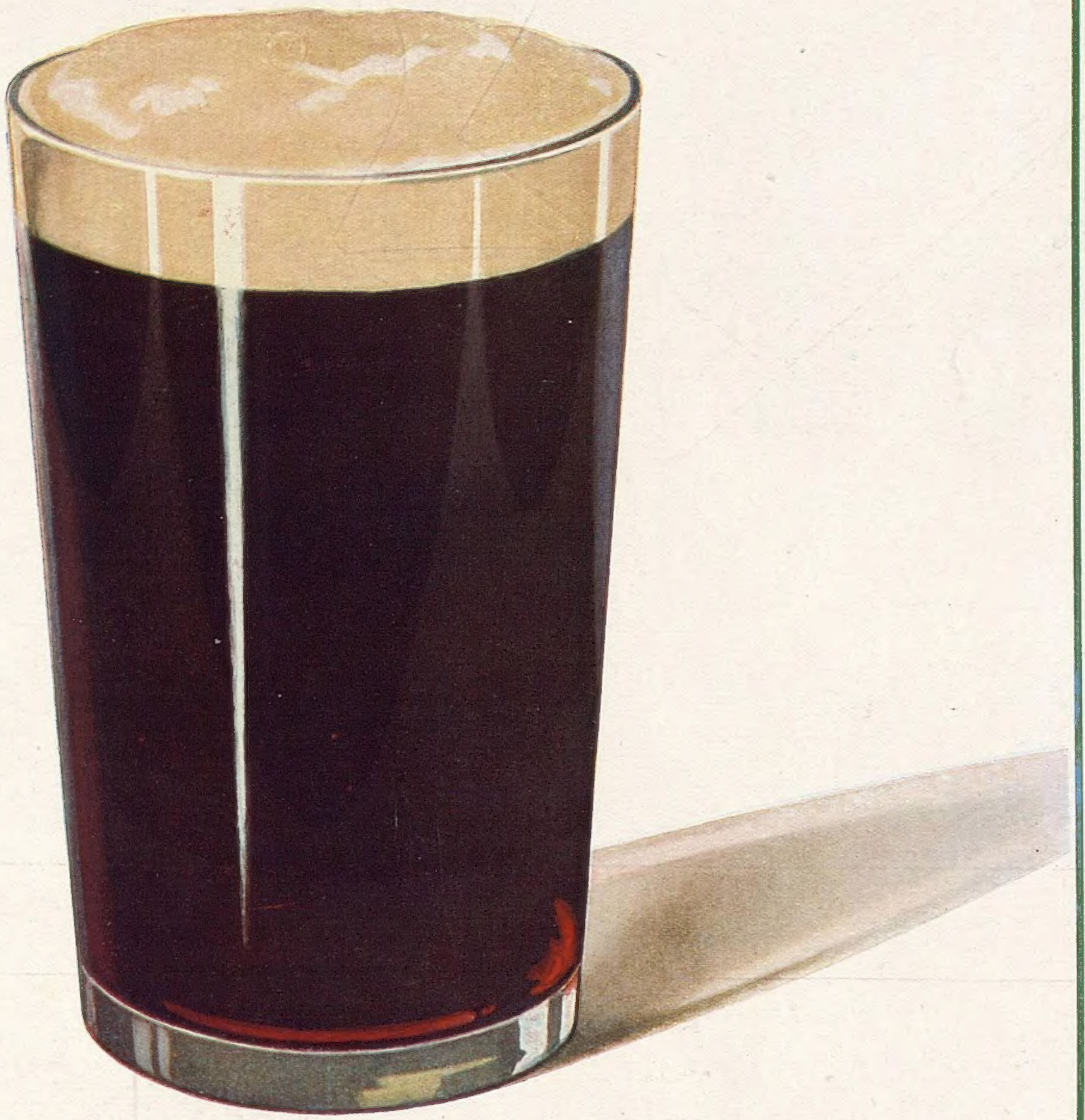
Name ....

Address ....

Date 1929

Printed by W. H. Smith & Son Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine post: Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad 18/6 per annum; 9/3 for six months, single copies 1/6, and for Canada 14/- per annum; 7/- for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.

GUINNESS
is good for you



Guinness is a natural beverage, and preserves the natural virtues of the Hops, Barley, Malt and Yeast from which alone it is brewed.

Guinness feeds nerves. Guinness enriches the blood. Guinness prevents fatigue. Doctors recommend Guinness as a restorative after influenza and other weakening illnesses, and as a natural aid in cases of insomnia.

G.E. 18

Something to sing about!
BIRD'S
CUSTARD